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THE

WORKS

OF

RICHARD SAVAGE, Esq.

SON OF

THE EARL RIVERS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Jane Cary Randolph

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THE WORKS OF RICHARD SAVAGE, Esq.

SON OF

THE EARL RIVERS.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE AUTHOR,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

A NEW EDITION.

VOL. II.

H. Gravelot inv. Isaac Taylor sculp.

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THE

WANDERER:

A

POEM.

IN FIVE CANTOS.

Nulla mali nova mi facies inopinave surgit. VIRG.

To the Right Honourable

J O H N,

Lord Viſcount Tyrconnel, Baron Charleville, and Lord Brownlowe, Knight of the Bath.

MY LORD,

PART of this Poem had the honour of your Lordſhip's peruſal when in manuſcript, and it was no ſmall pride to me, when it met with approbation from ſo diſtinguiſhing a judge: Should the reſt find the like indulgence, I ſhall have no occaſion (whatever its ſucceſs may be in the world) to repent the labour it has coſt me—But my intention is not to purſue a diſcourſe on my own performance: no, my Lord, it is to embrace this opportunity of throwing out ſentiments that relate to your Lordſhip's goodneſs, the generoſity of which, give me leave to ſay, I have greatly experienced.

I offer it not as a new remark, that dependance on the Great, in former times, generally terminated in diſappointment; nay, even their bounty (if it could be called ſuch) was, in its very nature, ungenerous. It was, perhaps, with-held, through an indolent or wilful neglect, 'till thoſe, who lingered in the want of it, grew almoſt paſt the ſenſe of comfort. At length it came, too often, in a manner that half cancelled the obligation, and, perchance, muſt have been acquired too, by ſome previous act of guilt in the receiver, the conſequence of which was remorſe and infamy.

But that I live, my Lord, is a proof that dependance on your Lordſhip, and the preſent Miniſtry, is an aſſurance of ſucceſs. I am perſuaded, diſtreſs, in many other inſtances, affects your ſoul with a compaſſion, that always ſhews itſelf in a manner moſt humane and active, that to forgive injuries, and confer benefits, is your delight;

light; and that to deſerve your friendſhip is to deſerve the countenance of the beſt of men. To be admitted into the honour of your Lordſhip's converſation (permit me to ſpeak but juſtice) is to be elegantly introduced into the moſt inſtructive, as well as entertaining, parts of literature; it is to be furniſhed with the fineſt obſervations upon human nature, and to receive, from the moſt unaſſuming, ſweet, and winning candour, the worthieſt and moſt polite maxims—ſuch as are always enforced by the actions of your own life. I could alſo take notice of your many public-ſpirited ſervices to your country in Parliament, and your conſtant attachment to Liberty, and the Royal, Illuſtrious Houſe of our Moſt Gracious Sovereign; but, my Lord, believe me, your own deeds are the nobleſt and fitteſt orators to ſpeak your praiſe, and will elevate it far beyond the power of a much abler writer than I am.

I will therefore turn my view from your Lordſhip's virtues to the kind influence of them, which has been ſo lately ſhed upon me; and then, if my future morals and writings ſhall gain any approbation from men of parts and probity, I muſt acknowledge all to be the product of your Lordſhip's goodneſs to me. I muſt, in fine, ſay with Horace,

Quod ſpiro & placeo, (ſi placeo) tuum eſt.

I am, with the higheſt gratitude and veneration,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt dutiful

And devoted ſervant,

RICHARD SAVAGE.

THE

WANDERER.

A

VISION.

CANTO I.

FAIN would my verſe, Tyrconnel, boaſt thy name,
Brownlow, at once my ſubject and my fame!
Oh! could that ſpirit, which thy boſom warms,
Whoſe ſtrength ſurpriſes, and whoſe goodneſs charms!
That various worth! could that inſpire my lays,
Envy ſhould ſmile, and cenſure learn to praiſe:
Yet, tho' unequal to a ſoul like thine,
A generous ſoul, approaching to divine,
When bleſs'd beneath ſuch patronage I write,
Great my attempt, tho' hazardous my flight.
O'er ample Nature I extend my views;
Nature to rural ſcenes invites the muſe:
She flies all public care, all venal ſtrife,
To try the ſtill, compar'd with active life;
To prove, by theſe, the ſons of men may owe
The fruits of bliſs to burſting clouds of woe;
That e'en calamity, by thought refin'd,
Inſpirits and adorns the thinking mind.

Come, Contemplation, whoſe unbounded gaze,
Swift in a glance, the courſe of things ſurveys;
Who in thyſelf the various view canſt find
Of ſea, land, air, and heav'n, and human kind;
What tides of paſſion in the boſom roll;
What thoughts debaſe, and what exalt the ſoul,
Whoſe pencil paints, obſequious to thy will,
All thou ſurvey'ſt with a creative ſkill!
Oh, leave awhile thy lov'd, ſequeſter'd ſhade!
Awhile in wint'ry wilds vouchſafe thy aid!
Then waft me to ſome olive, bow'ry green,
Where, cloath'd in white, thou ſhew'ſt a mind ſerene;
Where kind content from noiſe and courts retires,
And ſmiling ſits, while muſes tune their lyres:
Where zephyrs gently breathe, while ſleep profound
To their ſoft fanning nods, with poppies crown'd;
Sleep, on a treaſure of bright dreams reclines,
By thee beſtow'd, whence Fancy colour'd ſhines,
And flutters round his brow a hov'ring flight,
Varying her plumes in viſionary light.

The ſolar fires now faint and wat'ry burn,
Juſt where with ice Aquarius frets his urn!
If thaw'd, forth iſſue, from its mouth ſevere,
Raw clouds, that ſadden all th' inverted year.

When froſt and fire with martial pow'rs engag'd,
Froſt, northward, fled the war, unequal wag'd!
Beneath the Pole his legions urg'd their flight,
And gain'd a cave profound and wide as night.

O'er

O'er cheerleſs ſcenes by Deſolation own'd,
High on an Alp of ice he ſits enthron'd!
One clay-cold hand, his cryſtal beard ſuſtains,
And ſcepter'd one, o'er wind and tempeſt reigns;
O'er ſtony magazines of hail, that ſtorm
The bloſſom'd fruit, and flow'ry Spring deform.
His languid eyes, like frozen lakes appear,
Dim-gleaming all the light that wanders here.
His robe ſnow-wrought, and hoar'd with age; his breath
A nitrous damp, that ſtrikes petrific death.

Far hence lies, ever freez'd, the northern main,
That checks, and renders navigation vain;
That, ſhut againſt the ſun's diſſolving ray,
Scatters the trembling tides of vanquiſh'd day,
And ſtretching eaſtward half the world ſecures,
Defies diſcov'ry, and like time endures!

Now froſt ſent boreal blaſts to ſcourge the air,
To bind the ſtreams, and leave the landſcape bear;
Yet when, far weſt, his violence declines,
Tho' here the brook, or lake, his pow'r confines;
To rocky pools, to cat'racts are unknown
His chains!—to rivers, rapid like the Rhone!

The falling moon caſt, cold, a quiv'ring light,
Juſt ſilver'd o'er the ſnow, and ſunk!—pale night
Retir'd. The dawn in light-grey miſts aroſe!
Shrill chants the cock! the hungry heifer lows!
Slow bluſh yon breaking clouds;—the ſun's uproll'd!
Th' expanſive grey turns azure, chas'd with gold;

White-

White-glitt'ring ice, chang'd like the topaz, gleams,
Reflecting saffron lustre from his beams.
O Contemplation, teach me to explore,
From Britain far remote, some distant shore!
From Sleep a dream distinct and lively claim;
Clear let the vision strike the moral's aim!
It comes! I feel it o'er my soul serene!
Still morn begins, and frost retains the scene!
Hark!—the loud horn's enlivening note's begun!
From rock to vale sweet-wand'ring echoes run!
Still floats the sound shrill-winding from afar!
Wild beasts astonish'd dread the sylvan war!
Spears to the sun in files embattled play,
March on, charge briskly, and enjoy the fray!
Swans, ducks, and geese, and the wing'd winter-brood,
Chatter discordant on yon echoing flood!
At Babel thus, when heav'n the tongue confounds,
Sudden a thousand different jargon-sounds,
Like jangling bells, harsh mingling, grate the ear!
All stare! all talk! all mean; but none cohere!
Mark! wiley fowlers meditate their doom,
And smoaky Fate speeds thund'ring thro' the gloom!
Stop'd short, they cease in airy rings to fly,
Whirl o'er and o'er, and, flutt'ring, fall and die.
Still Fancy wafts me on! deceiv'd I stand,
Estrang'd, advent'rous on a foreign land!
Wide and more wide extends the scene unknown
Where shall I turn, a WAND'RER, and alone?

From

From hilly winds, and depths where ſnows remain,
My winding ſteps up a ſteep mountain ſtrain!
Emers'd a-top, I mark, the hills ſubſide,
And tow'rs aſpire, but with inferior pride!
On this bleak height tall firs, with ice-work crown'd,
Bend, while their flaky winter ſhades the ground!
Hoarſe, and direct, a bluſt'ring north-wind blows!
On boughs, thick-ruſtling, crack the criſpid ſnows!
Tangles of froſt half fright the wilder'd eye,
By heat oft blacken'd like a low'ring ſky!
Hence down the ſide two turbid riv'lets pour,
And devious two, in one huge cat'ract roar!
While pleas'd the wat'ry progreſs I purſue,
Yon rocks in rough aſſemblage ruſh in view!
In form an amphitheatre they riſe;
And a dark gulf in their broad centre lies.
There the dim'd ſight with dizzy weakneſs fails,
And horror o'er the firmeſt brain prevails!
Thither theſe mountain-ſtreams their paſſage take,
Headlong foam down, and form a dreadful lake!
The lake, high-ſwelling, ſo redundant grows,
From the heap'd ſtore deriv'd a river flows;
Which, deep'ning, travels through a diſtant wood,
And thence emerging meets a ſiſter-flood;
Mingled they flaſh on a wide-op'ning plain,
And paſs yon city to the far-ſeen main.
So blend two ſouls by heav'n for union made,
And ſtrength'ning forward, lend a mutual aid,

And

And prove in ev'ry tranſient turn their aim,
Thro' finite life to infinite the ſame.
Nor ends the landſcape—Ocean, to my ſight,
Points a blue arm, where ſailing ſhips delight,
In proſpect leſſen'd!—Now new rocks rear'd high,
Stretch a croſs-ridge, and bar the curious eye;
There lies obſcur'd the ripening diamond's ray,
And thence red-branching coral's rent away.
In conic form there gelid cryſtal grows;
Thro' ſuch the palace-lamp, gay luſtre throws!
Luſtre, which, thro' dim night, as various plays
As play from yonder ſnows the changeful rays!
For nobler uſe the cryſtal's worth may riſe,
If tubes perſpective hem the ſpotleſs prize;
Thro' theſe the beams of the far-lengthen'd eye
Meaſure known ſtars, and new remoter ſpy.
Hence Commerce many a ſhorten'd voyage ſteers,
Shorten'd to months, the hazard once of years;
Hence Halley's ſoul etherial flight eſſays:
Inſtructive there from orb to orb ſhe ſtrays;
Sees, round new countleſs ſuns, new ſyſtems roll!
Sees God in all! and magnifies the whole!
Yon rocky ſide enrich'd the ſummer ſcene,
And peaſant's ſearch for herbs of healthful green;
Now naked, pale, and comfortleſs it lies,
Like youth extended cold in death's diſguiſe.
There, while without the ſounding tempeſt ſwells,
Incav'd ſecure th' exulting eagle dwells;

And

And there, when Nature owns prolific ſpring,
Spreads o'er her young a fondling mother's wing.
Swains on the coaſt the far-fam'd fiſh deſcry,
That gives the fleecy robe the Tyrian dye;
While ſhells, a ſcatter'd ornament beſtow,
The tinctur'd rivals of the ſhow'ry bow.
Yon limeleſs ſands, looſe-driving with the wind,
In future cauldrons uſeful textures find,
Till, on the furnace thrown, the glowing maſs
Brightens, and bright'ning hardens into glaſs.
When winter halcyons, flick'ring on the wave,
Tune their complaints, yon ſea forgets to rave;
Tho' laſh'd by ſtorms, with naval pride o'erturn,
The foaming deep in ſparkles ſeems to burn,
Loud winds turn zephyrs to enlarge their notes,
And each ſafe neſt on a calm ſurface floats.

Now veers the wind full eaſt; and keen, and ſore,
Its cutting influence aches in ev'ry pore!
How weak thy fabric, man!—A puff, thus blown,
Staggers thy ſtrength, and echoes to thy groan.
A tooth's minuteſt nerve, let anguiſh ſeize,
Swift kindred fibres catch! (ſo frail our eaſe!)
Pinch'd, pierc'd, and torn, enflam'd, and unaſſuag'd,
They ſmart, and ſwell, and throb, and ſhoot enrag'd!
From nerve to nerve fierce flies th' exulting pain!
—And are we of this mighty fabric vain?
Now my blood chills! ſcarce thro' my veins it glides!
Sure on each blaſt a ſhiv'ring ague rides!

Warn'd,

Warn'd, let me this bleak eminence forſake,
And to the vale a diff'rent winding take!
Half I deſcend: my ſpirits faſt decay;
A terrace now relieves my weary way.
Cloſe with this ſtage a precipice combines;
Whence ſtill the ſpacious country far declines!
The herds ſeem inſects in the diſtant glades,
And men diminiſh'd, as, at noon, their ſhades!
Thick on this top o'ergrown for walks are ſeen
Grey, leafleſs wood, and winter-greens between!
The red'ning berry, deep-ting'd holly ſhows,
And matted miſletoe, the white, beſtows!
Tho' loſt the banquet of autumnal fruits,
Tho' on broad oaks no vernal umbrage ſhoots;
Theſe boughs the ſilenc'd, ſhiv'ring ſongſters ſeek!
Theſe foodful berries fill the hungry beak.
Beneath appears a place, all outward, bare,
Inward the dreary manſion of deſpair!
The water of the mountain-road, half-ſtray'd,
Breaks o'er it wild, and forms a brown caſcade.
Has Nature this rough, naked piece deſign'd,
To hold inhabitants of mortal kind!
She has. Approach'd, appears a deep deſcent,
Which opens in a rock a large extent!
And hark!—its hollow entrance reach'd, I hear
A trampling ſound of footſteps haſt'ning near!
A death-like chillneſs thwarts my panting breaſt,
Soft! the wiſh'd object ſtands at length confeſt!

Of

Of youth his form!—But why with anguiſh bent?
Why pin'd with ſallow marks of diſcontent?
Yet Patience, l ab'ring to beguile his care,
Seems to raiſe hope, and ſmiles away deſpair.
Compaſſion, in his eye, ſurveys my grief,
And in his voice, invites me to relief.
Preventive of thy call, behold my haſte,
(He ſays,) nor let warm thanks thy ſpirits waſte!
All fear forget—Each portal I poſſeſs,
Duty wide-opens to receive diſtreſs.
Oblig'd, I follow, by his guidance led;
The vaulted roof re-echoing to our tread!
And now, in ſquar'd diviſions, I ſurvey
Chambers ſequeſter'd from the glare of day;
Yet needful lights are taught to intervene,
Thro' rifts: each forming a perſpective ſcene.
In front a parlour meets my ent'ring view;
Oppos'd, a room to ſweet refection due.
Here my chill'd veins are warm'd by chippy fires,
Thro' the bor'd rock above, the ſmoke expires;
Neat, o'er a homely board, a napkin's ſpread,
Crown'd with a heapy caniſter of bread.
A maple cup is next diſpatch'd, to bring
The comfort of the ſalutary ſpring:
Nor mourn we abſent bleſſings of the vine,
Here laughs a frugal bowl of roſy wine;
And ſav'ry cates, upon clean embers caſt,
Lie hiſſing, till ſnatch'd off; a rich repaſt!

Soon leap my ſpirits with enliven'd pow'r,
And in gay converſe glides the feaſtful hour.
The Hermit, thus: Thou wonder'ſt at thy fare:
On me, yon city, kind, beſtows her care:
Meat for keen famine, and the gen'rous juice,
That warms chill life, her charities produce:
Accept without reward; unaſk'd 'twas mine;
Here what thy health requires, as free be thine.
Hence learn that GOD, (who in the time of need,
In frozen deſarts can the raven feed)
Well-ſought, will delegate ſome pitying breaſt,
His ſecond means, to ſuccour man diſtreſt.
He paus'd. Deep thought upon his aſpect gloom'd;
Then he, with ſmile humane, his voice reſum'd.
I'm juſt inform'd, (and laugh me not to ſcorn)
By one unſeen by thee, thou'rt Engliſh-born.
Of England I—To me the Britiſh ſtate
Riſes, in dear memorial, ever great!
Here ſtand we conſcious:—Diffidence ſuſpend!
Free flow our words!—Did ne'er thy muſe extend
To grots, where contemplation ſmiles ſerene,
Where angels viſit, and where joys convene?
To groves, where more than mortal voices riſe?
Catch the rapt ſoul, and waft it to the ſkies?
This cave!—Yon walks!—But, ere I more unfold,
What artful ſcenes thy eyes ſhall here behold,
Think ſubjects of my toil: nor wond'ring gaze!
What cannot induſtry completely raiſe?

Be

Be the whole earth in one great landſcape found,
By Induſtry is all with beauty crown'd!
He, he alone, explores the mine for gain,
Hews the hard rock, or harrows up the plain;
He forms the ſword to ſmite, he ſheaths the ſteel,
Draws health from herbs, and ſhews the balm to heal;
Or with loom'd wool the native robe ſupplies;
Or bids young plants in future foreſts riſe;
Or fells the monarch oak, which, borne away,
Shall, with new grace, the diſtant ocean ſway;
Hence golden Commerce views her wealth encreaſe,
The bliſsful child of Liberty and Peace.
He ſcoops the ſtubborn Alps, and, ſtill employ'd,
Fills, with ſoft fertile mould, the ſteril void;
Slop'd up white rocks, ſmall, yellow harveſts grow,
And, green on terrac'd ſtages, vineyards blow!
By him fall mountains to a level ſpace,
An iſthmus ſinks, and ſunder'd ſeas embrace!
He founds a city on the naked ſhore,
And deſolation ſtarves the tract no more.
From the wild waves he won the Belgic land;
Where wide they foam'd her towns and traffics ſtand;
He clear'd, manur'd, enlarg'd the furtive ground,
And firms the conqueſt with his fenceful mound,
Ev'n mid the wat'ry world his Venice roſe,
Each fabric there, as Pleaſure's ſeat he ſhows!
Their marts, ſports, councils, are for action ſought,
Landſcapes for health, and ſolitude for thought.

What wonder then, I, by his potent aid,
A manſion in a barren mountain made?
Part thou haſt view'd!—If further we explore,
Let Induſtry deſerve applauſe the more.

No frowning care yon bleſt apartment ſees,
There ſleep retires, and finds a couch of eaſe.
Kind dreams, that fly remorſe, and pamper'd wealth,
There ſhed the ſmiles of innocence and health.

Mark!—Here deſcends a grot, delightful ſeat!
Which warms e'en winter, tempers ſummer heat!
See!—Gurgling from a top, a ſpring diſtils!
In mournful meaſures wind the dripping rills;
Soft coos of diſtant doves, receiv'd around,
In ſoothing mixture, ſwell the wat'ry ſound;
And hence the ſtreamlets ſeek the terrace' ſhade,
Within, without, alike to all convey'd.
Paſs on—New ſcenes, by my creative pow'r,
Invite Reflection's ſweet and ſolemn hour.

We enter'd, where, in well-rang'd order, ſtood
Th' inſtructive volumes of the wiſe and good.
Theſe friends (ſaid he) tho' I deſert mankind,
Good angels never would permit behind.
Each genius, youth conceals, or time diſplays,
I know; each work ſome ſeraph here conveys,
Retirement thus preſents my ſearchful thought,
What heav'n inſpir'd, and what the muſe has taught;
What Young, ſatiric, and ſublime has writ,
Whoſe life is virtue, and whoſe muſe is wit.

Rapt

Rapt I foreſee thy * Mallet's early aim
Shine in full worth, and ſhoot at length to fame.
Sweet fancy's bloom in Fenton's lay appears,
And the ripe judgment of inſtructive years.
In Hill is all that gen'rous ſouls revere,
To virtue and the muſe for ever dear:
And Thomſon, in this praiſe, thy merit ſee,
The tongue that praiſes merit, praiſes thee.

Theſe ſcorn (ſaid I) the verſe-wright of their age,
Vain of a labour'd, languid, uſeleſs page;
To whoſe dim faculty the meaning ſong
Is glaring, or obſcure, when clear, and ſtrong;
Who, in cant phraſes, gives a work diſgrace;
His wit, and oddneſs of his tone and face;
Let the weak malice, nurs'd to an eſſay,
In ſome low libel a mean heart diſplay;
Thoſe, who once prais'd, now undeceiv'd, deſpiſe,
It lives contemn'd a day, then harmleſs dies.
Or ſhould ſome nobler bard, their worth, unpraiſe,
Deſerting morals, that adorn his lays,
Alas! too oft each ſcience ſhews the ſame,
The great grow jealous of a greater name:
Ye bards, the frailty mourn, yet brave the ſhock;
Has not a Stillingfleet oppos'd a Locke?
Oh, ſtill proceed, with ſacred rapture fir'd!
Unenvy'd had he liv'd, if unadmir'd.

* Author of a poem, called, THE EXCURSION.

Let Envy, he replied, all ireful riſe,
Envy purſues alone the brave and wiſe;
Maro and Socrates inſpire her pain,
And Pope, the monarch of the tuneful train!
To whom be Nature's, and Britannia's praiſe!
All their bright honours ruſh into his lays!
And all that glorious warmth his lays reveal,
Which only poets, kings, and patriots feel!
Though gay as mirth, as curious thought ſedate,
As elegance polite, as pow'r elate;
Profound as reaſon, and as juſtice clear;
Soft as compaſſion, yet as truth ſevere;
As bounty copious, as perſuaſion ſweet,
Like nature various, and like art complete;
So fine her morals, ſo ſublime her views,
His life is almoſt equall'd by his muſe.

O Pope! ſince Envy is decreed by fate,
Since ſhe purſues alone the wiſe and great;
In one ſmall, emblematic landſcape ſee,
How vaſt a diſtance 'twixt thy foe and thee!
Truth from an eminence ſurveys our ſcene,
(A hill, where all is clear, and all ſerene.)
Rude earth-bred ſtorms o'er meaner valleys blow,
And wand'ring miſts roll, black'ning, far below;
Dark, and debas'd, like them, is Envy's aim,
And clear, and eminent, like Truth, thy fame.

Thus I. From what dire cauſe can envy ſpring?
Or why emboſom we a viper's ſting?

'Tis

'Tis Envy ſtings our darling paſſion, pride.
Alas! (the man of mighty ſoul replied)
Why chuſe we mis'ries? Moſt derive their birth
From one bad ſource—we dread ſuperior worth;
Prefer'd, it ſeems a ſatire on our own;
Then heedleſs to excel we meanly moan:
Then we abſtract our views, and Envy ſhow,
Whence ſprings the mis'ry pride is doom'd to know.
Thus folly pain creates: By wiſdom's pow'r,
We ſhun the weight of many a reſtleſs hour—
Lo! I meet wrong; perhaps the wrong I feel
Tends, by the ſcheme of things, to public weal.
I, of the whole am part—the joy men ſee,
Muſt circulate, and ſo revolve to me.
Why ſhould I then of private loſs complain?
Of loſs, that proves, perchance, a brother's gain?
The wind, that binds one bark within the bay,
May waft a richer freight its wiſh'd-for way.
If rains redundant flood the abject ground,
Mountains are but ſupply'd, when vales are drown'd;
If, with ſoft moiſture ſwell'd, the vale looks gay,
The verdure of the mountain fades away.
Shall clouds, but at my welfare's call deſcend?
Shall gravity for me her laws ſuſpend?
For me ſhall ſuns their noon-tide courſe forbear?
Or motion not ſubſiſt to influence air?
Let the means vary, be they froſt, or flame,
Thy end, O Nature! ſtill remains the ſame!

Be this the motive of a wiſe man's care,—
To ſhun deſerving ills, and learn to bear.

CANTO II.

WHILE thus a mind humane, and wiſe, he ſhows,
All-eloquent of truth his language flows.
Youth, tho' depreſs'd, thro' all his form appears;
Thro' all his ſentiments the depth of years.
Thus he—Yet farther Induſtry behold,
Which conſcious waits new wonders to unfold.
Enter my chapel next—Lo! here begin
The hallow'd rites, that check the growth of ſin.
When firſt we met, how ſoon you ſeem'd to know
My boſom, lab'ring with the throbs of woe!
Such racking throbs!—Soft! when I rouſe thoſe cares,
On my chill'd mind pale Recollection glares!
When moping Frenzy ſtrove my thoughts to ſway,
Here prudent labours chas'd her pow'r away.
Full, and rough-riſing from yon ſculptur'd wall,
Bold prophets, nations to repentance call!
Meek martyrs ſmile in flames! gor'd champions groan!
And muſe-like cherubs tune their harps in ſtone!
Next ſhadow'd light a rounding force beſtows,
Swells into life, and ſpeaking action grows!
Here pleaſing, melancholy ſubjects find,
To calm, amuſe, exalt the penſive mind!

This figure tender grief, like mine, implies,
And ſemblant thoughts, that earthly pomp deſpiſe.
Such penitential Magdalene reveals;
Looſe-veil'd, in negligence of charms ſhe kneels.
Tho' dreſs, near-ſtor'd, its vanity ſupplies,
The vanity of dreſs unheeded lies.
The ſinful world in ſorrowing eye ſhe keeps,
As o'er Jeruſalem Meſſiah weeps.
One hand her boſom ſmites; in one appears
The lifted lawn, that drinks her falling tears.
Since evil outweighs good, and ſways mankind,
True fortitude aſſumes the patient mind:
Such prov'd Meſſiah's, tho' to ſuff'ring born,
To penury, repulſe, reproach and ſcorn.
Here, by the pencil, mark his flight deſign'd:
The weary'd virgin by a ſtream reclin'd,
Who feeds the child. Her looks a charm expreſs,
A modeſt charm, that dignifies diſtreſs.
Boughs o'er their heads with bluſhing fruits depend,
Which angels to her buſied conſort bend.
Hence by the ſmiling infant ſeems diſcern'd,
Trifles, concerning Him, all heav'n, concern'd.
Here the transfigur'd Son from earth retires:
See! the white form in a bright cloud aſpires!
Full on his foll'wers burſts a flood of rays,
Proſtrate they fall beneath th' o'erwhelming blaze!
Like noon-tide ſummer-ſuns the rays appear,
Unſuff'rable, magnificent, and near!

What ſcene of agony the garden brings;
The cup of gall; the ſuppliant king of kings!
The crown of thorns; the croſs, that felt him die;
Theſe, languid in the ſketch, unfiniſh'd lie.
There, from the dead, centurions ſee him riſe,
See! but ſtruck down with horrible ſurprize!
As the firſt glory ſeem'd a ſun at noon,
This caſts the ſilver ſplendor of the moon.
Here peopled day, th' aſcending God ſurveys!
The glory varies, as the myriads gaze!
Now ſoften'd, like a ſun at diſtance ſeen,
When thro' a cloud bright-glancing, yet ſerene!
Now faſt-encreaſing to the croud amaz'd,
Like ſome vaſt meteor high in ether rais'd!
My labour, yon high-vaulted altar ſtains
With dies, that emulate etherial plains.
The convex glaſs which in that opening glows,
Mid circling rays a pictur'd Saviour ſhows!
Bright it collects the beams, which, trembling, all,
Back from the God, a ſhow'ry radiance fall.
Light'ning the ſcene beneath! a ſcene divine!
Where ſaints, clouds, ſeraphs, intermingled ſhine!
Here water-falls, that play melodious round,
Like a ſweet organ, ſwell a lofty ſound!
The ſolemn notes bid earthly paſſions fly,
Lull all my cares, and lift my ſoul on high!
This monumental marble—this I rear
To one—Oh! ever mourn'd!—Oh! ever dear!

He

He ſtopt—pathetic ſighs the pauſe ſupply.
And the prompt tear ſtarts, quiv'ring, on his eye!
I look'd—two columns near the wall were ſeen,
An imag'd beauty ſtretch'd at length between.
Near the wept fair, her harp Cecilia ſtrung;
Leaning, from high, a liſt'ning angel hung!
Friendſhip, whoſe figure at the feet remains,
A phœnix, with irradiate creſt, ſuſtains:
This grac'd one palm, while one extends t'impart
Two foreign hands, that claſp a burning heart.
A pendent veil two hov'ring ſeraphs raiſe,
Which opening heav'n upon the roof diſplays!
And two, benevolent, leſs-diſtant, hold
A vaſe, collective of perfumes uproll'd!
Theſe from the heart, by Friendſhip held, ariſe,
Od'rous as incenſe gath'ring in the ſkies,
In the fond pelican is love expreſt,
Who opens to her young her tender breaſt.
Two mated turtles hov'ring hang in air,
One by a faulcon ſtruck!—In wild deſpair,
The hermit cries—So death, alas! deſtroys
The tender conſort of my cares and joys!
Again ſoft tears upon his eye-lid hung,
Again check'd ſounds dy'd, flutt'ring, on his tongue.
Too well his pining inmoſt thought I know!
Too well e'en ſilence tells the ſtory'd woe!
To his my ſighs, to his my tears reply!
I ſtray o'er all the tomb a wat'ry eye!

Next, on the wall her ſcenes of life I gaz'd,
The form back-leaning, by a globe half-rais'd!
Cherubs a proffer'd crown of glory ſhow,
Ey'd wiſtful by th' admiring fair below.
In action eloquent diſpos'd her hands,
One ſhows her breaſt, in rapture one expands!
This the fond hermit ſeiz'd!—o'er all his ſoul,
The ſoft, wild, wailing, am'rous paſſion ſtole!
In ſtedfaſt gaze his eyes her aſpect keep,
Then turn away, awhile dejected weep;
Then he reverts 'em; but reverts in vain,
Dimm'd with the ſwelling grief that ſtreams again.
Where now is my philoſophy? (he cries)
My joy, hope, reaſon, my Olympia dies!
Why did I e'er that prime of bleſſings know?
Was it, ye cruel fates, t'embitter woe?
Why would your bolts not level firſt my head?
Why muſt I live to weep Olympia dead?
—Sir, I had once a wife! fair bloom'd her youth,
Her form was beauty, and her ſoul was truth!
Oh, ſhe was dear! How dear, what words can ſay?
She dies!—my heav'n at once is ſnatch'd away!
Ah! what avails, that, by a father's care,
I roſe a wealthy and illuſtrious heir?
That early in my youth I learn'd to prove
Th' inſtructive, pleaſing, academic grove?
That in the ſenate eloquence was mine?
That valour gave me in the field to ſhine?

That

That love ſhow'r'd bleſſings too—far more than all
High rapt ambition e'er could happy call?
Ah!—What are theſe, which e'en the wiſe adore?
Loſt is my pride!—Olympia is no more!
Had I, ye perſecuting pow'rs! been born
The world's cold pity, or, at beſt, its ſcorn;
Of wealth, of rank, of kindred warmth bereft;
To want, to ſhame, to ruthleſs cenſure left!
Patience, or pride, to this, relief ſupplies!
But a loſt wife!—there! there diſtraction lies!
Now three ſad years I yield me all to grief,
And fly the hated comfort of relief:
Tho' rich, great, young, I leave a pompous ſeat,
(My brother's now) to ſeek ſome dark retreat:
Mid cloiſter'd ſolitary tombs I ſtray,
Deſpair and horror lead the cheerleſs way!
My ſorrow grows to ſuch a wild exceſs,
Life, injur'd life, muſt wiſh the paſſion leſs!
Olympia!—My Olympia 's loſt! (I cry.)
Olympia 's loſt, the hollow vaults reply!
Louder I make my lamentable moan;
The ſwelling echoes learn like me to groan;
The ghoſts to ſcream, as thro' lone aiſles they ſweep!
The ſhrines to ſhudder, and the ſaints to weep!
Now grief and rage, by gath'ring ſighs, ſuppreſt,
Swell my full heart, and heave my lab'ring breaſt!
With ſtruggling ſtarts, each vital ſtring they ſtrain,
And ſtrike the tott'ring fabric of my brain!

O'er

O'er my ſunk ſpirits frowns a vap'ry ſcene,
Woe's dark retreat! the madding maze of ſpleen!
A deep damp gloom o'erſpreads the murky cell;
Here pining thoughts, and ſecret terrors dwell!
Here learn the Great unreal wants to feign!
Unpleaſing truths here mortify the vain!
Here learning, blinded firſt, and then beguil'd,
Looks dark as Ignorance, as Frenzy wild!
Here firſt Credulity on Reaſon won!
And here falſe Zeal myſterious rants begun!
Here Love inpearls each moment with a tear,
And Superſtition owes to Spleen her fear!

Fantaſtic lightnings, thro' the dreary way,
In ſwift ſhort ſignals flaſh the burſting day!
Above, beneath, acroſs, around, they fly!
A dire deception ſtrikes the mental eye!
By the blue fires, pale phantoms grin ſevere!
Shrill, fancy'd echoes wound th' affrighted ear!
Air-baniſh'd ſpirits flag in fogs profound,
And, all-obſcene, ſhed baneful damps around!
Now whiſpers, trembling in ſome feeble wind,
Sigh out prophetic fears, and freeze the mind!

Loud laughs the hag!—She mocks complaint away,
Unroofs the den, and lets in more than day.
Swarms of wild Fancies, wing'd in various flight,
Seek emblematic ſhades, and myſtic light!
Some drive with rapid ſteeds the ſhining car!
Theſe nod from thrones! Thoſe thunder in the war!

Till

Till, tir'd, they turn from the deluſive ſhow,
Start from wild joy, and fix in ſtupid woe.
Here the lone hour, a blank of life diſplays,
Till now bad thoughts a fiend more active raiſe;
A fiend in evil moments ever nigh!
Death in her hand, and frenzy in her eye!
Her eye all red, and ſunk!—A robe ſhe wore,
With life's calamities embroider'd o'er.
A mirror in one hand collective ſhows,
Varied, and multiply'd that group of woes.
This endleſs foe to gen'rous toil and pain
Lolls on a couch for eaſe; but lolls in vain;
She muſes o'er her woe-embroider'd veſt,
And ſelf-abhorrence heightens in her breaſt.
To ſhun her care, the force of ſleep ſhe tries,
Still wakes her mind, tho' ſlumbers doze her eyes:
She dreams, ſtarts, riſes, ſtalks from place to place,
With reſtleſs, thoughtful, interrupted pace;
Now eyes the ſun, and curſes ev'ry ray,
Now the green ground, where colour fades away.
Dim ſpectres dance! Again her eye ſhe rears;
Then from the blood-ſhot ball wipes purpled tears;
Then preſſes hard her brow, with miſchief fraught,
Her brow half burſts with agony of thought!
From me (ſhe cries) pale wretch, thy comfort claim,
Born of Deſpair, and Suicide my name!
Why ſhould thy life a moment's pain endure?
Here ev'ry object proffers grief a cure.

She

She points where leaves of hemlock black'ning ſhoot!
Fear not! pluck! eat (ſaid ſhe) the ſov'reign root!
Then Death, revers'd, ſhall bear his ebon lance!
Soft o'er thy ſight ſhall ſwim the ſhadowy trance!
Or leap yon rock, poſſeſs a wat'ry grave,
And leave wild ſorrow to the wind and wave!
Or mark—this poniard thus from mis'ry frees!
She wounds her breaſt!—the guilty ſteel I ſeize!
Straight, where ſhe ſtruck, a ſmoaking ſpring of gore
Wells from the wound, and floats the crimſon'd floor,
She faints! ſhe fades!—Calm thoughts the deed revolve,
And now, unſtartling, fix the dire reſolve;
Death drops his terrors, and, with charming wiles,
Winning, and kind, like my Olympia ſmiles!
He points the paſſage to the ſeats divine,
Where poets, heroes, ſainted lovers ſhine!
I come, Olympia!—My rear'd arm extends;
Half to my breaſt the threat'ning point deſcends!
Straight thunder rocks the land! new lightnings play!
When, lo! a voice reſounds—Ariſe! away!
Away! nor murmur at th' afflictive rod!
Nor tempt the vengeance of an angry God!
Fly'ſt thou from Providence for vain relief?
Such ill-ſought eaſe ſhall draw avenging grief.
Honour, the more obſtructed, ſtronger ſhines,
And zeal by perſecution's rage refines.
By woe, the ſoul to daring actions ſwells;
By woe, in paintleſs patience it excels;

From

From patience, prudent clear experience ſprings,
And traces knowledge thro' the courſe of things!
Thence hope is form'd, thence fortitude, ſucceſs,
Renown:—whate'er men covet and careſs.
The vaniſh'd fiend thus ſent a hollow voice—
Would'ſt thou be happy! Straight be death thy choice.
How mean are thoſe, who paſſively complain;
While active ſouls, more free, their fetters ſtrain?
Tho' knowledge thine, hope, fortitude, ſucceſs,
Renown:—whate'er men covet and careſs;
On earth ſucceſs muſt in its turn give way,
And ev'n perfection introduce decay.
Never the world of ſpirits thus—their reſt
Untouch'd! entire! once happy, ever bleſt!
Earneſt the heav'nly voice reſponſive cries,
Oh, liſten not to ſubtilty unwiſe!
Thy guardian ſaint, who mourns thy hapleſs fate,
Heav'n grants to prop thy virtue, ere too late.
Know, if thou wilt thy dear-lov'd wife deplore,
Olympia waits thee on a foreign ſhore;
There in a cell thy laſt remains be ſpent;
Away! deceive Deſpair, and find Content!
I heard, obey'd; nor more of fate complain'd;
Long ſeas I meaſur'd, and this mountain gain'd.
Soon to a yawning rift, chance turn'd my way;
A den it prov'd where a huge ſerpent lay!
Flame-ey'd he lay!—He rages now for food,
Meets my firſt glance, and meditates my blood!

His

His bulk, in many a gather'd orb uproll'd,
Rears ſpire on ſpire! His ſcales, be-dropt with gold,
Shine burniſh'd in the ſun! Such height they gain,
They dart green luſtre on the diſtant main!
Now writh'd in dreadful ſlope, he ſtoops his creſt,
Furious to fix on my unſhielded breaſt!
Juſt as he ſprings, my ſabre ſmites the foe!
Headleſs he falls beneath th' unerring blow!
Wrath yet remains, tho' ſtrength his fabric leaves,
And the meant hiſs, the gaſping mouth deceives;
The length'ning trunk ſlow-looſens ev'ry fold,
Lingers in life; then ſtretches ſtiff, and cold,
Juſt as th' invet'rate ſon of miſchief ends,
Comes a white dove, and near the ſpot deſcends:
I hail this omen! all bad paſſions ceaſe,
Like the ſlain ſnake, and all within is peace.
Next, to Religion this plain roof I raiſe!
In duteous rites my hallow'd tapers blaze!
I bid due incenſe on my altar ſmoke!
Then, at this tomb, my promis'd Love invoke!
She hears!--She comes!--My heart what raptures warm?
All my Olympia ſparkles in the form!
No pale, wan, livid mark of Death ſhe bears!
Each roſeate look a quick'ning tranſport wears!
A robe of light, high-wrought, her ſhape inveſts;
Unzon'd the ſwelling beauty of her breaſts!
Her auburn hair each flowing ring reſumes,
In her fair hand, Love's branch of myrtle blooms!

Silent

Silent, awhile, each well-known charm I trace;
Then thus, (while nearer ſhe avoids th' embrace)
Thou dear deceit!—muſt I a ſhade purſue?
Dazzled I gaze!—thou ſwimm'ſt before my view!
Dipt in etherial dews, her bough divine
Sprinkles my eyes, which, ſtrengthen'd, bear the ſhine:
Still thus I urge (for ſtill the ſhadowy bliſs
Shuns the warm graſp, nor yields the tender kiſs)
Oh, fly not!—fade not! liſten to Love's call!
She lives!—no more I 'm man!—I 'm ſpirit all!
Then let me ſnatch thee!--preſs thee!--take me whole!
Oh, cloſe!—yet cloſer!—cloſer to my ſoul!
Twice, round her waiſt, my eager arms entwin'd,
And, twice deceiv'd, my frenzy claſp'd the wind!
Then thus I rav'd—Behold thy huſband kneel,
And judge! O judge, what agonies I feel!
Oh! be no longer, if unkind, thus fair;
Take Horror's ſhape, and fright me with deſpair!
Rather than thus, unpitying, ſee my moan,
Far rather frown, and fix me here in ſtone!
But mock not thus—Alas! (the charmer ſaid,
Smiling; and, in her ſmile, ſoft radiance play'd)
Alas! no more eluded ſtrength employ,
To claſp a ſhade!—What more is mortal joy?
Man's bliſs is, like his knowledge, but ſurmis'd;
One ignorance, the other pain diſguis'd!
Thou wert (had all thy wiſh been ſtill poſſeſt)
Supremely curſt from being greatly bleſt;

For oh! ſo fair, ſo dear was I to thee,
Thou hadſt forgot thy God, to worſhip me;
This he foreſaw, and ſnatch'd me to the tomb;
Above I flouriſh in unfading bloom.
Think me not loſt: for thee I heav'n implore!
Thy guardian angel, tho' a wife no more!
I, when abſtracted from this world you ſeem,
Hint the pure thought, and frame theheav'nly dream!
Cloſe at thy ſide, when morning ſtreaks the air,
In Muſic's voice I wake thy mind to pray'r!
By me, thy hymns, like pureſt incenſe, riſe,
Fragrant with grace, and pleaſing to the ſkies!
And when that form ſhall from its clay refine,
(That only bar betwixt my ſoul and thine!)
When thy lov'd ſpirit mounts to realms of light,
Then ſhall Olympia aid thy earlieſt flight;
Mingled we'll flame in raptures, that aſpire
Beyond all youth, all ſenſe, and all deſire.

She ended. Still ſuch ſweetneſs dwells behind,
Th' inchanting voice ſtill warbles in my mind:
But lo! th' unbodied viſion fleets away!—
—Stay, my Olympia!—I conjure thee, ſtay!
Yet ſtay—for thee my mem'ry learns to ſmart!
Sure ev'ry vein contains a bleeding heart!
Sooner ſhall ſplendor leave the blaze of day,
Than love, ſo pure, ſo vaſt as mine, decay,
From the ſame heav'nly ſource its luſtre came,
And glows, immortal, with congenial flame!

Ah!—let me not with fires neglected burn;
Sweet miſtreſs of my ſoul, return, return!
Alas!— ſhe's fled!—I traverſe now the place,
Where my enamour'd thoughts her footſteps trace.
Now, o'er the tomb, I bend my drooping head,
There tears, the eloquence of ſorrow, ſhed.
Sighs choak my words, unable to expreſs
The pangs, the throbs of ſpeechleſs tenderneſs!
Not with more ardent, more tranſparent flame,
Call dying ſaints on their Creator's name,
Than I on hers;—but, thro' yon yielding door,
Glides a new phantom o'er th' illumin'd floor!
The roof ſwift-kindles from the beaming ground,
And floods of living luſtre flame around!
In all the majeſty of light array'd,
Awful it ſhines!—'tis Cato's honour'd ſhade!
As I, the heav'nly viſitant purſue,
Sublimer glory opens to my view!
He ſpeaks!—But, oh! what words ſhall dare repeat
His thoughts!—they leave me fir'd with patriot heat
More than poetic raptures now I feel,
And own that godlike paſſion, public zeal!
But, from my frailty, it receives a ſtain,
I grow, unlike my great Inſpirer, vain;
And burn, once more, the buſy world to know,
And would, in ſcenes of action foremoſt glow!
Where proud ambition points her dazzling rays!
Where coronets and crowns, attractive, blaze!

When my Olympia leaves the realms above,
And lures me back to ſolitary love.
She tells me truth, prefers an humble ſtate,
That genuine greatneſs ſhuns the being great!
That mean are thoſe, who falſe-term'd honour prize;
Whoſe fabricks, from their country's ruin riſe;
Who look the traitor, like the patriot fair;
Who, to enjoy the vineyard, wrong the heir.
I hear!—thro' all my veins new tranſpots roll!
I gaze!—warm love comes ruſhing on my ſoul!
Raviſh'd I gaze!—again her charms decay!
Again my manhood to my grief gives way!
Cato returns!—Zeal takes her courſe to reign!
But zeal is in ambition loſt again!
I'm now the ſlave of fondneſs!—now of pride!
—By turns they conquer, and by turns ſubſide!
Theſe balanc'd each by each, the golden mean,
Betwixt them found, gives happineſs ſerene;
This I'll enjoy!—He ended!—I reply'd:
O Hermit! thou art worth ſeverely try'd!
But had not innate grief produc'd thy woes,
Men, barb'rous men, had prey'd on thy repoſe.
When ſeeking joy, we ſeldom ſorrow miſs,
And often mis'ry points the path to bliſs.
The ſoil, moſt worthy of the thrifty ſwain,
Is wounded thus, ere truſted with the grain;
The ſtruggling grain muſt work obſcure its way,
Ere the firſt green ſprings upward to the day;

Up-

Up-ſprung, ſuch weed-like coarſeneſs it betrays,
Flocks on th' abandon'd blade permiſſive graze;
Then ſhoots the wealth, from imperfection clear,
And thus a grateful harveſt crowns the year.

CANTO III.

THUS free our ſocial time from morning flows,
Till riſing ſhades attempt the day to cloſe.
Thus my new friend: Behold the light's decay:
Back to yon city let me point thy way.
South-weſt, behind yon hill, the ſlooping ſun,
To ocean's verge his fluent courſe has run:
His parting eyes a wat'ry radiance ſhed,
Glance through the vale, and tip the mountain's head;
To which oppos'd the ſhad'wy gulfs below,
Beauteous, reflect the party-colour'd ſnow.
Now dance the ſtars, where Veſper leads the way;
Yet all faint-glimm'ring with remains of day.
Orient, the Queen of Night emits her dawn,
And throws, unſeen, her mantle o'er the lawn.
Up the blue ſteep, her crimſon orb now ſhines;
Now on the mountain-top her arm reclines,
In a red creſcent ſeen: her zone now gleams,
Like Venus, quiv'ring in reflecting ſtreams.
Yet red'ning, yet round-burning up the air,
From the white cliff, her feet ſlow-riſing glare!

See! flames, condens'd, now vary her attire;
Her face, a broad circumference of fire.
Dark firs ſeem kindled in nocturnal blaze;
Thro' ranks of pines, her broken luſtre plays,
Here glares, there brown-projecting ſhade beſtows,
And, glitt'ring, ſports upon the ſpangled ſnows.
Now ſilver turn her beams!—Yon den they gain;
The big, rouz'd lion ſhakes his brindled main.
Fierce, fleet, gaunt monſters, all prepar'd for gore,
Rend woods, vales, rocks, with wide-reſounding roar.
O dire preſage!—But fear not thou, my friend,
Our ſteps the guardians of the juſt attend.
Homeward I'll wait thee on—and now ſurvey,
How men, and ſpirits, chace the night away!
Yon nymps and ſwains in am'rous mirth advance;
To breathing muſic moves the circling dance.
Here the bold youth in deeds advent'rous glow,
Skimming in rapid fleds the crackling ſnow.
Not when Tydides won the fun'ral race,
Shot his light car along in ſwifter pace.
Here the glaz'd way with iron feet they dare,
And glide, well-pois'd, like Mercuries in air.
There crowds, with ſtable tread, and levell'd eye,
Lift, and diſmiſs the quoits, that whirling fly.
With force ſuperior, not with ſkill ſo true,
The pond'rous diſk from Roman ſinews flew.
Where neighb'ring hills ſome cloudy ſheet ſuſtain,
Freez'd o'er the nether vale a penſive plain,

Croſs

Croſs the roof'd hollow rolls the maſſy round,
The crack'd ice rattles, and the rocks reſound!
Cenſures, diſputes, and laughs, alternate, riſe;
And deaf'ning clangor thunders up the ſkies.
Thus, amid crowded images, ſerene,
From hour to hour we paſs'd, from ſcene to ſcene:
Faſt wore the night. Full long we pac'd our way;
Vain ſteps! the city yet far diſtant lay.
While thus the Hermit, ere my wonder ſpoke,
Methought, with new amuſement, ſilence broke:
Yon amber-hu'd caſcade, which fleecy flies
Thro' rocks, and ſtrays along the trackleſs ſkies
To frolic fairies marks the mazy ring;
Forth to the dance from little cells they ſpring,
Meaſur'd to pipe, or harp!—and next they ſtand,
Marſhall'd beneath the moon, a radiant band!
In froſt-work now delight the ſportive kind:
Now court wild Fancy in the whiſtling wind.
Hark!—the funereal bell's deep-ſounding toll,
To bliſs, from mis'ry, calls ſome righteous ſoul!
Juſt freed from life, like ſwift-aſcending fire,
Glorious it mounts, and gleams from yonder ſpire!
Light claps its wings!—It views, with pitying ſight,
The friendly mourner pay the pious rite;
The plume high-wrought, that black'ning nods in air;
The ſlow-pac'd weeping pomp; the ſolemn pray'r;
The decent tomb; the verſe, that Sorrow gives,
Where, to remembrance ſweet, fair Virtue lives.

Now to mid-heav'n the whiten'd moon inclines,
And ſhades contract, mark'd out in clearer lines;
With noiſeleſs gloom the plains are delug'd o'er:
See!—from the north, what ſtreaming meteors pour!
Beneath Boötes ſprings the radiant train,
And quiver thro' the axle of his wain.
O'er altars thus, impainted, we behold
Half-circling glories ſhoot in rays of gold.
Croſs either ſwift elance the vivid fires!
As ſwift again each pointed flame retires!
In fancy's eye encount'ring armies glare,
And ſanguine enſigns wave unfurl'd in air!
Hence the weak vulgar deem impending fate,
A monarch ruin'd, or unpeopled ſtate.
Thus comets, dreadful viſitants! ariſe
To them wild omens, ſcience to the wiſe!
Theſe mark the comet to the ſun incline,
While deep-red flames around its center ſhine!
While its fierce rear a winding trail diſplays,
And lights all ether with the ſweepy blaze!
Or when, compell'd, it flies the torrid zone,
And ſhoots by worlds unnumber'd, and unknown;
By worlds, whoſe people, all-aghaſt with fear,
May view that miniſter of vengeance near!
'Till now the tranſient glow, remote, and loſt,
Decays, and darkens 'mid involving froſt!
Or when it, ſun-ward, drinks rich beams again,
And burns imperious on th' etherial plain!

The

The learn'd-one, curious, eyes it from afar,
Sparkling thro' night, a new, illuſtrious ſtar!
The moon, deſcending, ſaw us now purſue
The various talk;—the city near in view!
Here from ſtill life (he cries) avert thy ſight,
And mark what deeds adorn, or ſhame the night!
But, heedful, each immodeſt proſpect fly;
Where decency forbids enquiry's eye.
Man were not man, without love's wanton fire,
But reaſon's glory is to quell deſire.
What are thy fruits, O Luſt? Short bleſſings, bought
With long remorſe, the ſeed of bitter thought;
Perhaps ſome babe to dire diſeaſes born,
Doom'd for another's crimes, thro' life, to mourn;
Or murder'd, to preſerve a mother's fame;
Or caſt obſcure; the child of want and ſhame!
Falſe pride! What vices on our conduct ſteal,
From the world's eye one frailty to conceal?
Ye cruel mothers!—Soft! thoſe words command;
So near ſhall cruelty and mother ſtand?
Can the dove's boſom ſnakey venom draw?
Can its foot ſharpen, like the vulture's claw?
Can the fond goat, or tender fleecy dam
Howl, like the wolf, to tear the kid, or lamb?
Yes, there are mothers—There I fear'd his aim,
And conſcious, trembled at the coming name;
Then, with a ſigh, his iſſuing words oppos'd!
Straight with a falling tear the ſpeech he clos'd.

That

That tenderneſs which ties of blood deny,
Nature repaid me from a ſtranger's eye.
Pale grew my cheeks!—But now to gen'ral views
Our converſe turns, which thus my friend renews.

Yon manſion, made by beaming tapers gay,
Drowns the dim night, and counterfeits the day.
From lumin'd windows glancing on the eye,
Around, athwart, the friſking ſhadows fly,
There midnight riot ſpreads illuſive joys,
And fortune, health, and dearer time deſtroys.
Soon death's dark agent to luxuriant eaſe,
Shall wake ſharp warnings in ſome fierce diſeaſe.

O man! thy fabric's like a well-form'd ſtate;
Thy thoughts, firſt-rank'd, were ſure deſign'd the great!
Paſſions plebeians are, which faction raiſe;
Wine, like pour'd oil, excites the raging blaze:
Then giddy anarchy's rude triumphs riſe:
Then ſov'reign reaſon from her empire flies:
That ruler once depos'd, wiſdom and wit,
To noiſe and folly, place and pow'r ſubmit;
Like a frail bark thy weaken'd mind is toſt,
Unſteer'd, unbalanc'd, till its wealth is loſt.

The miſer-ſpirit eyes the ſpendthrift heir,
And mourns, too late, effects of ſordid care.
His treaſures fly to cloy each fawning ſlave;
Yet grudge a ſtone to dignify his grave.
For this, low-thoughted craft his life employ'd;
For this, tho' wealthy, he no wealth enjoy'd;

For

For this, he grip'd the poor, and alms deny'd,
Unfriended liv'd, and unlamented died.
Yet ſmile, griev'd ſhade! when that unproſp'rous ſtore
Faſt-leſſens, when gay hours return no more;
Smile at thy heir, beholding in his fall,
Men once oblig'd, like him, ungrateful all!
Then thought-inſpiring woe his heart ſhall mend,
And prove his only wiſe, unflatt'ring friend.
Folly exhibits thus unmanly ſport,
While plotting miſchief keeps reſerv'd her court.
Lo! from that mount, in blaſting ſulphur broke,
Stream flames voluminous, enwrapp'd with ſmoke!
In chariot-ſhape they whirl up yonder tow'r,
Lean on its brow, and like deſtruction low'r!
From the black depth a fiery legion ſprings;
Each bold, bad ſpectre claps her ſounding wings:
And ſtraight beneath a ſummon'd, trait'rous band,
On horror bent, in dark convention ſtand:
From each fiend's mouth a ruddy vapour flows,
Glides thro' the roof, and o'er the council glows:
The villains, cloſe beneath th' infection pent,
Feel, all-poſſeſs'd, their riſing galls ferment;
And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire,
For rapine, blood, and devaſtation dire!
But Juſtice marks their ways: ſhe waves, in air,
The ſword, high-threat'ning, like a comet's glare.
While here dark Villainy herſelf deceives,
There ſtudious Honeſty our view relieves.

A feeble

A feeble taper, from yon lonesome room,
Scatt'ring thin rays, just glimmers thro' the gloom.
There sits the sapient BARD in museful mood,
And glows impassion'd for his country's good!
All the bright spirits of the just, combin'd,
Inform, refine, and prompt his tow'ring mind!
He takes the gifted quill from hands divine,
Around his temples rays refulgent shine!
Now rapt! now more than man!—I see him climb,
To view this speck of earth from worlds sublime!
I see him now o'er Nature's works preside!
How clear the vision! and the scene how wide!
Let some a name by adulation raise,
Or scandal, meaner than a venal praise!
My muse (he cries) a nobler prospect view!
Thro' fancy's wilds some moral's point pursue!
From dark deception clear-drawn truth display,
As from black chaos rose resplendent day!
Awake compassion, and bid terror rise!
Bid humble sorrows strike superior eyes!
So pamper'd pow'r, unconscious of distress,
May see, be mov'd, and, being mov'd, redress.
Ye traytors, tyrants, fear his stinging lay!
Ye pow'rs unlov'd, unpity'd in decay!
But know, to you sweet-blossom'd Fame he brings,
Ye heroes, patriots, and paternal kings!
O Thou, who form'd, who rais'd the poet's art,
(Voice of thy will!) unerring force impart!

If

If wailing worth can gen'rous warmth excite,
If verſe can gild inſtruction with delight,
Inſpire his honeſt Muſe with orient flame,
To riſe, to dare, to reach the nobleſt aim!
But, O my friend! myſterious is our fate!
How mean his fortune, tho' his mind elate!
Æneas-like, he paſſes thro' the crowd,
Unſought, unſeen beneath misfortune's cloud;
Or ſeen with ſlight regard: Unprais'd his name;
His after-honour, and our after-ſhame.
The doom'd deſert to av'rice ſtands confeſs'd;
Her eyes averted are, and ſteel'd her breaſt.
Envy aſquint the future wonder eyes:
Bold Inſult, pointing, hoots him as he flies;
While coward Cenſure, ſkill'd in darker ways,
Hints ſure detraction in diſſembled praiſe!
Hunger, thirſt, nakedneſs, there grievous fall!
Unjuſt Deriſion too!—that tongue of gall!
Slow comes relief, with no mild charms endu'd,
Uſher'd by Pride, and by Reproach purſu'd.
Forc'd Pity meets him with a cold reſpect,
Unkind as Scorn, ungen'rous as Neglect.
Yet, ſuff'ring Worth! thy fortitude will ſhine!
Thy foes are Virtue's, and her friends are thine!
Patience is thine, and Peace thy days ſhall crown;
Thy treaſure Prudence, and thy claim Renown:
Myriads, unborn, ſhall mourn thy hapleſs fate,
And myriads grow, by thy example, great!

Hark!

Hark! from the watch-tow'r rolls the trumpet's ſound,
Sweet thro' ſtill night, proclaiming ſafety round!
Yon ſhade illuſtrious quits the realms of reſt,
To aid ſome orphan of its race diſtreſt,
Safe winds him thro' the ſubterraneous way,
That mines yon manſion, grown with ruin grey,
And marks the wealthy, unſuſpected ground,
Where, green with ruſt, long-buried coins abound.
This plaintive ghoſt, from earth when newly fled,
Saw thoſe, the living truſted, wrong the dead;
He ſaw, by fraud abus'd, the lifeleſs hand
Sign the falſe deed that alienates his land;
Heard, on his fame, injurious cenſure thrown,
And mourn'd the beggar'd orphan's bitter groan.
Commiſſion'd now, the falſhood he reveals,
To juſtice ſoon th' enabled heir appeals;
Soon, by this wealth, are coſtly pleas maintain'd,
And, by diſcover'd truth, loſt right regain'd.

But why (may ſome enquire) why kind ſucceſs,
Since myſtic heav'n gives mis'ry oft to bleſs?
Tho' mis'ry leads to happineſs and truth,
Unequal to the load, this languid youth,
Unſtrengthen'd virtue ſcarce his boſom fir'd,
And fearful from his growing wants retir'd.
(Oh, let none cenſure, if, untried by grief,
If, amidſt woe, untempted by relief,)
He ſtoop'd reluctant to low arts of ſhame,
Which then, ev'n then he ſcorn'd, and blūſh'd to name.

Heav'

Heav'n ſees, and makes th' imperfect worth its care,
And cheers the trembling heart, unform'd to bear.
Now riſing fortune elevates his mind,
He ſhines unclouded, and adorns mankind.
So in ſome engine, that denies a vent,
If unreſpiring is ſome creature pent,
It ſickens, droops, and pants, and gaſps for breath,
Sad o'er the ſight ſwim ſhad'wy miſts of death;
If then kind air pours pow'rful in again,
New heats, new pulſes quicken ev'ry vein;
From the clear'd, lifted, life-rekindled eye,
Diſpers'd, the dark and dampy vapours fly.
From trembling tombs the ghoſts of greatneſs riſe,
And o'er their bodies hang with wiſtful eyes;
Or diſcontented ſtalk, and mix their howls
With howling wolves, their ſcreams with ſcreaming owls.
The interval 'twixt night and morn is nigh,
Winter more nitrous chills the ſhadow'd ſky.
Springs with ſoft heats no more give borders green,
Nor ſmoaking breathe along the whiten'd ſcene;
While ſteamy currents, ſweet in proſpect, charm
Like veins blue-winding on a fair-one's arm.
Now Sleep to Fancy parts with half his pow'r,
And broken ſlumbers drag the reſtleſs hour.
The murder'd ſeems alive, and ghaſtly glares,
And in dire dreams the conſcious murd'rer ſcares,
Shews the yet-ſpouting wound, th' enſanguin'd floor,
The walls yet ſmoaking with the ſpatter'd gore;

Or

Or ſhrieks to dozing juſtice, and reveals
The deed, which fraudful art from day conceals;
The delve obſcene, where no ſuſpicion pries,
Where the disfigur'd corſe unſhrouded lies;
The ſure, the ſtriking proof, ſo ſtrong maintain'd,
Pale Guilt ſtarts ſelf-convicted, when arraign'd.
Theſe ſpirits, treaſon of its pow'r diveſt,
And turn the peril from the patriot's breaſt.
Thoſe ſolemn thought inſpire, or bright deſcend
To ſnatch, in viſion ſweet, the dying friend.
But we deceive the gloom, the matin bell
Summon's to prayer!—Now breaks th' inchanter's ſpell!
And now—But yon fair ſpirit's form ſurvey!
'Tis ſhe!—Olympia beckons me away!
I haſte! I fly—adieu!—and when you ſee
The youth who bleeds with fondneſs, think on me:
Tell him my tale, and be his pain careſt;
By love I tortur'd was, by love I'm bleſt.
When worſhip'd woman we entranc'd behold,
We praiſe the Maker in his faireſt mould;
The pride of nature, harmony combin'd,
And light immortal to the ſoul refin'd!
Depriv'd of charming woman, ſoon we miſs
The prize of friendſhip, and the life of bliſs!
Still thro' the ſhades Olympia dawning breaks!
What bloom, what brightneſs luſters o'er her cheeks!
Again ſhe calls!—I dare no longer ſtay!
A kind farewel—Olympia, I obey.

He

He turn'd, nor longer in my ſight remain'd;
The mountain he, I ſafe the city gain'd.

CANTO IV.

STILL o'er my mind wild Fancy holds her ſway,
Still on ſtrange viſionary land I ſtray.
Now ſcenes crowd thick! now indiſtinct appear!
Swift glide the months, and turn the varying year!
Near the Bull's horn light's riſing monarch draws;
Now on its back the Pleiades he thaws
From vernal heat pale winter forc'd to fly,
Northward retires, yet turns a wat'ry eye:
Then with an aguiſh breath nips infant blooms,
Deprives unfolding ſpring of rich perfumes,
Shakes the ſlow-circling blood of human race,
And in ſharp, livid looks contracts the face.
Now o'er Norwegian hills he ſtrides away:
Such ſlipp'ry paths Ambition's ſteps betray.
Turning, with ſighs, far ſpiral firs he ſees,
Which bow obedient to the ſouthern breeze.
Now from yon Zemblan rock his creſt he ſhrouds,
Like Fame's, obſcur'd amid the whitening clouds;
Thence his loſt empire is with tears deplor'd:
Such tyrants ſhed o'er liberty reſtor'd.
Beneath his eye (that throws malignant light
Ten times the meaſur'd round of mortal ſight)

A waſte, pale-glimm'ring, like a moon, that wanes
A wild expanſe of frozen ſea contains.
It cracks! vaſt floating mountains beat the ſhore;
Far off he hears thoſe icy ruins roar,
And from the hideous craſh diſtracted flies,
Like one who feels his dying infant's cries.
Near, and more near the ruſhing torrents ſound,
And one great rift runs thro' the vaſt profound,
Swift as a ſhooting meteor; groaning loud,
Like deep-roll'd thunder thro' a rending cloud.
The late-dark Pole now feels unſetting day;
In hurricanes of wrath he whirls his way;
O'er many a polar Alp to Froſt he goes,
O'er crackling vales, embrown'd with melting ſnows;
Here bears ſtalk tenants of the barren ſpace,
Few men! unſocial thoſe!—a barb'rous race!
At length the cave appears! the race is run:
Now he recounts vaſt conqueſts loſt, and won,
And taleful in th' embrace of Froſt remains,
Barr'd from our climes, and bound in icy chains.

Meanwhile the ſun his beams on Cancer throws,
Which now beneath his warmeſt influence glows.
From glowing Cancer fall'n, the King of day,
Red thro' the kindling Lion ſhoots his ray.
The tawny harveſt pays the earlier plough,
And mellowing fruitage loads the bending bough.
'Tis day-ſpring. Now green lab'rinths I frequent,
Where Wiſdom oft retires to meet Content.

The

The mounting lark her warbling anthem lends,
From note to note the raviſh'd ſoul aſcends;
As thus it would the patriarch's ladder climb,
By ſome good angel led to worlds ſublime:
Oft (legends ſay) the ſnake, with waken'd ire,
Like Envy rears in many a ſcaly ſpire;
Then ſongſters droop, then yield their vital gore,
And innocence and muſic are no more.

Mild rides the morn in orient beauty dreſt,
An azure mantle, and a purple veſt,
Which, blown by gales, her gemmy feet diſplay,
Her amber treſſes negligently gay.
Collected now her roſy hand they fill,
And, gently wrung, the pearly dew diſtil.
The ſongful zephyrs, and the laughing hours,
Breathe ſweet; and ſtrew her op'ning way with flow'rs.

The chatt'ring ſwallows leave their neſted care,
Each promiſing return with plenteous fare.
So the fond ſwain, who to the market hies,
Stills, with big hopes, his infant's tender cries.

Yonder two turtles, o'er their callow brood,
Hang hov'ring, ere they ſeek their guiltleſs food.
Fondly they bill. Now to their morning care,
Like our firſt parents, part the am'rous pair:
But ah!—a pair no more!—With ſpreading wings,
From the high-founding cliff a vulture ſprings;
Steady he ſails along th' aerial grey,
Swoops down, and bears yon tim'rous dove away.

Start we, who worſe than vultures, Nimrods find,
Men meditating prey on human-kind?
Wild beaſts to gloomy dens repace their way,
Where their couch'd young demand the ſlaughter'd prey.
Rooks, from their nodding neſts, black-ſwarming fly,
And, in hoarſe uproar, tell the fowler nigh.
Now, in his tabernacle rous'd, the ſun
Is warn'd the blue etherial ſteep to run;
While on his couch of floating jaſper laid,
From his bright eye Sleep calls the dewy ſhade.
The cryſtal dome tranſparent pillars raiſe,
Whence, beam'd from ſaphires, living azure plays;
The liquid floor, in-wrought with pearls divine,
Where all his labours in moſaic ſhine.
His coronet, a cloud of ſilver-white:
His robe with unconſuming crimſon bright,
Varied with gems, all heaven's collected ſtore!
While his looſe locks deſcend, a golden ſhow'r.
If to his ſteps compar'd, we tardy find
The Grecian racers, who out-ſtrip the wind,
Fleet to the glowing race behold him ſtart!
His quick'ning eyes a quiv'ring radiance dart,
And, while this laſt nocturnal flag is furl'd,
Swift into life and motion look the world.
The ſun-flow'r now averts her blooming cheek
From weſt, to view his eaſtern luſtre break.
What gay, creative pow'r his preſence brings?
Hills, lawns, lakes, villages!—the face of things,

All

All night beneath ſucceſſive ſhadows miſs'd,
Inſtant begins in colours to exiſt:
But abſent theſe from ſons of riot keep,
Loſt in impure, unmeditating ſleep.
T'unlock his fence, the new-ris'n ſwain prepares,
And ere forth-driv'n recounts his fleecy cares;
When, lo! an ambuſh'd wolf, with hunger bold,
Springs at the prey, and fierce invades the fold!
But by the paſtor not in vain defy'd,
Like our arch-foe by ſome celeſtial guide.
Spread on yon rock the ſea-calf I ſurvey:
Baſk'd in the ſun, his ſkin reflects the day.
He ſees yon tow'r-like ſhip the waves divide,
And ſlips again beneath the glaſſy tide.
The wat'ry herbs, and ſhrubs, and vines, and flow'rs,
Rear their bent heads, o'ercharg'd with nightly ſhow'rs.
Hail, glorious ſun! to whoſe attractive fires,
The waken'd, vegetative life aſpires!
The juices, wrought by thy directive force,
Thro' plants and trees perform their genial courſe,
Extend in root, with bark unyielding bind
The hearted trunk; or weave the branching rind;
Expand in leaves, in flow'ry bloſſoms ſhoot,
Bleed in rich gums, and ſwell in ripen'd fruit.
From thee, bright, univerſal Pow'r! began
Inſtinct in brute, and gen'rous love in man.
Talk'd I of love?—Yon ſwain, with am'rous air,
Soft ſwells his pipe, to charm the rural fair.

She milks the flocks, then, liſt'ning as he plays,
Steals, in the running brook, a conſcious gaze.
The trout, that deep, in winter, ooz'd remains,
Up-ſprings, and ſunward turns its crimſon ſtains.
The tenants of the warren, vainly chas'd;
Now lur'd to ambient fields for green repaſt,
Seek their ſmall, vaulted labyrinths in vain;
Entangling nets betray the ſkipping train;
Red maſſacres thro' their republic fly,
And heaps on heaps by ruthleſs ſpaniels die.
The fiſher, who the lonely beech has ſtray'd,
And all the live-long night his net-work ſpread,
Drags in, and bears the loaded ſnare away;
Where flounce, deceiv'd, th' expiring finny prey.
Near Neptune's temple, (Neptune's now no more,)
Whoſe ſtatue plants a trident on the ſhore,
In ſportive rings the gen'rous dolphins wind,
And eye, and think the image human kind:
Dear, pleaſing friendſhip!—See! the pile commands
The vale, and grim as Superſtition ſtands!
Time's hand there leaves its print of moſſy green,
With hollows, carv'd for ſnakes, and birds obſcene.
O, Gibbs, whoſe art the ſolemn fane can raiſe,
Where God delights to dwell, and man to praiſe;
When moulder'd thus the column falls away,
Like ſome great prince majeſtic in decay;
When Ignorance and Scorn the ground ſhall tread,
Where Wiſdom tutor'd, and Devotion pray'd;

Where

Where ſhall thy pompous work our wonder claim?
What, but the Muſe alone, preſerve thy name?
The ſun ſhines broken thro' yon arch that rears
This once-round fabric, half-depriv'd by years,
Which roſe a ſtately colonnade, and crown'd
Encircling pillars, now unfaithful found;
In fragments, theſe the fall of thoſe forbode,
Which, nodding, juſt up-heave their crumbling load.
High, on yon column, which has batter'd ſtood,
Like ſome ſtripp'd oak, the grandeur of the wood,
The ſtork inhabits her aërial neſt;
By her are liberty and peace careſt;
She flies the realms that own deſpotic kings,
And only ſpreads o'er free-born ſtates her wings.
The roof is now the daw's, or raven's haunt,
And loathſome toads in the dark entrance pant;]
Or ſnakes, that lurk to ſnap the heedleſs fly,
And fated bird, that oft comes flutt'ring by.
An aqueduct acroſs yon vale is laid,
Its channel thro' a ruin'd arch betray'd;
Whirl'd down a ſteep it flies with torrent-force,
Flaſhes, and roars, and plows a devious courſe.
Attracted miſts a golden cloud commence,
While thro' high-colour'd air ſtrike rays intenſe.
Betwixt two points, which yon ſteep mountains ſhow,
Lies a mild bay, to which kind breezes flow.
Beneath a grotto, arch'd for calm retreat,
Leads length'ning in the rock—Be this my ſeat.

Heat never enters here; but coolneſs reigns
O'er zephyrs, and diſtilling, wat'ry veins.
Secluded now I trace th' inſtructive page,
And live o'er ſcenes of many a backward age;
Thro' days, months, years, thro' time's whole courſe I run,
And preſent ſtand where time itſelf begun.

Ye mighty Dead, of juſt, diſtinguiſh'd fame,
Your thoughts, (ye bright inſtructors!) here I claim.
Here ancient knowledge opens nature's ſprings;
Here truths hiſtoric give the hearts of kings;
Hence Contemplation learns white hours to find,
And labours virtue on th' attentive mind:
O lov'd retreat! thy joys content beſtow,
Nor guilt nor ſhame, nor ſharp repentance know.
What the fifth Charles long aim'd in power to ſee,
That happineſs he found reſerv'd in thee.

Now let me change the page—Here Tully weeps,
While in death's icy arms his Tullia ſleeps,
His daughter dear!—Retir'd I ſee him mourn,
By all the frenzy now of anguiſh torn.
Wild his complaint! Nor ſweeter ſorrows ſtrains,
When Singer for Alexis loſt complains.
Each friend condoles, expoſtulates, reproves;
More than a father raving Tully loves;
Or Salluſt cenſures thus!—Unheeding blame,
He ſchemes a temple to his Tullia's name.

Thus

Thus o'er my Hermit once did grief prevail,
Thus roſe Olympia's tomb, his moving tale,
The ſighs, tears, frantic ſtarts, that baniſh reſt,
And all the burſting ſorrows of his breaſt.
But hark! a ſudden pow'r attunes the air!
Th' inchanting ſound enamour'd breezes bear;
Now low, now high, they ſink, or lift the ſong,
Which the cave echoes ſweet, and ſweet the creeks prolong.
I liſten'd, gaz'd, when, wond'rous to behold!
From ocean ſteam'd a vapour gath'ring roll'd:
A blue, round ſpot on the mid-roof it came,
Spread broad, and redden'd into dazzling flame.
Full-orb'd it ſhone, and dimm'd the ſwimming ſight,
While doubling objects danc'd with darkling light.
Amaz'd I ſtood!—amaz'd I ſtill remain!
What earthly pow'r this wonder can explain;
Gradual, at length, the luſtre dies away:
My eyes reſtor'd, a mortal form ſurvey.
My Hermit-friend! 'Tis he.—All hail (he cries)
I ſee, and would alleviate, thy ſurprize.
The vaniſh'd meteor, was heaven's meſſage meant,
To warn thee hence: I know the high intent.
Hear then! in this ſequeſter'd cave retir'd,
Departed ſaints converſe with men inſpir'd.
'Tis ſacred ground; nor can thy mind endure,
Yet unprepar'd, an intercourſe ſo pure.

Quick

Quick let us hence—And now extend thy views
O'er yonder lawn; there find the heav'n-born Muſe!
Or ſeek her, where ſhe truſts her tuneful tale
To the mid, ſilent wood, or vocal vale;
Where trees half check the light with trembling ſhades,
Cloſe in deep glooms, or open clear in glades;
Or where ſurrounding viſtas far deſcend,
The landſcape varied at each leſs'ning end!
She, only ſhe can mortal thought refine,
And raiſe thy voice to viſitants divine.

CANTO V.

WE left the cave. Be Fear (ſaid I) defy'd!
Virtue (for thou art Virtue) is my guide.
By time-worn ſteps a ſteep aſcent we gain,
Whoſe ſummit yields a proſpect o'er the plain.
There, bench'd with turf, an oak our ſeat extends,
Whoſe top, a verdant, branch'd pavilion bends.
Viſtas, with leaves, diverſify the ſcene,
Some pale, ſome brown, and ſome of lively green.
Now, from the full-grown day a beamy ſhow'r
Gleams on the lake, and gilds each gloſſy flow'r.
Gay inſects ſparkle in the genial blaze,
Various as light, and countleſs as its rays:
They dance on every ſtream, and pictur'd play,
'Till, by the wat'ry racer, ſnatch'd away.

Now,

Now, from yon range of rocks, ſtrong rays rebound,
Doubling the day on flow'ry plains around:
King-cups beneath far-ſtriking colours glance,
Bright as th' etherial glows the green expanſe.
Gems of the field!—the topaz charms the ſight,
Like theſe, effulging yellow ſtreams of light.
From the ſame rocks, fall rills with ſoften'd force,
Meet in yon mead, and well a river's ſource.
Thro' her clear channel, ſhine her finny ſhoals,
O'er ſands, like gold, the liquid cryſtal rolls.
Dimm'd in yon coarſer moor, her charms decay,
And ſhape, thro' ruſtling reeds, a ruffled way.
Near willows ſhort and buſhy ſhadows throw:
Now loſt, ſhe ſeems thro' nether tracts to flow;
Yet, at yon point, winds out in ſilver ſtate,
Like Virtue from a labyrinth of fate.
In length'ning rows, prone from the mountains, run
The flocks:—their fleeces gliſt'ning in the ſun;
Her ſtreams they ſeek, and, 'twixt her neighb'ring trees,
Recline in various attitudes of eaſe.
Where the herds ſip, the little ſcaly fry,
Swift from the ſhore, in ſcatt'ring myriads fly.
Each liv'ry'd cloud, that round th' horizon glows,
Shifts in odd ſcenes, like earth, from whence it roſe.
The bee hums wanton in yon jaſmine bow'r,
And circling ſettles, and deſpoils the flow'r.
Melodious there the plumy ſongſters meet,
And call charm'd Echo from her arch'd retreat.

Neat,

Neat-poliſh'd manſions riſe in proſpect gay;
Time-batter'd tow'rs frown awful in decay;
The ſun plays glitt'ring on the rocks and ſpires,
And the lawn lightens with reflected fires.
Here Mirth, and Fancy's wanton train advance,
And to light meaſures turn the ſwimming dance.
Sweet, ſlow-pac'd Melancholy next appears,
Pompous in grief, and eloquent of tears.
Here Meditation ſhines, in azure dreſt,
All-ſtarr'd with gems: a ſun adorns her creſt.
Religion, to whoſe lifted, raptur'd eyes
Seraphic hoſts deſcend from opening ſkies;
Beauty, who ſways the heart, and charms the ſight;
Whoſe tongue is muſic, and whoſe ſmile delight;
Whoſe brow is majeſty; whoſe boſom peace;
Who bad creation be, and chaos ceaſe;
Whoſe breath perfumes the ſpring; whoſe eye divine
Kindled the ſun, and gave its light to ſhine.
Here, in thy likeneſs, fair * Ophelia, ſeen,
She throws kind luſtre o'er th' enliven'd green.
Next her, Deſcription, robed in various hues,
Invites attention from the penſive Muſe!
The Muſe!—ſhe comes! refin'd the paſſions wait,
And Precept, ever winning, wiſe, and great.
The Muſe! a thouſand ſpirits wing the air:
(Once men, who made, like her, mankind their care)
Inamour'd round her preſs th' inſpiring throng,
And ſwell to ecſtacy her ſolemn ſong.

* Mrs. Oldfield.

Thus

Thus in the dame each nobler grace we find,
Fair Wortley's angel-accent, eyes, and mind.
Whether her ſight the dew-bright dawn ſurveys,
The noon's dry heat, or evening's temper'd rays,
The hours of ſtorm, or calm, the gleby ground,
The coral'd ſea, gem'd rock, or ſky profound,
A Raphael's fancy animates each line,
Each image ſtrikes with energy divine;
Bacon, and Newton in her thought conſpire;
Not ſweeter than her voice is Handel's lyre.
My hermit thus. She beckons us away:
Oh, let us ſwift the high beheſt obey!
Now thro' a lane, which mingling tracts have croſt,
The way unequal, and the landſcape loſt,
We rove. The warblers lively tunes eſſay,
The lark on wing, the linnet on the ſpray,
While muſic trembles in their ſongful throats,
The bullfinch whiſtles ſoft his flute-like notes.
The bolder blackbird ſwells ſonorous lays;
The varying thruſh commands a tuneful maze;
Each a wild length of melody purſues;
While the ſoft-murm'ring, am'rous wood-dove cooes,
And when in ſpring theſe melting mixtures flow,
The cuckoo ſends her unifon of woe.
But as ſmooth ſeas are furrow'd by a ſtorm;
As troubles all our tranquil joys deform;
So, loud through air, unwelcome noiſes ſound,
And harmony's at once, in diſcord, drown'd.

From

From yon dark cypreſs, croaks the raven's cry;
As diſſonant the daw, jay, chatt'ring pie:
The clam'rous crows abandon'd carnage ſeek,
And the harſh owl ſhrills out a ſharp'ning ſhriek.
At the lane's end a high-lath'd gate's prefer'd,
To bar the treſpaſs of a vagrant herd.
Faſt by, a meagre mendicant we find,
Whoſe ruſſet rags hang flutt'ring in the wind:
Years bow his back, a ſtaff ſupports his tread,
And ſoft white hairs ſhade thin his palſy'd head.
Poor wretch!—Is this for charity his haunt?
He meets the frequent ſlight, and ruthleſs taunt.
On ſlaves of guilt oft ſmiles the ſquand'ring peer;
But paſſing knows not common bounty here.
Vain thing! in what doſt thou ſuperior ſhine?
His our firſt ſire: what race more ancient thine?
Leſs backward trac'd, he may his lineage draw
From men whoſe influence kept the world in awe:
Whoſe worthleſs ſons, like thee, perchance conſum'd
Their ample ſtore, their line to want was doom'd.
So thine may periſh, by the courſe of things,
While his, from beggars re-aſcend to kings.
Now lazar, as thy hardſhips I peruſe,
On my own ſtate inſtructed would I muſe.
When I view greatneſs, I my lot lament,
Compar'd to thee, I ſnatch ſupreme content.
I might have felt, did heav'n not gracious deal,
A fate, which I muſt mourn to ſee thee feel.

But

But ſoft! the cripple our approach deſcries,
And to the gate, tho' weak, officious hies.
I ſpring preventive, and unbar the way,
Then, turning, with a ſmile of pity, ſay,
Here, friend!—this little copper alms receive,
Inſtance of will, without the pow'r to give.
Hermit, if here with pity we reflect,
How muſt we grieve, when learning meets neglect?
When god-like ſouls endure a mean reſtraint;
When gen'rous will is curb'd by tyrant want?
He truly feels what to diſtreſs belongs,
Who, to his private, adds a people's wrongs;
Merit 's a mark, at which diſgrace is thrown,
And ev'ry injur'd virtue is his own.
Such, their own pangs with patience here endure,
Yet there weep wounds, they are denied to cure,
Thus rich in poverty, thus humbly great,
And tho' depreſs'd, ſuperior to their fate.
Minions in pow'r, and miſers, 'mid their ſtore,
Are mean in greatneſs, and in plenty poor.
What's pow'r, or wealth? Were they not form'd for aid,
A ſpring for virtue, and from wrongs a ſhade?
In pow'r we ſavage tyranny behold,
And wily av'rice owns polluted gold.
From golden ſands her pride could Lybia raiſe,
Could ſhe, who ſpreads no paſture, claim our praiſe?
Loath'd were her wealth, where rabid monſters breed;
Where ſerpents, pamper'd on her venom, feed,

No ſheltry trees invite the Wand'rer's eye,
No fruits, no grain, no gums, her tracts ſupply;
On her vaſt wilds, no lovely proſpects run;
But all lies barren, tho' beneath the ſun.
My Hermit thus. I know thy ſoul believes,
'Tis hard vice triumphs, and that virtue grieves;
Yet oft affliction purifies the mind,
Kind benefits oft flow from means unkind.
Were the whole known, that we uncouth ſuppoſe,
Doubtleſs, would beauteous ſymmetry diſcloſe.
The naked cliff, that ſingly rough remains,
In proſpect dignifies the fertile plains;
Lead-colour'd clouds, in ſcatt'ring fragments ſeen,
Shew, tho' in broken views, the blue ſerene.
Severe diſtreſſes induſtry inſpire;
Thus captives oft excelling arts acquire,
And boldly ſtruggle thro' a ſtate of ſhame,
To life, eaſe, plenty, liberty, and fame.
Sword-law has often Europe's balance gain'd,
And one red vict'ry years of peace maintain'd.
We paſs thro' want to wealth, thro' diſmal ſtrife
To calm content, thro' death to endleſs life.
Lybia thou nam'ſt—Let Afric's waſtes appear
Curſt by thoſe heats, that fructify the year;
Yet the ſame ſuns her orange-groves befriend,
Where cluſt'ring globes in ſhining rows depend.
Here when fierce beams o'er with'ring plants are roll'd,
There the green fruit ſeems ripen'd into gold.

Ev'n

Ev'n ſcenes that ſtrike with terrible ſurprize,
Still prove a God, juſt, merciful, and wiſe.
Sad wint'ry blaſts, that ſtrip the autumn, bring
The milder beauties of a flow'ry ſpring.
Ye ſulph'rous fires in jaggy lightnings break!
Ye thunders rattle, and ye nations ſhake!
Ye ſtorms of riving flame the foreſt tear!
Deep crack the rocks! rent trees be whirl'd in air!
Reft at a ſtroke, ſome ſtately fane we'll mourn;
Her tombs wide-ſhatter'd, and her dead up-torn:
Were noxious ſpirits not from caverns drawn,
Rack'd earth would ſoon in gulfs enormous yawn:
Then all were loſt!—Or ſhould we floating view
The baleful cloud, there would deſtruction brew;
Plague, fever, frenzy, cloſe-engend'ring lie,
'Till theſe red ruptures clear the ſullied ſky,
Now a field opens to enlarge my thought,
In parcell'd tracts to various uſes wrought.
Here hard'ning ripeneſs the firſt blooms behold,
There the laſt bloſſoms ſpring-like pride unfold.
Here ſwelling peas on leafy ſtalks are ſeen,
Mix'd flow'rs of red and azure ſhine between;
Whoſe waving beauties, heighten'd by the ſun,
In colour'd lanes along the furrows run.
There the next produce of a genial ſhow'r,
The bean freſh-bloſſoms in a ſpeckled flow'r;
Whoſe morning dews, when to the ſun reſign'd,
With undulating ſweets embalm the wind.

Now daiſy plats of clover ſquare the plain,
And part the bearded from the beardleſs grain.
There fib'rous flax with verdure binds the field,
Which on the loom ſhall art-ſpun labours yield.
The mulb'ry, in fair ſummer-green array'd,
Full in the midſt ſtarts up, a ſilky ſhade.
For human taſte the rich-ſtain'd fruitage bleeds;
The leaf the ſilk-emitting reptile feeds.
As ſwans their down, as flocks their fleeces leave,
Here worms for man their gloſſy entrails weave.
Hence to adorn the fair, in texture gay,
Sprigs, fruits, and flow'rs on figur'd veſtments play:
But Induſtry prepares them oft to pleaſe
The guilty pride of vain, luxuriant eaſe.

Now frequent, duſty gales offenſive blow,
And o'er my ſight a tranſient blindneſs throw.
Windward we ſhift, near down th' etherial ſteep,
The lamp of day hangs hov'ring o'er the deep.
Dun ſhades, in rocky ſhapes, up ether roll'd,
Project long, ſhaggy points, deep ting'd with gold.
Others take faint th' unripen'd cherry's dye,
And paint amuſing landſcapes on the eye.
There blue-veil'd yellow, thro' a ſky ſerene,
In ſwelling mixture forms a floating green.
Streak'd thro' white clouds a mild vermillion ſhines,
And the breeze freſhens, as the heat declines.

Yon crooked, ſunny roads change riſing views
From brown, to ſandy-red, and chalky hues.

One

One mingled ſcene another quick ſucceeds,
Men, chariots, teams, yok'd ſteers, and prancing ſteeds,
Which climb, deſcend, and, as loud whips reſound,
Stretch, ſweat, and ſmoke along unequal ground.
On winding Thames reflecting radiant beams,
When boats, ſhips, barges mark the roughen'd ſtreams,
This way, and that, they diff'rent points purſue;
So mix the motions, and ſo ſhifts the view,
While thus we throw around our gladden'd eyes,
The gifts of heav'n in gay profuſion riſe;
Trees rich with gums, and fruits, with jewels rocks;
Plains with flow'rs, herbs, and plants, and beeves, and flocks;
Mountains with mines; with oak, and cedar, woods;
Quarries with marble, and with fiſh the floods.
In dark'ning ſpots, mid fields of various dies,
Tilth new manur'd, or naked fallow lies.
Near uplands fertile pride enclos'd diſplay,
The green graſs yellowing into ſcentful hay,
And thick-ſet hedges fence the full-ear'd corn,
And berries blacken on the virid thorn.
Mark in yon heath oppos'd the cultur'd ſcene,
Wild thyme, pale box, and firs of darker green.
The native ſtrawberry red-ripening grows,
By nettles guarded, as by thorns the roſe.
There nightingales in unprun'd copſes build,
In ſhaggy furzes lies the hare conceal'd.

'Twixt ferns and thiſtles, unſown flow'rs amuſe,
And form a lucid chaſe of various hues;
Many half-grey with duſt: confus'd they lie,
Scent the rich year, and lead the wand'ring eye.
Contemplative, we tread the flow'ry plain,
The Muſe preceding with her heav'nly train.
When, lo! the mendicant, ſo late behind,
Strange view! now journeying in our front we find!
And yet a view, more ſtrange, our heed demands;
Touch'd by the Muſe's wand transform'd he ſtands,
O'er ſkin late wrinkled, inſtant beauty ſpreads;
The late-dimm'd eye, a vivid luſtre ſheds;
Hairs, once ſo thin, now graceful locks decline;
And rags now chang'd, in regal veſtments ſhine.
The Hermit thus. In him the BARD behold,
Once ſeen by midnight's lamp in winter's cold;
The BARD, whoſe want ſo multiplied his woes,
He ſunk a mortal, and a ſeraph roſe.
See!—Where thoſe ſtately yew-trees darkling grow,
And, waving o'er yon groves, brown horrors throw,
Scornful he points—there, o'er his ſacred duſt,
Ariſe the ſculptur'd tomb, and labour'd buſt.
Vain pomp! beſtow'd by oſtentatious pride,
Who to a life of want relief deny'd.
But thus the BARD. Are theſe the gifts of ſtate?
Gifts unreceiv'd!—Theſe? Ye ungen'rous great!
How was I treated when in life forlorn?
My claim your pity; but my lot your ſcorn.

Why

Why were my ſtudious hours oppos'd by need?
In me did poverty from guilt proceed?
Did I contemporary authors wrong,
And deem their worth, but as they priz'd my ſong?
Did I ſooth vice, or venal ſtrokes betray
In the low-purpos'd, loud polemic fray?
Did e'er my verſe immodeſt warmth contain,
Or, once licentious, heav'nly truths profane?
Never—And yet when envy ſunk my name,
Who call'd my ſhadow'd merit into fame?
When, undeſerv'd, a priſon's grate I ſaw,
What hand redeem'd me from the wreſted law?
Who cloath'd me naked, or when hungry fed?
Why cruſh'd the living? Why extoll'd the dead?—
But foreign languages adopt my lays,
And diſtant nations ſhame you into praiſe.
Why ſhould unreliſh'd wit theſe honours cauſe?
Cuſtom, not knowledge, dictates your applauſe:
Or think you thus a ſelf-renown to raiſe,
And mingle your vain-glories with my bays?
Be yours the mould'ring tomb! Be mine the lay
Immortal!—Thus he ſcoffs the pomp away.
Tho' words like theſe unletter'd pride impeach,
To the meek heart he turns with milder ſpeech.
Tho' now a ſeraph, oft he deigns to wear
The face of human friendſhip, oft of care;
To walk diſguis'd an object of relief,
A learn'd, good man, long exercis'd in grief;

Forlorn, a friendleſs orphan oft to roam,
Craving ſome kind, ſome hoſpitable home;
Or, like Ulyſſes, a low lazar ſtand;
Beſeeching Pity's eye and Bounty's hand;
Or, like Ulyſſes, royal aid requeſt,
Wand'ring, from court to court, a king diſtreſt.
Thus varying ſhapes, the ſeeming ſon of woe
Eyes the cold heart, and hearts that gen'rous glow;
Then to the Muſe relates each lordly name,
Who deals impartial infamy, and fame.
Oft, as when man, in mortal ſtate depreſs'd,
His lays taught virtue, which his life confeſs'd,
He now forms viſionary ſcenes below,
Inſpiring patience in the heart of woe;
Patience that ſoftens every ſad extreme,
That caſts thro' dungeon-glooms a chearful gleam,
Diſarms diſeaſe of pain, mocks ſlander's ſting,
And ſtrips of terrors the terrific king,
'Gainſt Want, a ſourer foe, its ſuccour lends,
And ſmiling ſees th' ingratitude of friends.

Nor are theſe taſks to him alone conſign'd,
Millions inviſible befriend mankind.
When wat'ry ſtructures, ſeen croſs heav'n t'aſcend,
Arch above arch in radiant order bend,
Fancy beholds adown each glitt'ring ſide,
Myriads of miſſionary ſeraphs glide:
She ſees good angels genial ſhow'rs beſtow
From the red convex of the dewy bow.

They

They ſmile upon the ſwain: He views the prize;
Then grateful bends, to bleſs the bounteous ſkies.
Some winds collect, and ſend propitious gales
Oft where Britannia's navy ſpreads her ſails;
There ever wafting, on the breath of fame,
Unequal'd glory in her ſovereign's name.
Some teach young zephyrs vernal ſweets to bear.
And float the balmy health on ambient air;
Zephyrs, that oft, where lovers liſt'ning lie,
Along the grove, in melting muſic die,
And in lone caves to minds poetic roll
Seraphic whiſpers, that abſtract the ſoul.
Some range the colours, as they parted fly,
Clear-pointed to the philoſophic eye;
The flaming red, that pains the dwelling gaze;
The ſtainleſs, lightſome yellow's gilding rays;
The clouded orange, that betwixt them glows,
And to kind mixture tawny luſtre owes;
All-cheering-green, that gives the ſpring its dye;
The bright, tranſparent blue, that robes the ſky;
And indico, which ſhaded light diſplays;
And violet, which in the view decays.
Parental hues, whence others all proceed;
An ever-mingling, changeful, countleſs breed;
Unravel'd, variegated, lines of light,
When blended, dazzling in promiſcuous white.
Oft thro' theſe bows departed ſpirits range,
New to the ſkies, admiring at their change;

Each mind a void, as when firſt born to earth,
Beheld a ſecond blank in ſecond birth;
Then, as yon ſeraph-bard fram'd hearts below,
Each ſees him here tranſcendent knowledge ſhow,
New ſaints he tutors into truth refin'd,
And tunes to rapt'rous love the new-form'd mind.
He ſwells the lyre, whoſe loud, melodious lays
Call high Hoſannah's from the voice of praiſe;
Tho' one bad age ſuch poeſy cou'd wrong,
Now worlds around retentive roll the ſong:
Now God's high throne the full-voic'd raptures gain,
Celeſtial hoſts returning ſtrain for ſtrain.
Thus he, who once knew want without relief,
Sees joys reſulting from well-ſuff'ring grief.
Hark! while we talk, a diſtant, patt'ring rain
Reſounds!—See! up the broad etherial plain
Shoots the bright bow!—The ſeraph flits away;
The Muſe, the Graces from our view decay.

Behind yon weſtern hill the globe of light
Drops ſudden, faſt-purſued by ſhades of night.

Yon graves from winter-ſcenes to mind recall
Rebellion's council, and rebellion's fall.
What fiends in ſulph'rous, car-like clouds up-flew;
What midnight treaſon glar'd beneath their view?
And now the traitors rear their Babel-ſchemes,
Big, and more big, ſtupendous miſchief ſeems;
But Juſtice, rouz'd, ſuperior ſtrength employs,
Their ſcheme wide ſhatters, and their hope deſtroys.

Diſcord

Diſcord ſhe wills; the miſſile ruin flies;
Sudden, unnatural debates ariſe,
Doubt, mutual jealouſy, and dumb diſguſt,
Dark-hinted mutt'rings, and avow'd diſtruſt;
To ſecret ferment is each heart reſign'd;
Suſpicion hovers in each clouded mind;
They jar, accus'd, accuſe; revil'd, revile;
And wrath to wrath oppoſe, and guile to guile;
Wrangling they part, themſelves themſelves betray;
Each dire device ſtarts naked into day;
They feel confuſion in the van with fear;
They feel the king of terrors in the rear.
Of theſe were three by diff'rent motives fir'd,
Ambition one, and one revenge inſpir'd.
The third, O Mammon, was thy meaner ſlave;
Thou idol ſeldom of the great and brave.
Florio, whoſe life was one continu'd feaſt,
His wealth diminiſh'd, and his debts increas'd,
Vain pomp, and equipage, his low deſires,
Who ne'er to intellectual bliſs aſpires;
He, to repair by vice what vice has broke,
Durſt with bold treaſons judgment's rod provoke.
His ſtrength of mind, by lux'ry half diſſolv'd,
Ill brooks the woe, where deep he ſtands involv'd.
He weeps, ſtamps wild, and to and fro now flies;
Now wrings his hands, and ſends unmanly cries,
Arraigns his judge, affirms unjuſt he bleeds,
And now recants, and now for mercy pleads;

Now

Now blames aſſociates, raves with inward ſtrife,
Upbraids himſelf; then thinks alone on life.
He rolls red-ſwelling tearful eyes around,
Sore ſmites his breaſt, and ſinks upon the ground.
He wails, he quite deſponds, convulſive lies,
Shrinks from the fancy'd axe, and thinks he dies:
Revives, with hope enquires, ſtops ſhort with fear,
Entreats ev'n flatt'ry, nor the worſt will hear;
The worſt alas, his doom!—What friend replies;
Each ſpeaks with ſhaking head, and down-caſt eyes.
One ſilence breaks, then pauſes, drops a tear;
Nor hope affords, nor quite confirms his fear;
But what kind friendſhip part reſerves unknown
Comes thund'ring in his keeper's ſurly tone.
Enough, ſtruck thro' and thro', in ghaſtly ſtare,
He ſtands transfix'd, the ſtatue of deſpair;
Nor ought of life, nor ought of death he knows,
Till thought returns, and brings return of woes:
Now pours a ſtorm of grief in guſhing ſtreams:
That paſt—Collected in himſelf he ſeems,
And with forc'd ſmiles retires—His latent thought
Dark, horrid, as the priſon's diſmal vault.

If with himſelf at variance ever-wild,
With angry heav'n how ſtands he reconcil'd?
No penitential oriſons ariſe;
Nay, he obteſts the juſtice of the ſkies.
Not for his guilt, for ſentenc'd life he moans;
His chains rough-clanking to diſcordant groans,

To

To bars harſh-grating, heavy-creaking doors,
Hoarſe-echoing walls, and hollow-ringing floors,
To thoughts more diſſonant, far, far leſs kind,
One anarchy, one chaos of the mind.
At length, fatigu'd with grief, on earth he lies:
But ſoon as ſleep weighs down th' unwilling eyes,
Glad liberty appears, no damps annoy,
Treaſon ſucceeds, and all transforms to joy.
Proud palaces their glitt'ring ſtores diſplay;
Gain he purſues, and rapine leads the way.
What gold? What gems?—He ſtrains to ſeize the prize;
Quick from his touch diſſolv'd, a cloud it flies.
Conſcious he cries—And muſt I wake to weep?
Ah, yet return, return, deluſive Sleep!
Sleep comes; but liberty no more:—Unkind,
The dungeon-glooms hang heavy on his mind.
Shrill winds are heard, and howling dæmons call;
Wide flying portals ſeem unhing'd to fall;
Then cloſe with ſudden claps; a dreadful din!
He ſtarts, wakes, ſtorms, and all is hell within.
His genius flies—reflects he now on prayer?
Alas! bad ſpirits turn thoſe thoughts to air.
What ſhall he next? What, ſtraight relinquiſh breath,
To bar a public, juſt, tho' ſhameful death?
Raſh, horrid thought! yet now afraid to live,
Murd'rous he ſtrikes—May heav'n the deed forgive!
Why had he thus falſe ſpirit to rebel!
And why not fortitude to ſuffer well?

Were

Were his ſucceſs, how terrible the blow?
And it recoils on him eternal woe.
Heav'n this affliction then for mercy meant,
That a good end might cloſe a life miſpent.
Where no kind lips the hallow'd dirge reſound,
Far from the compaſs of yon ſacred ground;
Full in the center of three meeting ways,
Stak'd thro' he lies—Warn'd let the wicked gaze.
Near yonder fane, where mis'ry ſleeps in peace,
Whoſe ſpire faſt-leſſons, as the ſhades increaſe,
Left to the north, whence oft brew'd tempeſts roll,
Tempeſts, dire emblems, Coſmo, of thy ſoul!
There mark that Coſmo, much for guile renown'd!
His grave by unbid plants of poiſon crown'd.
When out of pow'r thro' him the public good,
So ſtrong his factious tribe, ſuſpended ſtood.
In pow'r, vindictive actions were his aim,
And patriots periſh'd by th' ungenerous flame.
If the beſt cauſe he in the ſenate choſe,
Ev'n right in him, from ſome wrong motive roſe.
The bad he loth'd, and would the weak deſpiſe;
Yet courted for dark ends, and ſhun'd the wiſe.
When ill his purpoſe, eloquent his ſtrain;
His malice had a look and voice humane.
His ſmile, the ſignal of ſome vile intent,
A private poniard, or empoiſon'd ſcent;
Proud, yet to popular applauſe a ſlave;
No friend he honour'd, and no foe forgave.

His

His boons unfrequent, or unjuſt to need;
The hire of guilt, of infamy the meed:
But if they chanc'd on learned worth to fall,
Bounty in him was oſtentation all.
No true benevolence his thought ſublimes,
His nobleſt actions are illuſtrious crimes.
Fine parts, which virtue might have rank'd with fame,
Enhance his guilt, and magnify his ſhame.
When parts and probity in man combine,
In wiſdom's eye, how charming muſt he ſhine?
Let him, leſs happy, truth at leaſt impart,
And what he wants in genius bear in heart.

Coſmo, as death draws nigh, no more conceals
That ſtorm of paſſion, which his nature feels:
He feels much fear, more anger, and moſt pride;
But pride and anger make all fear ſubſide,
Dauntleſs he meets at length untimely fate;
A deſp'rate ſpirit! rather fierce than great.
Darkling he glides along the dreary coaſt,
A ſullen, wand'ring, ſelf-tormenting ghoſt.

Where veiny marble dignifies the ground,
With emblem fair in ſculpture riſing round,
Juſt where a croſſing, length'ning aiſle we find,
Full eaſt; whence God returns to judge mankind,
Once-lov'd Horatio ſleeps, a mind elate!
Lamented ſhade, ambition was thy fate.
Ev'n angels, wond'ring, oft his worth ſurvey'd;
Behold a man, like one of us! they ſaid.

Straight

Straight heard the furies, and with envy glar'd,
And to precipitate his fall prepar'd.
First Av'rice came. In vain Self-love she presd;
The poor he pity'd still, and still redress'd:
Learning was his, and knowledge to commend,
Of arts a patron, and of want a friend.
Next came Revenge: but her essay how vain!
Not hate, nor envy, in his heart remain.
No previous malice could his mind engage,
Malice, the mother of vindictive rage.
No—from his life his foes might learn to live;
He held it still a triumph to forgive.
At length Ambition urg'd his country's weal,
Assuming the fair look of Public Zeal;
Still in his breast so gen'rous glow'd the flame,
The vice, when there, a virtue half became.
His pitying eye saw millions in distress,
He deem'd it god-like to have pow'r to bless:
Thus, when unguarded, Treason stain'd him o'er,
And Virtue, and Content were then no more.

But when to death by rig'rous justice doom'd,
His genuine spirits faint-like state resum'd,
Oft from soft penitence distill'd a tear;
Oft hope in heav'nly mercy lighten'd fear;
Oft wou'd a drop from struggling nature fall,
And then a smile of patience brighten all.

He seeks in heav'n a friend, nor seeks in vain:
His guardian angel swift descends again;

And

And reſolution thus beſpeaks a mind,
Not ſcorning life, yet all to death reſign'd;
—Ye chains, fit only to reſtrain the will
Of common, deſp'rate veterans in ill,
Tho' rankling on my limbs ye lie, declare,
Did e'er my riſing ſoul your preſſure wear?
No!—free as liberty, and quick as light,
To worlds remote ſhe takes unbounded flight.
Ye dungeon-glooms, that dim corporeal eyes,
Cou'd ye once blot her proſpect of the ſkies?
No!—from her clearer ſight, ye fled away,
Like error, pierc'd by truth's reſiſtleſs ray.
Ye walls, that witneſs my repentant moan!
Ye echoes, that to midnight ſorrows groan!
Do I, in wrath, to you of fate complain?
Or once betray fear's moſt inglorious pain?
No!—Hail, twice hail them ignominious death!
Behold how willing glides my parting breath!
Far greater, better far,—ay, far indeed!
Like me, have ſuffer'd, and like me will bleed.
Apoſtles, patriarchs, prophets, martyrs all,
Like me once fell, nor murmur'd at their fall.
Shall I, whoſe days, at beſt, no ill deſign'd,
Whoſe virtue ſhone not, tho' I lov'd mankind,
Shall I, now guilty wretch, ſhall I repine?
Ah, no! to juſtice let me life reſign!
Quick, as a friend, would I embrace my foe!
He taught me patience, who firſt taught me woe;

But friends are foes, they render woe ſevere,
For me they wail, from me extort the tear.
Not thoſe, yet abſent, miſſive griefs controul;
Theſe periods weep, thoſe rave, and theſe condole.
At entrance ſhrieks a friend, with pale ſurprize;
Another panting, proſtrate, ſpeechleſs lies?
One gripes my hand, one ſobs upon my breaſt!
Ah, who can bear?—It ſhocks, it murders reſt!
And is it yours, alas! my friends to feel?
And is it mine to comfort, mine to heal?
Is mine the patience, yours the boſom-ſtrife?
Ah! would raſh love lure back my thoughts to life?
Adieu, dear, dang'rous mourners! ſwift depart!
Ah, fly me! fly —I tear you from my heart.
Ye ſaints, whom fears of death could ne'er controul,
In my laſt hour compoſe, ſupport my ſoul!
See my blood waſh repented ſin away!
Receive, receive me to eternal day!
With words like theſe the deſtin'd hero dies,
While angels waft his ſoul to happier ſkies.
Diſtinction now gives way; yet on we talk,
Full darkneſs deep'ning o'er the formleſs walk.
Night treads not with light ſtep the dewy gale,
Nor bright-diſtends her ſtar-embroider'd veil;
Her leaden feet, inclement damps diſtil,
Clouds ſhut her face, black winds her veſture fill;
An earth-born meteor lights the ſable ſkies,
Eaſtward it ſhoots, and, ſunk, forgotten dies.

So

So pride, that roſe from duſt to guilty pow'r,
Glares out in vain ; ſo duſt ſhall pride devour.
Fiſhers, who yonder brink by torches gain,
With teethful tridents ſtrike the ſcaly train.
Like ſnakes in eagles' claws, in vain they ſtrive,
When heav'd aloft, and quiv'ring yet alive.
While here, methought, our time in converſe paſs'd,
The moon clouds muffled, and the night wore faſt.
At prowling wolves was heard the maſtiff's bay,
And the warn'd maſter's arms forbad the prey.
Thus treaſon ſteals, the patriot thus deſcries,
Forth ſprings the monarch, and the miſchief flies.
Pale glow-worms glimmer'd thro' the depth of night,
Scatt'ring, like hope thro' fear, a doubtful light.
Lone Philomela tun'd the ſilent grove,
With penſive pleaſure liſten'd wakeful Love.
Half-dreaming Fancy form'd an angel's tongue,
And Pain forgot to groan, ſo ſweet ſhe ſung.
The Night-crone, with the melody alarm'd,
Now paus'd, now liſten'd, and awhile was charm'd !
But like the man, whoſe frequent-ſtubborn will
Reſiſts what kind, ſeraphic ſounds inſtill,
Her heart the love-inſpiring voice repell'd,
Her breaſt with agitating miſchief ſwell'd ;
Which clos'd her ear, and tempted to deſtroy
The tuneful life, that charms with virtuous joy.
Now faſt we meaſure back the trackleſs way ;
No friendly ſtars directive beams diſplay.

But lo!—a thouſand lights ſhoot inſtant rays;
Yon kindling rock reflects the ſtartling blaze.
I ſtand aſtoniſh'd—thus the hermit cries:
Fear not, but liſten with enlarg'd ſurprize!
Still muſt theſe hours our mutual converſe claim,
And ceaſe to echo ſtill Olympia's name;
Grots, riv'lets, groves, Olympia's name forget,
Olympia now no ſighing winds repeat.
Can I be mortal, and thoſe hours no more,
Thoſe am'rous hours, that plaintive echoes bore?
Am I the ſame? Ah, no!—Behold a mind,
Unruffled, firm, exalted, and refin'd!
Late months, that made the vernal ſeaſon gay,
Saw my health languiſh off in pale decay.
No racking pain yet gave diſeaſe a date;
No ſad, preſageful thought preluded fate:
Yet number'd were my days—My deſtin'd end
Near, and more near—Nay, ev'ry fear ſuſpend!
I paſs'd a weary, ling'ring, ſleepleſs night;
Then roſe, to walk in morning's earlieſt light:
But few my ſteps—a faint, and cheerleſs few!
Refreſhment from my flagging ſpirits flew.
When, low, retir'd beneath a cypreſs ſhade,
My limbs upon a flow'ry bank I laid,
Soon by ſoft-creeping, murm'ring winds compos'd,
A ſlumber preſs'd my languid eyes—They clos'd:
But clos'd not long—Methought Olympia ſpoke;
Thrice loud ſhe call'd, and thrice the ſlumber broke.

I wak'd-

I wak'd. Forth gliding from a neighb'ring wood,
Full in my view the ſhad'wy charmer ſtood.
Rapt'rous I ſtarted up to claſp the ſhade;
But ſtagger'd, fell, and found my vitals fade:
A mantling chilneſs o'er my boſom ſpread,
As if that inſtant number'd with the dead.
Her voice now ſent a far, imperfect ſound,
When in a ſwimming trance my pangs were drown'd.
Still farther off ſhe call'd—With ſoft ſurprize
I turn'd—but void of ſtrength, and aid to riſe;
Short, ſhorter, ſhorter yet my breath I drew:
Then up my ſtruggling ſoul unburthen'd flew.
Thus from a ſtate, where ſin, and grief abide,
Heav'n ſummon'd me to mercy—thus I died.
He ſaid. Th' aſtoniſhment with which I ſtart,
Like bolted ice runs ſhiv'ring thro' my heart.
Art thou not mortal then? (I cried) But lo!
His raiment lightens, and his features glow!
In ſhady ringlets falls a length of hair;
Embloom'd his aſpect ſhines, enlarg'd his air.
Mild from his eyes enliv'ning glories beam;
Mild on his brow ſits majeſty ſupreme.
Bright plumes of ev'ry dye, that round him flow,
Veſt, robe, and wings, in vary'd luſtre ſhow.
He looks, and forward ſteps with mien divine;
A grace celeſtial gives him all to ſhine.
He ſpeaks—Nature is raviſh'd at the ſound,
The foreſts move, and ſtreams ſtand liſt'ning round!

Thus he. As incorruption I aſſum'd,
As inſtant in immortal youth I bloom'd!
Renew'd, and chang'd, I felt my vital ſprings,
With diff'rent lights diſcern'd the form of things;
To earth my paſſions fell like miſts away,
And reaſon open'd in eternal day.
Swifter than thought from world to world I flew,
Celeſtial knowledge ſhone in ev'ry view.
My food was truth—what tranſport could I miſs?
My proſpect, all infinitude of bliſs.
Olympia met me firſt, and, ſmiling gay,
Onward to mercy led the ſhining way;
As far tranſcendent to her wonted air,
As her dear wonted ſelf to many a fair!
In voice and form, beauty more beauteous ſhows,
And harmony ſtill more harmonious grows.
She points out ſouls, who taught me friendſhip's charms,
They gaze, they glow, they ſpring into my arms!
Well pleas'd, high anceſtors my view command;
Patrons, and patriots all; a glorious band!
Horatio too, by well-born fate refin'd,
Shone out white-rob'd with ſaints, a ſpotleſs mind!
What once, below, ambition made him miſs,
Humility here gain'd, a life of bliſs!
Tho' late, let ſinners then from ſin depart!
Heav'n never yet deſpis'd the contrite heart.
Laſt ſhone, with ſweet, exalted luſtre grac'd,
The SERAPH-BARD, in higheſt order plac'd!

Seers

Seers, lovers, legiſlators, prelates, kings,
All raptur'd liſten, as he raptur'd ſings.
Sweetneſs and ſtrength his look and lays employ,
Greet ſmiles with ſmiles, and ev'ry joy with joy:
Charmful he roſe; his ever-charmful tongue
Joy to our ſecond hymeneals ſung;
Still, as we paſs'd, the bright, celeſtial throng
Hail'd us in ſocial love, and heav'nly ſong.
Of that no more! my deathleſs friendſhip ſee!
I come an angel to the Muſe and thee.
Theſe lights, that vibrate, and promiſcuous ſhine,
Are emanations all of forms divine.
And here the Muſe, tho' melted from thy gaze,
Stands among ſpirits, mingling rays with rays.
If thou wou'dſt peace attain, my words attend,
The laſt, fond words of thy departed friend!
True joy's a ſeraph, that to heav'n aſpires,
Unhurt it triumphs, mid' celeſtial choirs.
But ſhou'd no cares a mortal ſtate moleſt,
Life were a ſtate of ignorance at beſt.
Know then, if ills oblige thee to retire,
Thoſe ills ſolemnity of thought inſpire.
Did not the ſoul abroad for objects roam,
Whence could ſhe learn to call ideas home?
Juſtly to know thyſelf, peruſe mankind;
To know thy God, paint nature on thy mind:
Without ſuch ſcience of the worldly ſcene,
What is retirement?—empty pride or ſpleen:

But with it—wiſdom. There ſhall cares refine,
Render'd by contemplation half-divine.
Truſt not the frantic, or myſterious guide,
Nor ſtoop a captive to the ſchoolman's pride.
On nature's wonders fix alone thy zeal!
They dim not reaſon, when they truth reveal:
So ſhall religion in thy heart endure,
From all traditionary falſhood pure;
So life make death familiar to thy eye,
So ſhalt thou live, as thou may'ſt learn to die;
And, tho' thou view'ſt thy worſt oppreſſor thrive,
From tranſient woe immortal bliſs derive.
Farewel—Nay, ſtop the parting tear!—I go!
But leave the Muſe thy comforter below.
He ſaid. Inſtant his pinions upward ſoar,
He leſs'ning as they riſe, till ſeen no more.
While Contemplation weigh'd the myſtic view,
The lights all vaniſh'd, and the viſion flew.

THE

THE

BASTARD:

A

POEM.

INSCRIBED, WITH ALL DUE REVERENCE, TO

MRS. BRETT,

ONCE COUNTESS OF MACCLESFIELD.

Decet hæc dare dona Novercam. OV. MET.

PREFACE.

THE reader will eaſily perceive theſe verſes were begun, when my heart was gayer than it has been of late; and finiſhed in hours of the deepeſt melancholy.

I hope the world will do me the juſtice to believe, that no part of this flows from any real anger againſt the Lady, to whom it is inſcribed. Whatever undeſerved ſeverities I may have received at her hands, would ſhe deal ſo candidly as acknowledge truth, ſhe very well knows, by an experience of many years, that I have ever behaved myſelf towards her, like one who thought it his duty to ſupport with patience all afflictions from that quarter. Indeed, if I had not been capable of forgiving a Mother, I muſt have bluſhed to receive pardon myſelf at the hands of my ſovereign.

Neither, to ſay the truth, were the manner of my birth all, ſhould I have any reaſon for complaint—When I am a little diſpoſed to a gay turn of thinking, I conſider, as I was a Derelict from my cradle, I have honour of a lawful claim to the beſt protection in Europe. For being a ſpot of earth, to which nobody pretends a title, I devolve naturally upon the King, as one of the rights of his Royalty.

While

While I presume to name his Majesty, I look back with confusion, upon the mercy I have lately experienced; because it is impossible to remember it, but with something I would fain forget, for the sake of my future peace, and alleviation of my past misfortune.

I owe my life to the Royal Pity, if a wretch can, with propriety, be said to live, whose days are fewer than his sorrows; and to whom death had been but a redemption from misery.

But I will suffer my pardon as my punishment, till that life, which has so graciously been given me, shall become considerable enough not to be useless in his service to whom it was forfeited. Under influence of these sentiments, with which His Majesty's great goodness has inspired me, I consider my loss of fortune and dignity as my happiness; to which, as I am born without ambition, I am thrown from them without repining—Possessing those advantages, my care had been, perhaps, but how to enjoy life; by the want of them I am taught this nobler lesson, to study how to deserve it.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

THE

BASTARD:

A

POEM.

IN gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
The muſe, exulting, thus her lay began.
Bleſt be the Baſtard's birth! thro' wond'rous ways,
He ſhines excentric, like a comet's blaze!
No ſickly fruit of faint compliance He!
He! ſtampt in nature's mint of exſtacy!
He lives to build, not boaſt a generous race:
No tenth tranſmitter of a fooliſh face.
His daring hope, no ſire's example bounds:
His firſt-born lights, no prejudice confounds.
He, kindling from within, requires no flame:
He glories in a Baſtard's glowing name.
Born to himſelf, by no poſſeſſion led,
In freedom foſter'd, and by fortune fed,
Nor guides, nor rules, his ſov'reign choice controul,
His body independent as his ſoul;
Loos'd to the world's wide range—enjoin'd no aim,
Perſcrib'd no duty, and aſſign'd no name:
Nature's unbounded ſon, he ſtands alone,
His heart unbias'd, and his mind his own.
O Mother,

O Mother, yet no Mother!—'tis to you,
My thanks for ſuch diſtinguiſh'd claims are due.
You, unenſlav'd to Nature's narrow laws,
Warm championeſs for freedom's ſacred cauſe,
From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,
From ties maternal, moral and divine,
Diſcharg'd my graſping ſoul; puſh'd me from ſhore,
And launch'd me into life without an oar.
What had I loſt, if conjugally kind,
By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd,
Untaught the matrimonial bounds to ſlight,
And coldly conſcious of the huſband's right,
You had faint-drawn me with a form alone,
A lawful lump of life by force your own!
Then, while your backward will retrench'd deſire,
And unconcurring ſpirits lent no fire,
I had been born your dull, domeſtic heir,
Load of your life, and motive of your care;
Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
The ſlave of pomp, a cypher in the ſtate,
Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
And ſlumb'ring in a ſeat, by chance my own.
Far nobler bleſſings wait the Baſtard's lot;
Conceiv'd in rapture, and with fire begot!
Strong as neceſſity, he ſtarts away,
Climbs againſt wrongs, and brightens into day.
Thus unprophetic, lately miſinſpir'd,
I ſung: Gay flutt'ring hope, my fancy fir'd;

Inly

Inly ſecure, thro' conſcious ſcorn of ill,
Nor taught by wiſdom, how to balance will,
Raſhly deceiv'd, I ſaw no pits to ſhun,
But thought to purpoſe, and to act were one;
Heedleſs what pointed cares pervert his way,
Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray;
But now expos'd, and ſhrinking from diſtreſs,
I fly to ſhelter, while the tempeſts preſs;
My Muſe to grief reſigns the varying tone,
The raptures languiſh, and the numbers groan.
O memory! thou ſoul of joy and pain!
Thou actor of our paſſions o'er again!
Why doſt thou aggravate the wretch's woe?
Why add continuous ſmart to every blow?
Few are my joys; alas! how ſoon forgot!
On that kind quarter thou invad'ſt me not:
While ſharp, and numberleſs my ſorrows fall;
Yet thou repeat'ſt, and multpli'ſt 'em all!
Is chance a guilt? that my diſaſt'rous heart,
For miſchief never meant, muſt ever ſmart?
Can ſelf-defence be ſin?—Ah, plead no more!
What tho' no purpos'd malice ſtain'd thee o'er?
Had heav'n befriended thy unhappy ſide,
Thou had'ſt not been provok'd—Or thou had'ſt died.
Far be the guilt of home-ſhed blood, from all
On whom, unſought, embroiling dangers fall!
Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
To me! thro' Pity's eye condemn'd to ſee.

Remembrance

Remembrance veils his rage, but ſwells his fate;
Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late,
Young, and unthoughtful then; who knows, one day
What rip'ning virtues might have made their way!
He might have liv'd, till folly died in ſhame,
Till kindling wiſdom felt a thirſt for fame.
He might perhaps his country's friend have prov'd;
Both happy, gen'rous, candid, and belov'd.
He might have ſav'd ſome worth, now doom'd to fall;
And I, perchance, in him, have murder'd all.
O fate of late repentance! always vain:
Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
Where ſhall my hope find reſt;—No Mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with pray'r:
No Father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice reſtrain'd.
Is it not thine to ſnatch ſome pow'rful arm,
Firſt to advance, then ſkreen from future harm?
I am return'd from death, to live in pain!
Or wou'd Imperial Pity ſave in vain?
Diſtruſt it not—What blame can Mercy find,
Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?
Mother, miſcall'd, farewel—of ſoul ſevere,
This ſad reflection yet may force one tear:
All I was wretched by, to you I ow'd,
Alone from ſtrangers ev'ry comfort flow'd!
Loſt to the life you gave, your Son no more,
And now adopted, who was doom'd before,

New-born, I may a nobler Mother claim,
But dare not whiſper her immortal name;
Supremely lovely, and ſerenely great!
Majeſtic Mother of a kneeling State!
QUEEN of a People's heart, who ne'er before
Agreed—yet now with one conſent adore!
One conteſt yet remains in this deſire,
Who moſt ſhall give applauſe, where all admire.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY

VISCOUNTESS TYRCONNEL'S

RECOVERY AT BATH.

VERSES

ON THE RECOVERY OF THE

LADY VISCOUNTESSTYRCONNEL.

WHERE Thames with pride beholds Auguſta's charms,
And either India pours into her arms;
Where Liberty bids honeſt arts abound,
And pleaſures dance in one eternal round;
High-thron'd appears the laughter-loving dame,
Goddeſs of mirth, Euphroſynè her name.
Her ſmile more chearful than a vernal morn;
All life! all bloom! of Youth and Fancy born.
Touch'd into joy, what hearts to her ſubmit!
She looks her Sire, and ſpeaks her Mother's wit.
O'er the gay world the ſweet inſpirer reigns;
Spleen flies, and Elegance her pomp ſuſtains.
Thee, goddeſs! thee! the fair and young obey;
Wealth, Wit, Love, Muſic, all confeſs thy ſway.
In the blake wild even Want by thee is bleſs'd,
And pamper'd Pride without thee pines for reſt,
The rich grow richer, while in thee they find
The matchleſs treaſure of a ſmiling mind.
Science by thee flows ſoft in ſocial eaſe,
And Virtue, looſing rigour, learns to pleaſe.
The goddeſs ſummons each illuſtrious name,
Bids the gay talk, and forms th' amuſive game.

She, whoſe fair throne is fix'd in human ſouls,
From joy to joy her eye delighted rolls.
But where (ſhe cry'd) is ſhe, my fav'rite! ſhe,
Of all my race, the deareſt far to me!
Whoſe life's the life of each refin'd delight?
She ſaid—But no Tyrconnel glads her ſight.
Swift ſunk her laughing eyes in languid fear;
Swift roſe the ſwelling ſigh, and trembling tear.
In kind, low murmurs all the loſs deplore;
Tyrconnel droops, and pleaſure is no more.

The goddeſs, ſilent, paus'd in muſeful air;
But Mirth, like Virtue, cannot long deſpair.
Celeſtial-hinted thoughts gay hope inſpir'd,
Smiling ſhe roſe, and all with hope were fir'd.
Where Bath's aſcending turrets meet her eyes;
Straight wafted on the tepid breeze ſhe flies,
She flies, her eldeſt ſiſter Health to find;
She finds her on the mountain-brow reclin'd.
Around her birds in earlieſt conſort ſing;
Her cheek the ſemblance of the kindling ſpring;
Freſh-tinctur'd, like a ſummer-evening ſky,
And a mild ſun ſits ſmiling in her eye.
Looſe to the wind her verdant veſtments flow;
Her limbs yet-recent from the ſprings below;
There oft ſhe bathes, then peaceful ſits ſecure,
Where every gale is fragrant, freſh, and pure;
Where flow'rs and herbs their cordial odours blend,
And all their balmy virtues faſt aſcend.

Hail, ſiſter, hail! (the kindred goddeſs cries)
No common ſuppliant ſtands before your eyes.
You, with whoſe living breath the morn is fraught,
Fluſh the fair cheek, and point the chearful thought!
Strength, vigour, wit, depriv'd of thee, decline!
Each finer ſenſe, that forms delight, is thine!
Bright ſuns by thee diffuſe a brighter blaze,
And the freſh green a freſher green diſplays!
Without thee pleaſures die, or dully cloy,
And life with thee, howe'er depreſs'd, is joy.
Such thy vaſt pow'r;—(the Deity replies)
Mirth never aſks a boon, which health denies.
Our mingled gifts tranſcend imperial wealth;
Health ſtrengthens Mirth, and Mirth inſpirits Health.
Theſe gales, yon ſprings, herbs, flow'rs, and ſun are mine;
Thine is their ſmile! be all their influence thine.
Euphroſynè rejoins—Thy friendſhip prove!
See the dear, ſickening object of my love!
Shall that warm heart, ſo chearful ev'n in pain,
So form'd to pleaſe, unpleas'd itſelf remain?
Siſter, in her my ſmile anew diſplay,
And all the ſocial world ſhall bleſs thy ſway.
Swift, as ſhe ſpeaks, Health ſpreads the purple wing
Soars in the colour'd clouds, and ſheds the ſpring:
Now bland and ſweet ſhe floats along in air
Air feels, and ſoft'ning owns th' ethereal fair!

In ſtill deſcent ſhe melts on opening flow'rs,
And deep impregnates plants with genial ſhow'rs,
The genial ſhowers, new-riſing to the ray,
Exhale in roſeate clouds, and glad the day.
Now in a zephyr's borrow'd voice ſhe ſings,
Sweeps the freſh dews, and ſhakes them from her wings,
Shakes them embalm'd; or, in a gentle kiſs,
Breathes the ſure earneſt of awaking bliſs.
Saphira feels it with a ſoft ſurpriſe,
Glide thro' her veins, and quicken in her eyes!
Inſtant in her own form the goddeſs glows,
Where, bubbling warm, the mineral water flows;
Then plunging, to the flood new virtue gives;
Steeps ev'ry charm; and as ſhe bathes, it lives!
As from her locks ſhe ſheds the vital ſhow'r,
'Tis done! (ſhe cries) theſe ſprings poſſeſs my pow'r!
Let theſe immediate to thy darling roll
Health, vigour, life, and gay-returning ſoul.
Thou ſmil'ſt, Euphroſynè; and conſcious ſee,
Prompt to thy ſmile, how Nature joys with thee.
All is green life! all beauty roſy-bright;
Full Harmony, young Love, and dear Delight!
See vernal Hours lead circling joys along!
All ſun, all bloom, all fragrance, and all ſong!
Receive thy care! Now Mirth and Health combine.
Each heart ſhall gladden, and each virtue ſhine.
Quick to Auguſta bear the prize away;
There let her ſmile, and bid a world be gay.

AN

AN

EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

STILL let low wits, who ſenſe nor honour prize,
Sneer at all gratitude, all truth diſguiſe;
At living worth, becauſe alive, exclaim,
Inſult the exil'd, and the dead defame!
Such paint what pity veils in private woes,
And what we ſee with grief, with mirth expoſe;
Studious to urge—(whom will mean authors ſpare?)
The child's, the parent's, and the conſort's tear:
Unconſcious of what pangs the heart may rend,
To loſe what they have ne'er deſerv'd—a friend.
Such, ignorant of facts, invent, relate,
Expos'd perfiſt, and anſwer'd ſtill debate:
Such, but by foils, the cleareſt luſtre ſee,
And deem aſperſing others praiſing thee.
Far from theſe tracks my honeſt lays aſpire,
And greet a gen'rous heart with gen'rous fire.
Truth be my guide! Truth, which thy virtue claims!
This, nor the poet, nor the patron ſhames!
When party-minds ſhall loſe contracted views,
And hiſt'ry queſtion the recording Muſe;

'Tis this alone to after-times muſt ſhine,
And ſtamp the poet and his theme divine.
Long has my Muſe, from many a mournful cauſe,
Sung with ſmall pow'r, nor ſought ſublime applauſe;
From that great point ſhe now ſhall urge her ſcope;
On that fair promiſe reſt her future hope;
Where policy, from ſtate-illuſion clear,
Can through an open aſpect ſhine ſincere;
Where Science, Law, and Liberty depend,
And own the patron, patriot, and the friend;
(That breaſt to feel, that eye on worth to gaze,
That ſmile to cheriſh, and that hand to raiſe!)
Whoſe beſt of hearts her beſt of thoughts inflame,
Whoſe joy is bounty, and whoſe gift is fame.
Where, for relief, flees innocence diſtreſs'd?
To you, who chaſe oppreſſion from th' oppreſs'd:
Who, when complaint to you alone belongs,
Forgive your own, tho' not a people's wrongs:
Who ſtill make public property your care,
And thence bid private griefs no more deſpair.
Aſk they what ſtate your ſhelt'ring care ſhall own?
'Tis youth, 'tis age, the cottage, and the throne:
Nor can the priſon 'ſcape your ſearching eye,
'You ear ſtill opening to the captive's cry.
Nor leſs was promis'd from thy early ſkill,
Ere power enforc'd benevolence of will!
To friends refin'd, thy private life adher'd
By thee improving, ere by thee prefer'd.

Well

Well hadſt thou weigh'd what truth ſuch friends afford,
With thee reſigning, and with thee reſtor'd.
Thou taught'ſt them all extenſive love to bear,
And now mankind with thee their friendſhip ſhare.
As the rich cloud by due degrees expands,
And ſhow'rs down plenty thick on ſundry lands,
Thy ſpreading worth in various bounty fell,
Made genius flouriſh, and made art excel.
How many, yet deceiv'd, all pow'r oppoſe?
Their fears increaſing, as decreaſe their woes;
Jealous of bondage, while they freedom gain,
And moſt oblig'd, moſt eager to complain.
But well we count our bliſs, if well we view,
When pow'r oppreſſion, not protection grew;
View preſent ills that puniſh diſtant climes;
Or bleed in mem'ry here from ancient times.
Mark firſt the robe abus'd Religion wore,
Story'd with griefs, and ſtain'd with human gore?
What various tortures, engines, fires, reveal,
Study'd, empower'd, and ſanctify'd by zeal?
Stop here, my Muſe!—Peculiar woes deſcry!
Bid 'em in ſad ſucceſſion ſtrike thy eye!
Lo, to her eye the ſad ſucceſſion ſprings!
She looks, ſhe weeps, and, as ſhe weeps, ſhe ſings.
See the doom'd Hebrew of his ſtores bereft!
See holy murder juſtify the theft!
His ravag'd gold ſome uſeleſs ſhrine ſhall raiſe,
His gems on ſuperſtitious idols blaze

His

His wife, his babe, deny'd their little home,
Strip'd, ſtarv'd, unfriended, and unpity'd roam.
Lo, the prieſt's hand the Wafer-God ſupplies!—
A king by conſecrated poiſon dies!
See learning range yon broad ethereal plain,
From world to world, and god-like Science gain!
Ah! what avails the curious ſearch ſuſtain'd,
The finiſh'd toil, the god-like Science gain'd?
Sentenc'd to flames th' expenſive wiſdom fell,
And truth from heav'n was ſorcery from hell.
See Reaſon bid each myſtic wile retire,
Strike out new light! and mark!—the wiſe admire!
Zeal ſhall ſuch hereſy, like Learning, hate;
The ſame their glory, and the ſame their fate.
Lo, from ſought mercy, one his life receives!
Life, worſe than death, that cruel mercy gives:
The man, perchance, who wealth and honours bore,
Slaves in the mine, or ceaſeleſs ſtrains the oar.
So dom'd are theſe, and ſuch perhaps, our doom,
Own'd we a Prince, avert it heaven! from Rome.
Nor private worth alone falſe Zeal aſſails;
Whole nations bleed when bigotry prevails.
What are ſworn friendſhips? What are kindred ties?
What's faith with hereſy? (the zealot cries.)
See, when war ſinks the thund'ring cannon's roar;
When wounds, and death, and diſcord are no more;
When muſic bids undreading joys advance,
Swell the ſoft hour, and turn the ſwimming dance:
When,

When to crown theſe, the ſocial ſparkling bowl
Lifts the cheer'd ſenſe, and pours out all the ſoul;
Sudden he ſends red maſſacre abroad;
Faithleſs to man, to prove his faith to God.
What pure perſuaſive eloquence denies,
All-drunk with blood, the arguing ſword ſupplies;
The ſword, which to th' aſſaſſin's hand is given!
Th' aſſaſſin's hand!—pronounc'd the hand of heaven!
Sex bleeds with ſex, and infancy with age;
No rank, no place, no virtue ſtops his rage.
Shall ſword, and flame, and devaſtation ceaſe,
To pleaſe with zeal, wild zeal! the God of Peace?
Nor leſs abuſe has ſcourg'd the civil ſtate,
When a King's will became a nation's fate.
Enormous pow'r! Nor noble, nor ſerene;
Now fierce and cruel; now but wild and mean.
See titles ſold, to raiſe th' unjuſt ſupply!
Compell'd the purchaſe! or be fin'd, or buy!
No public ſpirit, guarded well by laws,
Uncenſur'd, cenſures in his country's cauſe.
See from the merchant forc'd th' unwilling loan!
Who dares deny, or deem his wealth his own?
Denying, ſee! where dungeon-damps ariſe,
Diſeas'd he pines, and unaſſiſted dies.
Far more than maſſacre that fate accurſt!
As of all deaths the ling'ring is the worſt.
New courts of cenſure griev'd with new offence,
Tax'd without power, and fin'd without pretence,
Explain'd,

Explain'd, at will, each ſtatute's wreſted aim,
'Till marks of merit were the marks of ſhame;
So monſtrous!—Life was the ſevereſt grief,
And the worſt death ſeem'd welcome for relief.

In vain the ſubject ſought redreſs from law,
No ſenate liv'd the partial judge to awe:
Senates were void, and ſenators confin'd,
For the great cauſe of Nature and Mankind;
Who Kings ſuperior to the people own;
Yet prove the law ſuperior to the throne.

Who can review, without a gen'rous tear,
A Church, a State, ſo impious, ſo ſevere;
A land uncultur'd thro' polemic jars,
Rich!—but with carnage from inteſtine wars;
The hand of Induſtry employ'd no more,
And Commerce flying to ſome ſafer ſhore;
All property reduc'd, to Pow'r a prey,
And Senſe and Learning chas'd by Zeal away?
Who honours not each dear departed ghoſt,
That ſtrove for Liberty ſo won, ſo loſt:
So well regain'd when god-like William roſe,
And firſt entail'd the bleſſing George beſtows?
May Walpole ſtill the growing triumph raiſe,
And bid theſe emulate Eliza's days;
Still ſerve a Prince, who o'er his people great,
As far tranſcends in virtue, as in ſtate!

The Muſe purſues thee to thy rural ſeat;
Ev'n there, ſhall Liberty inſpire retreat.

When

When ſolemn cares in flowing wit are drown'd,
And ſportive chat and ſocial laughs go round:
Ev'n then, when pauſing mirth begins to fail,
The converſe varies to the ſerious tale.
The tale pathetic ſpeaks ſome wretch that owes
To ſome deficient law reliefleſs woes.
What inſtant pity warms the gen'rous breaſt?
How all the legiſlator ſtands confeſs'd!
Now ſprings the hint! 'tis now improv'd to thought!
Now ripe! and now to public welfare brought!
New bills, which regulating means beſtow,
Juſtice preſerve, yet ſoft'ning mercy know:
Juſtice ſhall low vexatious wiles decline,
And ſtill thrive moſt, when lawyers moſt repine.
Juſtice from jargon ſhall refin'd appear,
To knowledge thro' our native language clear.
Hence we may learn, no more deceiv'd by law,
Whence wealth and life their beſt aſſurance draw.
The freed Inſolvent, with induſtrious hand,
Strives yet to ſatisfy the juſt demand:
Thus ruthleſs men, who wou'd his pow'rs reſtrain,
Oft what ſeverity would loſe, obtain.
Theſe, and a thouſand gifts, thy thought acquires,
Which Liberty benevolent inſpires.
From Liberty the fruits of law increaſe,
Plenty, and joy, and all the arts of peace.
Abroad the merchant, while the tempeſts rave,
Advent'rous ſails, nor fears the wind and wave;

At

At home untir'd we find th' auſpicious hand
With flocks, and herds, and harveſts, bleſs the land:
While there, the peaſant glads the grateful ſoil,
Here mark the ſhipwright, there the maſon toil,
Hew, ſquare, and rear magnificent the ſtone,
And give our oaks a glory not their own!
What life demands, by this obeys her call,
And added elegance conſummates all.
Thus ſtately cities ſtatelier navies riſe,
And ſpread our grandeur under diſtant ſkies,
From Liberty each nobler Science ſprung,
A Bacon brighten'd, and a Spenſer ſung:
A Clarke and Locke new tracts of truth explore,
And Newton reaches heights unreach'd before.

What Trade ſees Property that wealth maintain,
Which induſtry no longer dreads to gain;
What tender conſcience kneels with fears reſign'd,
Enjoys her worſhip, and avows her mind;
What genius now from want to fortune climbs,
And to ſafe Science ev'ry thought ſublimes;
What Royal Pow'r, from his ſuperior ſtate,
Sees public happineſs his own create;
But kens thoſe patriot-ſouls, to which he owes
Of old each ſource, whence now each bleſſing flows?
And if ſuch ſpirits from their heav'n deſcend,
And blended flame, to point one glorious end;
Flame from one breaſt, and thence on Britain ſhine,
What love what praiſe, O Walpole, then is thine?

THE

THE PROGRESS OF A DIVINE: A SATIRE.

ALL prieſts are not the ſame, be underſtood!
Prieſts are, like other folks, ſome bad, ſome good.
What's vice or virtue, ſure admits no doubt;
Then, clergy, with church miſſion, or without;
When good, or bad, annex we to your name,
The greater honour, or the greater ſhame.
Mark how a country Curate once could riſe;
Tho' neither learn'd, nor witty, good, nor wiſe!
Of innkeeper, or butcher, if begot,
At Cam or Iſis bred, imports it not.
A Servitor he was—Of hall, or college?
Aſk not—to neither credit is his knowledge.
Four years, thro' foggy ale, yet made him ſee,
Juſt his neck-verſe to read, and take degree.
A gown, with added ſleeves, he now may wear;
While his round cap transforms into a ſquare.
Him, quite unſconc'd, the butt'ry book ſhall own;
At pray'rs, tho' ne'er devout, ſo conſtant known.

Let

Let teſtimonials then his worth diſcloſe!
He gains a caſſock, beaver and a roſe.
A Curate now, his furniture review!
A few old ſermons, and a bottle-ſcrew.
A Curate?—Where? His name (cries one) recite!
Or tell me this—Is pudding his delight?
Why, our's loves pudding—Does he ſo?—'tis he!
A Servitor;—Sure Curl will find a key.
His Alma Mater now he quite forſakes;
She gave him one degree, and two he takes.
He now the hood and ſleeve of Maſter wears;
Doctor! (quoth they)— and lo! a ſcarf he bears!
A ſwelling, ruſſling, gloſſy ſcarf! yet he,
By peer unqualify'd, as by degree.
This Curate learns church-dues, and law to teaſe,
When time ſhall ſerve, for tithes, and ſurplice-fees;
When 'ſcapes ſome portion'd girl from guardian's pow'r,
He the ſnug licence gets for nuptual hour;
And rend'ring vain her parent's prudent cares,
To ſharper weds her, and with ſharper ſhares.
Let babes of poverty convulſive lie;
No bottle waits, tho' babes unſprinkled die.
Half-office ſerves the fun'ral, if it bring
No hope of ſcarf, or hatband, gloves, or ring.
Does any wealthy fair deſponding lie,
With ſcrup'lous conſcience, tho' ſhe knows not why?
Would cordial counſel make the patient well?
Our prieſt ſhall raiſe the vapours, not diſpel.

His

His cant ſome orphan's piteous caſe ſhall bring;
He bids her give the widow's heart to ſing:
He pleads for age in want; and while ſhe lingers,
Thus ſnares her charity with bird-lime fingers.
Now in the patron's manſion ſee the wight,
Factious for pow'r—a ſon of Levy right!
Servile to 'ſquires, to vaſſals proud his mien,
As Codex to inferior Clergy ſeen.
He flatters till you bluſh; but, when withdrawn,
'Tis his to ſlander, as 'twas his to fawn.
He pumps for ſecrets, pries o'er ſervants' ways,
And, like a meddling prieſt, can miſchief raiſe;
And from ſuch miſchief thus can plead deſert—
'Tis all my patron's int'reſt at my heart.
Deep in his mind all wrongs from others live;
None more need pardon, and none leſs forgive.
At what does next his erudition aim?
To kill the footed and the feather'd game:
Then this Apoſtle, for a daintier diſh,
With line or net, ſhall plot the fate of fiſh.
In kitchen, what the cookmaid calls a cot;
In cellar, with the butler, brother ſot,
Here too he corks; in brewhouſe hops the beer,
Bright in the hall, his parts at whiſt appear;
Dext'rous to pack; yet at all cheats exclaiming:
The prieſt has av'rice, av'rice itch of gaming,
And gaming fraud:—But fair he ſtrikes the ball,
And at the plain of billiard pockets all.

At tables now!—But oh, if gammon'd there,
The ſtartling echoes learn, like him, to ſwear!
Tho' ne'er at authors in the ſtudy ſeen,
At bowls ſagacious maſter of the green.
A connoiſſeur, as cunning as a fox,
To bet on racers, or on battling cocks;
To preach o'er beer, in boroughs, to procure
Voters, to make the 'ſquire's election ſure:
For this, where clowns ſtare, gape, and grin, and baul,
Free to buffoon his function to 'em all.
When the clod juſtice ſome horſe-laugh wou'd raiſe,
Foremoſt the dulleſt of dull jokes to praiſe;
To ſay, or unſay, at his patron's nod;
To do the will of all—ſave that of God.

His int'reſt the moſt ſervile part he deems;
Yet much he ſways, where much to ſerve he ſeems;
He ſways his patron, rules the Lady moſt,
And, as he rules the Lady, rules the roaſt.

Old tradeſmen muſt give way to new—his aim
Extorted poundage, once the ſteward's claim.
Tenants are rais'd; or, as his pow'r increaſes,
Unleſs they fine to him, renew no leaſes.
Thus tradeſmen, ſervants, tenants, none are free;
Their loſs and murmur are his gain and glee.

Lux'ry he loves; but like a prieſt of ſenſe,
Ev'n lux'ry loves not at his own expence.
Tho' harlot paſſions wanton with his will,
Yet av'rice is his wedded paſſion ſtill.

See him with napkin o'er his band tuck'd in,
While the rich greaſe hangs gliſt'ning on his chin;
Or as the dew from Aaron's beard declines,
Ev'n to his garment hem ſoft-trickling ſhines!
He feeds, and feeds, ſwills ſoop, and ſucks up marrow;
Swills, ſucks, and feeds, till leach'rous as a ſparrow.
Thy pleaſure, Onan, now no more delights,
The lone amuſement of his chaſter nights.
He boaſts—(let Ladies put him to the teſt!)
Strong back, broad ſhoulders, and a well-built cheſt.
With ſtiff'ning nerves, now ſteals he ſly away;
Alert, warm, chuckling, ripe for am'rous play;
Ripe to careſs the laſs he once thought meet
At church to chide, when penanc'd in a ſheet.
He pants the titillating joy to prove,
The fierce, ſhort ſallies of luxurious love.
Not fair Cadiere and Confeſſor than they,
In ſtraining tranſports, more laſcivious lay.
Conceives her womb, while each ſo melts and thrills?
He plies her now with love, and now with pills.
No more falls penance cloath'd in ſhame upon her;
Theſe kill her embryo, and preſerve her honour.
Riches, love, pow'r, his paſſions then we own:
Can he court pow'r, and pant not for renown?
Fool, wiſe, good, wicked—all deſire a name:
Than him, young heroes burn not more for fame.
While about ways of heav'n the ſchoolmen jar,
(The church re-echoing to the wordy war)

The ways of earth, he (on his horſe aſtride)
Can with big words conteſt, with blows decide;
He dares ſome carrier, charg'd with cumb'rous load,
Diſputes, diſmounts, and boxes for the road.
Ye hooting boys, Oh, Well-play'd parſon, cry!
Oh, Well-play'd parſon, hooting vales reply!
Winds waft it to Cathedral Domes around!
Cathedral Domes from inmoſt choirs reſound!
The man has many meritorious ways:
He'll ſmoak his pipe, and London's prelate praiſe.
His public pray'rs, his oaths for George declare;
Yet mental reſervation may forſwear;
For, ſafe with friends, he now, in loyal ſtealth,
Hiccups, and, ſtagg'ring, cries——King Jemmy's health.
God's word he preaches now, and now profanes;
Now ſwallows camels, and at gnats now ſtrains.
He pities men, who, in unrighteous days,
Read, or, what's worſe, write poetry and plays.
He readeth not what any author ſaith;
The more his merit in implicit faith.
Thoſe, who a jot from mother church recede,
He damns, like any Athanaſian creed.
He rails at Hoadley; ſo can zeal poſſeſs him,
He's orthodox, as G-bſ-n's ſelf—God bleſs him.
Satan, whom yet, for once, he pays thankſgiving,
Sweeps off th' incumbent now of fat-gooſe living.

He

He ſeeks his patron's Lady, finds the fair,
And for her int'reſt firſt prefers his prayer—
You poſe me not (ſaid ſhe) tho' hard the taſk;
Tho' huſbands ſeldom give what wives will aſk.
My dearee does not yet to think incline,
How oft your neſt you feather, prieſt, from mine.
This pin-money, tho' ſhort, has not betray'd;
Nor jewels pawn'd, nor tradeſmen's bills unpay'd;
Mine is the female, faſhionable ſkill,
To win my wants, by cheating at quadrille.
You bid me, with prim look, the world delude;
Nor ſins my prieſt demurer than his prude.
Leaſt thinks my Lord, you plant the ſecret horn,
That yours his hopeful heir, ſo newly born.
'Tis mine to teaſe him firſt with jealous fears,
And thunder all my virtue in his ears:
My virtue rules unqueſtion'd—Where's the cue
For that which governs him to govern you?
I gave you pow'r the family complain;
I gave you love; but all your love is gain.
My int'reſt, wealth—for theſe alone you burn;
With theſe you leave me, and with theſe return:
Then, as no truant wants excuſe for play,
'Twas duty—duty call'd you far away;
The ſick to viſit—ſome miles off to preach:
—You come not, but to ſuck one like a leach.
Thus Lady-like, ſhe wanders from the caſe,
Keeps to no point, but runs a wild-gooſe chaſe.

She talks, and talks—to him her words are wind :
For fat-goose living fills alone his mind.
He leaves her, to his patron warm applies :—
But parson, mark the terms ! (his patron cries)
Yon door you held for me, and handmaid Nell :
The girl now sickens, and she soon will swell.
My spouse has yet no jealous, odd conjecture :
Oh, shield my morning rest from curtain-lecture :
Parson, take breeding Nelly quick to wife,
And fat-goose living then is yours for life !
Patron and spouse thus mutually beguil'd,
Patron and priest thus own each other's child.
Smock simony agreed—Thus Curate rise ;
Tho' neither learn'd, nor witty, good nor wise.
Vicars (poor wights !) for lost impropriation,
Rue, tho' good protestants, the reformation.
Prefer'd from Curate, see our soul's protector
No murm'ring vicar, but rejoicing rector ;
Not hir'd by laymen, nor by laymen shown,
Church-lands now theirs, and tithes no more his own!
His patron can't revoke, but may repent :
To bully now, not please, our parson's bent.
When from dependence freed (such priestly will !)
Priests soon treat all, but first their patrons, ill.
Vestries he rules—Ye lawyers, hither draw !
He snacks—His people deep are plung'd in law !
Now these plague those, this parish now sues that,
For burying, or maintaining foundling brat.

Now

Now with churchwardens cribs the rev'rend thief,
From workhouſe-pittance, and collection brief;
Nay, ſacramental alms purloins as ſure,
And ev'n at altars thus defrauds the poor.
Poor folks he'll ſhun; but pray by rich, if ill,
And watch, and watch—to ſlide into their will;
Then pop, perchance, in conſecrated wine,
What ſpeeds the ſoul, he fits for realms divine.
Why cou'd not London this good parſon gain?
Before him ſepulchres had rent in twain.
Then had he learn'd with ſextons to invade,
And ſtrip with ſacrilegious hands the dead;
To tear off rings, e'er yet the finger rots;
To part 'em, for the veſture-ſhroud caſt lots;
Had made dead ſkulls for coin the chymiſt's ſhare,
The female corpſe the ſurgeon's purchas'd ware;
And peering view'd, when for diſſection laid,
That ſecret place, which love has ſacred made.
Grudge heroes not your heads in ſtills inclos'd!
Grudge not, ye fair, your parts ripp'd up expos'd!
As ſtrikes the choice anatomy our eyes;
As here dead ſkulls in quick'ning cordials riſe;
From Egypt thus a rival traffic ſprings:
Her vended mummies thus were once her kings;
The line of Ninus now in drugs is roll'd,
And Ptolemy's himſelf for balſam ſold.
Volumes unread his library compoſe,
Gay ſhine their gilded backs in letter'd rows.

Cheap he collects—His friends the dupes are known;
They buy, he borrows, and each book's his own.
Poor neighbours earn his ale, but earn it dear;
His ale he trafficks for a nobler cheer.
For mugs of ale some poach—no game they spare;
Nor pheasant, partridge, woodcock, snipe, nor hare.
Some plunder fishponds; others (ven'son thieves)
The forest ravage, and the priest receives.
Let plenty at his board then lacquey serve!
No—tho' with plenty, penury will starve.
He deals with London fishmongers—His books
Swell in accompts with poult'rers and with cooks.
Wide, and more wide, his swelling fortune flows;
Narrower, and narrower still, his spirit grows.
His servants—Hard has fate their lot decreed:
They toil like horses, like camelions feed.
Sunday, no sabbath, is in labour spent,
And Christmas renders 'em as lean as Lent.
Him long, nor faithful services engage;
See 'em dismiss'd in sickness or in age!
His wife, poor Nelly, leads a life of dread;
Now beat, now pinch'd on arms, and now in bread.
If decent powder deck th' adjusted hair;
If modish silk, for once, improve her air;
Her with past faults, thus shocks his cruel tone;
(Faults, tho' from thence her dow'ry, now his own)—
Thus shall my purse your carnal joys procure,
All dress is nothing, but a harlot's lure.

Sackcloth

Sackcloth alone your ſin ſhou'd, penanc'd wear;
Your locks, uncomb'd, with aſhes ſprinkled ſtare.
Spare diet thins the blood—if more you crave,
'Tis mine, my viands, and your ſoul to ſave.
Blood muſt be drawn, not ſwell'd—then ſtrip, and dread
This waving horſewhip circling o'er my head!
Be yours the blubb'ring lip, and whimp'ring eye!
Frequent this laſh ſhall righteous ſtripes ſupply.
What, ſquall you? Call no kindred to your aid!
You wedded when no widow, yet no maid.
Did * law Moſaic now in force remain,
Say to what father durſt you then complain?
What had your virtue witneſs'd? Well I know,
No bridal ſheets could virgin tokens ſhew;
Elders had ſought, but miſs'd the ſigning red,
And law, then harlot, ſtraight had ſton'd you dead.
Nor former vice alone her pain inſures;
Nelly, for preſent virtue, much endures;
For lo, ſhe charms ſome wealthy, am'rous 'ſquire!
Her ſpouſe would let her, like his mare, for hire.
'Twere thus no ſin, ſhou'd love her limbs employ:
Be his the profit, and be hers the joy!
This, when her chaſtity, or pride denies;
His words reproach her, and his kicks chaſtiſe.
At length, in childbed, ſhe, with broken heart,
Tips off—poor ſoul!—Let her in peace depart!

* For a particular account of this law, we refer to Deuteronomy, chap. xxii. ver. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21.

He mourns her death, who did her life deſtroy;
He weeps, and weeps—Oh, how he weeps—for joy!
Then cries, with ſeeming grief, Is Nelly dead?
No more with woman creak my couch or bed!
'Tis true, he ſpouſe nor doxy more enjoys;
Women farewel! He luſts not—but for boys.
This prieſt, ye Clergy, not fictitious call;
Think him not form'd to repreſent ye all.
Should ſatire quirks of vile attornies draw;
Say, wou'd that mean to ridicule all law?
Deſcribe ſome murd'ring quack with want of knowledge,
Wou'd true phyſicians cry—You mean the college?
Bleſt be your cloth!—But, if in him, 'tis curſt,
'Tis as beſt things, corrupted, are the worſt.
But leſt with keys the guiltleſs Curl defame,
Be publiſh'd here—Melchiſedeck his name!
Of Oxford too; but her ſtrict terms have dropp'd him:
And Cambridge, ad eundem, ſhall adopt him.
Of Arts now Maſter him the hood confirms;
'Scap'd are his exerciſes, 'ſcap'd his terms.
See the degree of Doctor next excite!
The ſcarf, he once uſurp'd, becomes his right.
A Doctor! cou'd he diſputants refute?
Not ſo—firſt compromis'd was the diſpute.
At fat-gooſe living ſeldom he reſides;
A Curate there, ſmall pittance well provides.

See him at London, ſtudiouſly profound,
With bags of gold, not books, encompaſs'd roun!
He, from the broker, how to jobb diſcerns;
He, from the ſcriv'ner, art of uſury learns;
How to let int'reſt run on int'reſt knows,
And how to draw the mortgage, how foreclоſe;
Tenants and boroughs bought with monſtrous treaſure,
Elections turn obedient to his pleaſure.
Like St-bb-ng, let him country mobs ſupport,
And then, like St-bb-ng, crave a grace at court!
He ſues, he teaſes, and he perſeveres:
Not * bluſhleſs Henley leſs abaſh'd appears.
His impudence, of proof in ev'ry trial,
Kens no polite, and heeds no plain denial.
A ſpy, he aims by others' fall to riſe;
Vile as Iſcariot U—n, betrays, belies;
And ſay, what better recommends than this?
Lo, Codex greets him with a holy kiſs;
Him thus inſtructs in controverſial ſtuff;
Him, who ne'er argu'd, but with kick and cuff!
My Weekly Miſcellany be your lore;
Then riſe, at once, the champion of church-pow'r!
The trick of jumbling contradictions know;
In church be high, in politics ſeem low:
Seek ſome antagoniſt, then wound his name;
The better ſtill his life, the more defame;

* The worthy Orator.

Quote

Quote him unfair; and, in expreſſion quaint,
Force him to father meanings never meant!
Learn but mere names, refiſtleſs is your page;
For theſe enchant the vulgar, thoſe enrage.
Name Church, that myſtic ſpell ſhall mobs command,
Let Heretic each reas'ning Chriſtian brand;
Cry Schiſmatic, let men of conſcience ſhrink!
Cry Infidel, and who ſhall dare to think?
Invoke the Civil Pow'r, not Senſe, for aid;
Aſſert, not argue; menace, not perſuade;
Shew diſcord and her fiends would ſave the nation;
But her call Peace, her fiends a Convocation!

By me, and Webſter, finiſh'd thus at ſchool,
Laſt for the pulpit, learn this golden rule!
Detach the ſenſe, and pother o'er the text,
And puzzle firſt yourſelf, your audience next:
Ne'er let your doctrine ethic truth impart;
Be that as free from morals as your heart!
Say faith, without one virtue, ſhall do well;
But, without faith, all virtues doom to hell!
What is this faith? Not what (as Scripture ſhows)
Appeals to reaſon, when 'twou'd truth diſcloſe;
This, againſt reaſon, dare we recommend;
Faith may be true; yet not on truth depend.
'Tis myſtic light—a light which ſhall conceal;
A Revelation, which ſhall not reveal.
If faith is faith, 'tis orthodox—in brief,
Belief, not orthodox, is not belief;

And

And who has not belief, pronounce him plain
No Chriſtian—Codex bids you this maintain.
Thus with much wealth, ſome jargon, and no grace,
To ſeat epiſcopal our Doctor trace!
Codex, deceiving the ſuperior ear,
Procures the Congè (much miſcall'd) D'Elire.
(Let this the force of our fine precept tell,
That faith, without one virtue, ſhall do well.)
The Dean and Chapter, daring not t' enquire,
Elect him—Why?—to ſhun a Premunire.
Within, without, be tidings roll'd around;
Organs within, and bells without reſound.
Lawn-ſleev'd, and mitred, ſtand he now confeſt:
See Codex conſecrate!—A ſolemn jeſt!
The wicked's pray'rs prevail not—pardon me,
Who, for your Lordſhip's bleſſing, bend—no knee.
Like other prieſts, when to ſmall fees you ſend 'em,
Let ours hold fat-gooſe living in commendam!
An officer, who ne'er his King rever'd;
For trait'rous toaſts, and cowardice caſhier'd;
A broken 'pothecary, once renown'd
For drugs, that poiſon'd half the country round;
From whom warm girls, if pregnant ere they marry,
Take phyſic, and for honour's ſake miſcarry:
A lawyer, fam'd for length'ning bills of coſt,
While much he plagu'd mankind, his clients moſt,

To lick up ev'ry neighbour's fortune known,
And then let lux'ry lick up all his own;
A Cambridge Soph, who once for wit was held
Eſteem'd; but vicious, and for vice expell'd;
With parts, his Lordſhip's lame ones to ſupport,
In well-tim'd ſermons fit to cant at court;
Or accurately pen (a talent better!)
His Lordſhip's ſenate-ſpeech, and paſt'ral letter:
Theſe four, to purify from ſinful ſtains
This Biſhop firſt abſolves, and then ordains.
His chaplains theſe? and each of riſing knows
Thoſe righteous arts, by which their patron roſe.
See him Lord Spiritual, dead-voting ſeated!
He ſoon (tho' ne'er to heav'n) ſhall be tranſlated.
Wou'd now the mitre circle Rundle's creſt?
See him, with Codex, ready to proteſt!
Thus holy, holy, holy Biſhop riſe;
Tho' neither learn'd, nor witty, good, nor wiſe!
Think not theſe lays, ye Clergy, would abuſe;
Thus, when theſe lays commenc'd, premis'd the muſe—
All prieſts are not the ſame, be underſtood!
Prieſts are, like other folks, ſome bad, ſome good.
The good no ſanction give the wicked's fame;
Nor, with the wicked, ſhare the good in ſhame.
Then wiſe free-thinkers cry not ſmartly thus—
Is the prieſt work'd?—The poet's one of us.
Free-thinkers, Bigots are alike to me;
For theſe miſdeem half-thinking, thinking free;

Thoſe,

Thoſe, ſpeculative without ſpeculation,
Call myſt'ry and credulity ſalvation.
Let us believe with reaſon, and in chief,
Let our good works demonſtrate our belief;
Faith, without virtue, never ſhall do well;
And never virtue, without faith, excel.

OF PUBLIC SPIRIT IN REGARD TO PUBLIC WORKS:

AN EPISTLE,

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES.

CONTENTS.

OF reſervoirs, and their uſe; of draining fens, and building bridges, cutting canals, repairing harbours, and ſtopping inundations, making rivers navigable, building light-houſes; of agriculture, gardening, and planting for the nobleſt uſes; of commerce; of public roads; of public buildings, viz. ſquares, ſtreets, manſions, palaces, courts of juſtice, ſenate-houſes, theatres, hoſpitals, churches, colleges, the variety of worthies produced by the latter; of colonies. The ſlave trade cenſured, &c.

OF

PUBLIC SPIRIT

IN REGARD TO

PUBLIC WORKS.

GREAT Hope of Britain!—Here the Muſe eſſays
A theme, which, to attempt alone, is praiſe.
Be Her's a zeal of Public Spirit known!
A princely zeal!—a ſpirit all your own!
Where never ſcience beam'd a friendly ray,
Where one vaſt blank neglected Nature lay;
From Public Spirit there, by arts employ'd,
Creation, varying, glads the cheerleſs void.
Hail arts, where ſafety, treaſure and delight,
On land, on wave, in wond'rous works unite!
Thoſe wond'rous works, O Muſe, ſucceſſive raiſe,
And point their worth, their dignity and praiſe!
What tho' no ſtreams, magnificently play'd,
Riſe a proud column, fall a grand caſcade;
Thro' nether pipes, which nobler uſe renowns,
Lo! ductile riv'lets viſit diſtant towns!
Now vaniſh fens, whence vapours riſe no more,
Whoſe agueiſh influence tainted heav'n before.

The ſolid iſthmus ſinks a wat'ry ſpace,
And wonders, in new ſtate, at naval grace.
Where the flood, deep'ning, rolls, or wide extends,
From road to road, yon arch, connective, bends.
Where ports were choak'd where mounds, in vain, aroſe;
There harbours open, and there breaches cloſe;
To keels, obedient, ſpreads each liquid plain,
And bulwark moles repel the boſt'rous main.
When the ſunk ſun no homeward ſail befriends,
On the rock's brow the light-houſe kind aſcends,
And from the ſhoaly, o'er the gulfy way,
Points to the pilot's eye the warning ray.
Count ſtill, my Muſe (to count what Muſe can ceaſe?)
The works of Public Spirit, freedom, peace!
By the mſhall plants, in foreſts, reach the ſkies;
Then loſe their leafy pride, and navies riſe:
(Navies, which to invaſive foes explain,
Heav'n throws not round us rocks and ſeas in vain,)
The ſail of commerce in each ſky aſpires,
And property aſſures what toil acquires.
Who digs the mine or quarry, digs with glee;
No ſlave!—His option and his gain are free:
Him the ſame laws the ſame protection yield,
Who plows the furrow, as who owns the field.
Unlike, where tyranny the rod maintains
O'er turfleſs, leafleſs, and uncultur'd plains,

Here

Here herbs of food and phyſic plenty ſhow'rs,
Gives fruits to bluſh, and colours various flow'rs.
Where ſands or ſtony wilds once ſtarv'd the year,
Laughs the green lawn, and nods the golden ear.
White ſhine the fleecy race, which fate ſhall doom
The feaſt of life, the treaſure of the loom.

On plains now bare ſhall gardens wave their groves,
While ſettling ſongſters woo their feather'd loves.
Where pathleſs woods no grateful openings knew,
Walks tempt the ſtep, and viſtas court the view.
See the parterre confeſs expanſive day;
The grot, eluſive of the noon-tide ray.
Up yon green ſlope a length of terrace lies,
Whence gradual landſcapes fade in diſtant ſkies.
Now the blue lake reflected heav'n diſplays;
Now darkens, regularly-wild, the maze.
Urns, obeliſks, fanes, ſtatues intervene;
Now center, now commence or end the ſcene.
Lo, proud alcoves! lo, ſoft ſequeſter'd bow'rs!
Retreats of ſocial, or of ſtudious hours!
Rank above rank here ſhapely greens aſcend;
There others natively-groteſque depend.
The rude, the delicate, immingled tell
How Art wou'd Nature, Nature, Art excell;
And how, while theſe their rival charms impart,
Art brightens Nature, Nature brightens Art;
Thus in the various, yet harmonious ſpace,
Blend order, ſymmetry, and force, and grace.

When theſe from Public Spirit ſmile, we ſee
Free-opening gates, and bow'ry pleaſures free;
For ſure great ſouls one truth can never miſs,
Bliſs not communicated is not bliſs.

Thus Public Spirit, liberty and peace,
Carve, build, and plant, and give the land increaſe;
From peaſant hands imperial works ariſe,
And Britiſh, hence, with Roman grandeur vies;
Not grandeur that in pompous whim appears,
That levels hills, that vales to mountains rears;
That alters nature's regulated grace,
Meaning to deck, but deſtin'd to deface.
Tho' no proud gates, with China's taught to vie,
Magnificently uſeleſs, ſtrike the eye;
(Uſeleſs, where rocks a ſurer barrier lend,
Where ſeas incircle, and where fleets defend;)
What tho' no arch of triumph is aſſign'd
To laurel'd pride, whoſe ſword has thinn'd mankind;
Tho' no vaſt wall extends from coaſt to coaſt,
No pyramid aſpires ſublimely loſt;
Yet the ſafe road thro' rocks ſhall winding tend,
And the firm cauſeway o'er the clays aſcend.
Lo! ſtately ſtreets, lo! ample ſquares invite
The ſalutary gale that breathes delight.
Lo! ſtructures mark the charitable ſoil
For caſual ill, maim'd valour, feeble toil
Worn out with care, infirmity and age;
The life here entering, quitting there the ſtage:

The babe of lawleſs birth, doom'd elſe to moan,
To ſtarve or bleed for errors not his own!
Let the frail mother 'ſcape the fame defil'd,
If from the murd'ring mother 'ſcape the child!
Oh, guard his youth from ſin's alluring voice;
From deeds of dire neceſſity, not choice!
His grateful hand, thus never harmful known,
Shall on the public welfare build his own.

Thus worthy crafts, which low-born life divide,
Give towns their opulence, and courts their pride.
Sacred to pleaſure ſtructures riſe elate,
To that ſtill worthy of the wiſe and great.
Sacred to pleaſure then ſhall piles aſcend?
They ſhall—when pleaſure and inſtruction blend.
Let theatres, from Public Spirit ſhine!
Such theatres, as, Athens, once were thine!
See! the gay Muſe, of pointed wit poſſeſt,
Who wakes the virtuous laugh, the decent jeſt:
What tho' ſhe mock, ſhe mocks with honeſt aim,
And laughs each fav'rite folly into ſhame.
With lib'ral light the tragic charms the age;
In ſolemn-training robes ſhe fills the ſtage;
There human nature, mark'd in diff'rent lines,
Alive in character, diſtinctly ſhines.
Quick paſſions change alternate on her face;
Her diction muſic, as her action grace.
Inſtant we catch her terror-giving cares,
Pathetic ſighs, and pity-moving tears;

Inſtant we catch her gen'rous glow of ſoul,
'Till one great ſtriking moral crowns the whole.
Hence in warm youth, by ſcenes of virtue taught,
Honour exalts, and love expands the thought;
Hence pity, to peculiar grief aſſign'd,
Grows wide benevolence to all mankind.
Where various edifice the land renowns,
There Public Spirit plans, exalts, and crowns.
She cheers the manſion with the ſpacious hall,
Bids painting live along the ſtoried wall;
Seated, ſhe ſmiling eyes th' uncloſing door,
And much ſhe welcomes all, but moſt the poor;
She turns the pillar, or the arch ſhe bends,
The choir ſhe lengthens, or the choir extends;
She rears the tow'r, whoſe height the heav'ns admire,
(She rears, ſhe rounds, ſhe points the leſs'ning ſpire;
At her command the college-roofs aſcend;
For Public Spirit ſtill is learning's friend.)
Stupendous piles, which uſeful pomp compleats,
Thus riſe Religion's, and thus Learning's ſeats:
There moral truth and holy ſcience ſpring,
And give the ſage to teach, the bard to ſing.
There ſome draw health from herbs and min'ral veins,
Some ſearch the ſyſtems of the heavenly plains;
Some call from hiſtory, paſt times to view,
And others trace old laws, and ſketch out new;
Thence ſaving rights by legiſlators plann'd,
And guardian patriots thence inſpire the land.

Now

Now grant, ye pow'rs, one great, one fond desire,
And, granting, bid a new Whitehall aspire!
Far let it lead, by well-pleas'd Thames survey'd,
The swelling arch, and stately colonnade;
Bid courts of justice, senate-chambers join,
Till various all in one proud work combine!
But now be all the gen'rous Goddess seen,
When most diffus'd she shines, and most benign!
Ye sons of misery attract her view!
Ye sallow, hollow-ey'd, and meagre crew!
Such high perfection have our arts attain'd,
That now few sons of toil our arts demand?
Then to the public, to itself, we fear,
Ev'n willing industry grows useless here.
Are we too populous at length confess'd,
From confluent strangers refug'd and redress'd?
Has war so long withdrawn his barb'rous train,
That peace o'erstocks us with the sons of men?
So long has plague left pure the ambient air,
That want must prey on those disease would spare?
Hence beauteous wretches (beauty's foul disgrace!)
Tho' born the pride, the shame of human race;
Fair wretches hence, who nightly streets annoy,
Live but themselves and others to destroy.
Hence robbers rise, to theft, to murder prone,
First driv'n by want, from habit desp'rate grown;
Hence, for ow'd trifles, oft our jails contain
(Torn from mankind) a miserable train;

Torn

Torn from, in ſpite of nature's tend'reſt cries,
Parental, filial, and connubial ties:
The trader, when on ev'ry ſide diſtreſt,
Hence flies to what expedient frauds ſuggeſt;
To prop his queſtion'd credit's tott'ring ſtate,
Others he firſt involves to ſhare his fate;
Then for mean refuge muſt ſelf-exil'd roam,
Never to hope a friend, or find a home.

This Public Spirit ſees, ſhe ſees and feels!
Her breaſt the throb, her eye the tear reveals;
(The patriot throb that beats, the tear that flows
For others welfare, and for others woes)—
And what can I (ſhe ſaid) to cure their grief?
Shall I or point out death, or point relief?
Forth ſhall I lead 'em to ſome happier ſoil,
To conqueſt lead 'em, and enrich with ſpoil?
Bid 'em convulſe a world, make Nature groan,
And ſpill, in ſhedding others blood, their own?
No, no—ſuch wars do thou, Ambition, wage!
Go ſterilize the fertile with thy rage!
Whole nations to depopulate is thine;
To people, culture, and protect, be mine!
Then range the world, Diſcov'ry!—Straight he goes
O'er ſeas, o'er Lybia's ſands, and Zembla's ſnows;
He ſettles where kind rays till now have ſmil'd
(Vain ſmile!) on ſome luxuriant houſeleſs wild.
How many ſons of want might here enjoy
What Nature gives for age but to deſtroy?

Bluſh,

Bluſh, bluſh, O ſun (ſhe cries) here vainly found,
To riſe, to ſet, to roll the ſeaſons round!
Shall heav'n diſtil in dews, deſcend in rain,
From earth guſh fountains, rivers flow—in vain?
There ſhall the wat'ry lives in myriads ſtray,
And be, to be alone each other's prey?
Unſought ſhall here the teeming quarries own
The various ſpecies of mechanic ſtone?
From ſtructure this, from ſculpture that confine?
Shall rocks forbid the latent gem to ſhine?
Shall mines obedient, aid no artiſts care,
Nor give the martial ſword and peaceful ſhare?
Ah! ſhall they never precious ore unfold,
To ſmile in ſilver, or to flame in gold?
Shall here the vegetable world alone,
For joys, for various virtues, reſt unknown?
While food and phyſic, plants and herbs ſupply,
Here muſt they ſhoot alone to bloom and die?
Shall fruits, which none but brutal eyes ſurvey,
Untouch'd grow ripe, untaſted drop away?
Shall here th' irrational, the ſavage kind,
Lord it o'er ſtores by heav'n for man deſign'd,
And trample what mild ſuns benignly raiſe,
While man muſt loſe the uſe, and heav'n the praiſe;
Shall it then be?—Indignant here ſhe roſe,
(Indignant, yet humane, her boſom glows)—
No! By each honour'd Grecian, Roman name,
By men for virtue deify'd by fame,

Who

Who peopled lands, who model'd infant ſtate,
And then bade empire be maturely great;
By theſe I ſwear (be witneſs earth and ſkies!)
Fair Order here ſhall from Confuſion riſe.
Rapt, I a future colony ſurvey!
Come then, ye ſons of Mis'ry! come away!
Let thoſe, whoſe ſorrows from neglect are known,
(Here taught, compell'd, empower'd) neglect atone;
Let thoſe enjoy, who never merit woes,
In youth th' induſtrious wiſh, in age repoſe!
Allotted acres (no reluctant ſoil)
Shall prompt their induſtry, and pay their toil.
Let families, long ſtrangers to delight,
Whom wayward fate diſpers'd, by me unite;
Here live enjoying life; ſee plenty, peace;
Their lands increaſing as their ſons increaſe.
As nature yet is found, in leafy glades,
To intermix the walks with lights and ſhades;
Or as with good and ill, in chequer'd ſtrife,
Various the goddeſs colours human life;
So, in this fertile clime, if yet are ſeen
Moors, marſhes, cliffs, by turns to intervene;
Where cliffs, moors, marſhes deſolate the view,
Where haunts the bittern, and where ſcreams the mew;
Where prowls the wolf, where roll'd the ſerpent lies,
Shall ſolemn fanes and halls of juſtice riſe,

And

And towns ſhall open (all of ſtructure fair!)
To bright'ning proſpects, and to pureſt air;
Frequented ports, and vineyards green ſucceed,
And flocks increaſing whiten all the mead.
On ſcience, ſcience, arts on arts refine;
On theſe, from high, all heav'n ſhall ſmiling ſhine,
And Public Spirit here a people ſhow,
Free, num'rous, pleas'd, and buſy all below.

Learn, future natives of this promis'd land,
What your forefathers ow'd my ſaving hand!
Learn, when Deſpair ſuch ſudden bliſs ſhall ſee,
Such bliſs muſt ſhine from Oglethorpe or me!
Do you the neighb'ring blameleſs Indian aid,
Culture what he neglects, not his invade;
Dare not, Oh dare not, with ambitious view,
Force or demand ſubjection never due.
Let, by my ſpecious name, no tyrants riſe,
And cry, while they enſlave, they civilize!
Know, Liberty and I are ſtill the ſame,
Congenial!—ever mingling flame with flame!
Why muſt I Afric's ſable children ſee
Vended for ſlaves, tho' form'd by nature free,
The nameleſs tortures cruel minds invent,
Thoſe to ſubject, whom nature equal meant?
If theſe you dare (albeit unjuſt ſucceſs
Empow'rs you now unpuniſh'd to oppreſs)
Revolving empire you and yours may doom,
(Rome all ſubdu'd, yet Vandals vanquiſh'd Rome,)

Yes,

Yes, empire may revolve, give them the day,
And yoke may yoke, and blood may blood repay.
Thus (ah! how far unequall'd by my lays,
Unskill'd the heart to melt or mind to raise,)
Sublime, benevolent, deep, sweetly-clear,
Worthy a Thomson's Muse, a FRED'RICK's ear,
Thus spoke the Goddess. Thus I faintly tell
In what lov'd works heav'n gives her to excel.
But who her sons, that, to her int'rest true,
Conversant lead her to a prince like you?
These, Sir, salute you from life's middle state,
Rich without gold, and without titles great:
Knowledge of books and men exalts their thought,
In wit accomplish'd, tho' in wiles untaught,
Careless of whispers meant to wound their name,
Nor sneer'd nor brib'd from virtue into shame;
In letters elegant, in honour bright,
They come, they catch, and they reflect delight.
Mixing with these a few of rank are found,
For councils, embassies, and camps renown'd.
Vers'd in gay life, in honest maxims read,
And ever warm of heart, yet cool of head.
From these the circling glass gives wit to shine,
The bright grow brighter, and ev'n courts refine;
From these so gifted, candid, and upright,
Flows knowledge, soft'ning into ease polite.
Happy the men, who such a prince can please!
Happy the prince rever'd by men like these!

His

His condeſcenſions dignity diſplay,
Grave with the wiſe, and with the witty gay;
For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
Which, in due ſtatues, to his fame ſhall riſe;
Ever ſhall Public Spirit beam his praiſe,
And the Muſe ſwell it in immortal lays.

POEMS

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

TO

MR. JOHN DYER, A PAINTER,

ADVISING HIM TO DRAW A CERTAIN

NOBLE AND ILLUSTRIOUS PERSON;

OCCASIONED BY SEEING HIS

PICTURE OF THE CELEBRATED CLIO.

FORGIVE an artleſs, an officious friend,
Weak, when I judge, but willing to commend;
Fall'n as I am, by no kind fortune rais'd,
Depreſs'd, obſcur'd, unpity'd, and unprais'd;
Yet, when theſe well-known features I peruſe,
Some warmth awakes—ſome embers of a Muſe.
Ye Muſes, Graces, and ye Loves appear!
Your Queen, your Venus, and your Clio's here!
In ſuch pure fires her riſing thoughts refine!
Her eyes with ſuch commanding ſweetneſs ſhine:
Such vivid tinctures ſure thro' ether glow,
Stain ſummer clouds, or gild the wat'ry bow:

If life Pygmalion's iv'ry fav'rite fir'd,
Sure ſome enamour'd God this draught inſpir'd!
Or, if you raſhly caught Promethean flame,
Shade the ſweet theft, and mar the beauteous frame!
Yet if thoſe cheering lights the proſpect fly,
Ah!—let no pleaſing view the loſs ſupply.
Some dreary den, ſome deſart waſte prepare,
Wild as my thoughts, or dark as my deſpair.
But ſtill, my friend, ſtill the ſweet object ſtays,
Still ſtream your colours rich with Clio's rays!
Sure at each kindling touch your canvaſs glows!
Sure the full form, inſtinct with ſpirit, grows!
Let the dull artiſt puzzling rules explore,
Dwell on the face, and gaze the features o'er;
You eye the ſoul—there genuine nature find,
You, thro' the meaning muſcles, ſtrike the mind.
Nor can one view ſuch boundleſs pow'r confine,
All Nature opens to an art like thine!
Now rural ſcenes in ſimple grandeur riſe!
Vales, hills, lawns, lakes, and vineyards feaſt our eyes,
Now halcyon Peace a ſmiling aſpect wears!
Now the red ſcene with war and ruin glares!
Here Britain's fleets o'er Europe's ſeas preſide!
There long-loſt cities rear their ancient pride!
You from the grave can half redeem the ſlain,
And bid great Julius charm the world again:
Mark out Pharſalia's, mark out Munda's fray,
And image all the horrors of the day.

But

But if new glories moſt our warmth excite;
If toils untry'd to nobleſt aims invite;
Would you in envy'd pomp unrivall'd reign,
Oh, let Horatius grace the canvaſs plain!
His form might ev'n idolatry create,
In lineage, titles, wealth and worth elate!
Empires to him might virgin honours owe,
From him arts, arms, and laws new influence know.
For him kind ſuns on fruits and grains ſhall ſhine,
And future gold lie rip'ning in the mine:
For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
Which, in due ſtatues, to his fame ſhall riſe.
Thro' thoſe bright features Cæſar's ſpirit trace,
Each conqu'ring ſweetneſs, each imperial grace,
All that is ſoft or eminently great,
In love, in war, in knowledge, or in ſtate.
Thus ſhall your colours, like his worth amaze!
Thus ſhall you charm, enrich'd with Clio's praiſe!
Clear, and more clear, your golden genius ſhines,
While my dim lamp of life obſcure declines:
Dull'd in damp ſhades it waſtes, unſeen, away,
While yours, triumphant, glows one blaze of day.

VERSES

SENT

TO AARON HILL, ESQ.

WITH THE

TRAGEDY OF SIR THOMAS OVERBURY,

EXPECTING HIM TO CORRECT IT.

I.

As the ſoul, ſtript of mortal clay,
Grows all divinely fair,
And boundleſs roves the milky way,
And views ſweet proſpects there,

II.

This hero, clogg'd with droſſy lines,
By thee new vigour tries;
As thy correcting hand refines,
Bright ſcenes around him riſe.

III.

Thy touch brings the wiſh'd ſtone to paſs,
So ſought, ſo long foretold;
It turns polluted lead, or braſs,
At once to pureſt gold.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE REVIVAL OF

SHAKESPEARE'S KING HENRY VI.

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.

PRINTED BEFORE THE PLAY, FROM A SPURIOUS COPY.

TO-night a patient ear, ye Britons, lend,
And to your great forefathers' deeds attend.
Here cheaply warn'd, ye bleſt deſcendants, view
What ills on England, Civil Diſcord drew.
To wound the heart, the martial Muſe prepares;
While the red ſcene with raging ſlaughter glares.
Here, while a monarch's ſuff'rings we relate,
Let gen'rous grief his ruin'd grandeur wait.
While Second Richard's blood for vengeance calls,
Doom'd for his grandfire's guilt, poor Henry falls.
In civil jars avenging judgment blows,
And royal wrongs entail a people's woes.
Henry, unvers'd in wiles, more good than great,
Drew on by meekneſs his diſaſtrous fate.
Thus when you ſee this land by faction toſt,
Her nobles ſlain, her laws, her freedom loſt;
Let this reflection from the action flow,
We ne'er from foreign foes could ruin know.
Oh, let us then inteſtine diſcord ſhun,
We ne'er can be, but by ourſelves, undone.

THE ANIMALCULE.

A TALE.

OCCASIONED BY

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF RUTLAND'S

RECEIVING THE SMALL-POX BY INOCULATION.

I.

IN Animalcules, muſe, diſplay
Spirits, of name unknown in ſong!
Reader, a kind attention pay,
Nor think an uſeful comment long.

II.

Far leſs than mites, on mites they prey;
Minuteſt things may ſwarms contain:
When o'er your iv'ry teeth they ſtray,
Then throb your little nerves with pain.

III.

Fluids, in drops, minutely ſwell;
Theſe ſubtil beings each contains;
In the ſmall ſanguine globes they dwell,
Roll from the heart, and trace the veins.

IV. Thro'

IV.

Thro' ev'ry tender tube they rove,
In finer ſpirits ſtrike the brain;
Wind quick thro' ev'ry fibrous grove,
And ſeek, thro' pores, the heart again.

V.

If they with purer drops dilate,
And lodge where entity began,
They actuate with a genial heat,
And kindle into future man.

VI.

But when our lives are Nature's due,
Air, ſeas, nor fire, their frames diſſolve;
They matter, thro' all forms purſue,
And oft to genial heats revolve.

VII.

Thus once an Animalcule prov'd,
When Man, a patron to the bays;
This patron was in Greece belov'd;
Yet fame was faithleſs to his praiſe.

VIII.

In Rome, this Animalcule grew
Mæcenas, whom the claſſics rate!
Among the Gauls, it prov'd Richlieu,
In learning, pow'r, and bounty great.

IX.

In Britain, Halifax it roſe;
(By Halifax, bloom'd Congreve's ſtrains)
And now it rediminiſh'd glows,
To glide thro' godlike Rutland's veins.

X.

A plague there is, too many know;
Too ſeldom perfect cures befall it:
The muſe may term it beauty's foe;
In phyſic, the Small-pox we call it.

XI.

From Turks we learn this plague t'aſſuage,
They, by admitting, turn its courſe:
Their kiſs will tame the tumor's rage;
By yielding, they o'ercome the force.

XII.

Thus Rutland did its touch invite,
While, watchful in the ambient air,
This little, guardian, ſubtil ſpright
Did with the poiſon in repair.

XIII.

Th' infection from the heart it clears;
Th' infection, now dilated thin,
In pearly pimples but appears,
Expell'd upon the ſurface ſkin.

XIV. And

XIV.

And now, it mould'ring, waſtes away:
'Tis gone!—doom'd to return no more!
Our Animalcule keeps its ſtay,
And muſt new labyrinths explore.

XV.

And now the Noble's thoughts are ſeen,
Unmark'd, it views his heart's deſires!
It now reflects what it has been,
And rapt'rous, at his change admires!

XVI.

Its priſtine virtues, kept, combine,
To be again in Rutland known;
But they, immers'd, no longer ſhine,
Nor equal, nor encreaſe his own.

TO

MRS. ELIZA HAYWOOD,

ON HER NOVEL, CALLED,

THE RASH RESOLVE.

DOOM'D to a fate which damps the poet's flame.
A muſe, unfriended, greets thy riſing name!
Unvers'd in envy's, or in flatt'ry's phraſe,
Greatneſs ſhe flies, yet merit claims her praiſe;
Nor will ſhe, at her with'ring wreath, repine,
But ſmile, if fame and fortune cheriſh thine.
The ſciences in thy ſweet genius charm,
And, with their ſtrength, thy ſex's ſoftneſs arm.
In thy full figures, painting's force we find,
As muſic fires, thy language lifts the mind.
Thy pow'r gives form, and touches into life
The paſſions imag'd in their bleeding ſtrife:
Contraſted ſtrokes, true art and fancy ſhow,
And lights and ſhades in lively mixture flow.
Hope attacks Fear and Reaſon, Love's control,
Jealouſy wounds, and Friendſhip heals the ſoul:
Black Falſhood wears bright Gallantry's diſguiſe,
And the gilt cloud enchants the fair-one's eyes.
Thy dames, in grief and frailties lovely ſhine,
And when moſt mortal half appear divine.

If,

If, when ſome godlike, fav'rite paſſion ſways,
The willing heart too fatally obeys,
Great minds lament what cruel cenſure blames,
And ruin'd Virtue gen'rous pity claims.
Eliza, ſtill impaint Love's pow'rful Queen!
Let Love, ſoft Love! exalt each ſwelling ſcene.
Arm'd with keen wit, in fame's wide liſts advance!
Spain yields in fiction, in politeneſs, France.
Such orient light, as the firſt poets knew,
Flames from thy thought, and brightens ev'ry view!
A ſtrong, a glorious, a luxuriant fire,
Which warms cold wiſdom into wild deſire!
Thy Fable glows ſo rich thro' ev'ry page,
What moral's force can the fierce heat aſſuage?
And yet—but ſay, if ever doom'd to prove
The ſad, the dear perplexities of love!
Where ſeeming tranſport ſoftens ev'ry pain,
Where fancy'd freedom waits the winning chain!
Varying from pangs to viſionary joys,
Sweet is the fate, and charms as it deſtroys!
Say then—if Love to ſudden rage gives way,
Will the ſoft paſſion not reſume its ſway?
Charming and charm'd, can Love from Love retire?
Can a cold convent quench th' unwilling fire?
Precept, if human, may our thoughts refine,
More we admire! but cannot prove divine.

AN

AN APOLOGY TO BRILLANTE,

FOR HAVING

LONG OMITTED WRITING IN VERSE.

IN IMITATION OF A CERTAIN MIMIC OF ANACREON.

CAN I matchleſs charms recite?
Source of ever-ſpringing light!
Cou'd I count the vernal flow'rs,
Count in endleſs time the hours;
Count the countleſs ſtars above,
Count the captive hearts of Love;
Paint the torture of his fire,
Paint the pangs thoſe eyes inſpire!
(Pleaſing torture, thus to ſhine,
Purify'd by fires like thine!)
Then I'd ſtrike the ſounding ſtring!
Then I'd thy perfection ſing.
Myſtic world!—Thou ſomething more!
Wonder of the Almighty's ſtore!
Nature's depths we oft deſcry,
Oft they're pierc'd by learning's eye;
Thou, if thought on thee would gain,
Prov'ſt (like heav'n) enquiry vain.
Charms unequall'd we purſue!
Charms in ſhining throngs we view!
Number'd then cou'd nature's be,
Nature's ſelf were poor to thee.

AN EPISTLE TO MRS. OLDFIELD, OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL.

WHILE to your charms unequal verſe I raiſe,
Aw'd, I admire, and tremble as I praiſe:
Here art and Genius new refinement need,
Liſt'ning, they gaze, and, as they gaze, recede!
Can Art, or Genius, or their pow'rs combin'd,
But from corporeal organs ſketch the mind?
When ſound embody'd can with ſhape ſurprize,
The muſe may emulate your voice and eyes,
Mark rival arts perfection's point purſue!
Each rivals each, but to excel in you!
The buſt and medal bear the meaning face,
And the proud ſtatue adds the poſture's grace!
Imag'd at length, the bury'd heroine, known,
Still ſeems to wound, to ſmile, or frown in ſtone!
As art wou'd art, or metal ſtone ſurpaſs,
Her ſoul ſtrikes, gleaming, thro' Corinthian braſs!
Serene, the ſaint in ſmiling ſilver ſhines,
And cherubs weep in gold o'er ſainted ſhrines!

If

If long-loſt forms from Raphael's pencil glow,
Wond'rous in warmth the mimic colours flow!
Each look, each attitude, new grace diſplays;
Your voice and motion life and muſic raiſe.
Thus Cleopatra in your charms refines;
She lives, ſhe ſpeaks, with force improv'd ſhe ſhines!
Fair, and more fair, you ev'ry grace tranſmit;
Love, learning, beauty, elegance, and wit.
Cæſar, the world's unrivall'd maſter fir'd,
In her imperial ſoul, his own admir'd!
Philippi's victor wore her winning chain,
And felt not empire's loſs in beauty's gain.
Cou'd the pale heroes your bright influence know,
Or catch the ſilver accents as they flow,
Drawn from dark reſt by your enchanting ſtrain,
Each ſhade were lur'd to life and love again.
Say, ſweet inſpirer! were each annal known,
What living greatneſs ſhines there not your own!
If the griev'd muſe by ſome lov'd empreſs roſe,
New ſtrength, new grace it to your influence owes!
If pow'r by war diſtinguiſh'd height reveals,
Your nobler pride the wounds of fortune heals!
Then cou'd an empire's cauſe demand your care,
The ſoul, that juſtly thinks, wou'd greatly dare.
Long has feign'd Venus mock'd the muſe's praiſe,
You dart, divine Ophelia! genuine rays!
Warm thro' thoſe eyes enliv'ning raptures roll!
Sweet thro' each ſtriking feature ſtreams your ſoul!

The

The ſoul's bright meanings heighten beauty's fires:
Your looks, your thoughts, your deeds, each grace
inſpires!
Know then, if rank'd with monarchs, here you ſtand,
What fate declines, you from the muſe demand!
Each grace that ſhone of old in each fam'd fair,
Or may in modern dames refinement wear;
Whate'er juſt, emulative thoughts purſue,
Is all confirm'd, is all ador'd in you!
If god-like boſoms pant for pow'r to bleſs,
If 'tis a monarch's glory to redreſs;
In conſcious majeſty you ſhine ſerene,
In thought a heroine, and in act a queen.

VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY READING

MR. AARON HILL'S POEM,

CALLED

GIDEON.

*** The lines marked thus ' ' are taken from GIDEON.

I.

LET other poets poorly ſing
Their flatt'ries to the vulgar great!
Her airy flight let wand'ring Fancy wing,
And rival nature's moſt luxuriant ſtore,
To ſwell ſome monſter's pride who ſhames a ſtate,
Or form a wreath to crown tyrannic pow'r!
Thou, who inform'd'ſt this clay with active fire!
Do thou, Supreme of Pow'rs! my thoughts refine,
And with thy pureſt heat my ſoul inſpire,
That with Hillarius' worth my verſe may ſhine!
As thy lov'd Gideon once ſet Iſrael free,
So he with ſweet, ſeraphic lays
'Redeems the uſe of captive poetry,'
Which firſt was form'd to ſpeak thy glorious praiſe!

II.

Moſes, with an enchanting tongue,
Pharaoh's juſt overthrow ſublimely ſung!
When Saul and Jonathan in death were laid,
Surviving David felt the ſoft'ning fire!
And by the Great Almighty's tuneful aid,
Wak'd into endleſs life his mournful lyre.
Their diff'rent thoughts, met in Hillarius' ſong,
Roll in one channel more divinely ſtrong!
With Pindar's fire his verſe's ſpirit flies,
'Wafted in charmful muſic thro' the air!'
Unſtop'd by clouds, it reaches to the ſkies,
And joins with angels' hallelujahs there,
Flows mix'd, and ſweetly ſtrikes th' Almighty's ear!

III.

Rebels ſhould bluſh when they his Gideon ſee!
That Gideon, born to ſet his country free.
O, that ſuch heroes in each age might riſe,
Bright'ning thro' vapours like the morning-ſtar,
Gen'rous in triumph, and in council wiſe!
Gentle in peace, but terrible in war!

IV.

When Gideon, Oreb, Hyram, Shimron, ſhine
Fierce in the blaze of war as they engage!
Great bard! What energy, but thine,
Cou'd reach the vaſt deſcription of their rage?

Or, when to cruel foes betray'd,
Sareph and Hama call for aid,
Loſt and bewilder'd in deſpair,
How piercing are the hapleſs lover's cries?
What tender ſtrokes in melting accents riſe?
Oh, what a maſter-piece of pity's there?
Nor goodly Joaſh ſhews thy ſweetneſs leſs,
When, like kind heav'n, he frees 'em from diſtreſs!

V.

Hail thou, whoſe verſe, a living image ſhines,
In Gideon's character your own you drew!
As there the graceful patriot ſhines,
We in that image, bright Hillarius view!
Let the low crowd who love unwholeſome fare,
When in thy words the breath of angels flows,
Like groſs-fed ſpirits ſick in purer air,
Their earthy ſouls by their dull taſte diſcloſe!
Thy dazzling genius ſhines too bright!
And they, like ſpectres, ſhun the ſtreams of light.
But while in ſhades of ignorance they ſtray,
Round thee rays of knowledge play,
'And ſhew thee glitt'ring in abſtracted day.'

TO

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

BESSY, COUNTESS OF ROCHFORD,

DAUGHTER OF THE LATE EARL RIVERS,

WHEN WITH CHILD.

As when the ſun walks forth in flaming gold,
Mean plants may ſmile, and humble flow'rs unfold,
The low-laid lark the diſtant ether wings,
And, as ſhe ſoars, her daring anthem ſings;
So, when thy charms celeſtial views create,
My ſmiling ſong ſurmounts my gloomy fate.
Thy angel-embryo prompts my tow'ring lays,
Claims my fond wiſh, and fires my future praiſe:
May it, if male, its grandſire's image wear;
Or in its mother's charms confeſs the fair;
At the kind birth may each mild planet wait;
Soft be the pain, but prove the bleſſing great.
Hail Rivers! hallow'd ſhade! deſcend from reſt!
Deſcend and ſmile, to ſee thy Rochford bleſt:
Weep not the ſcenes thro' which my life muſt run,
Tho' fate, fleet-footed, ſcents thy languid ſon.
The bar that, dark'ning croſs'd my creſted claim,
Yields at her charms, and brightens in their flame:
That blood, which, honour'd, in thy Rochford reigns,
In cold, unwilling wand'rings trac'd my veins.

Want's wint'ry realm froze hard around my view;
And ſcorn's keen blaſts a cutting anguiſh blew.
To ſuch ſad weight my gath'ring griefs were wrought,
Life ſeem'd not life, but when convuls'd with thought!
Decreed beneath a mother's frown to pine,
Madneſs were eaſe, to mis'ry form'd like mine!

Yet my muſe waits thee thro' the realms of day,
Where lambent lightnings round thy temples play.
Sure my fierce woes, will, like thoſe fires, refine,
Thus loſe their torture, and thus glorious ſhine!
And now the muſe heaven's milky path ſurveys,
With thee, 'twixt pendant worlds, it wond'ring ſtrays,
Worlds which, unnumber'd as thy virtues, roll
Round ſuns—fix'd, radiant emblems of thy ſoul!
Hence lights refracted run thro' diſtant ſkies,
Changeful on azure plains in quiv'ring dyes!
So thy mind darted thro' its earthy frame,
A wide, a various, and a glirt'ring flame.

Now a new ſcene enormous luſtre brings,
Now ſeraphs ſhade thee round with ſilver wings;
In angel-forms thou ſee'ſt thy Rochford ſhine;
In each ſweet form is trac'd her beauteous line!
Such was her ſoul, ere this ſelected mould
Sprung at thy wiſh, the ſparkling life t' infold!
So amidſt cherubs ſhone her ſon refin'd,
Ere infant-fleſh the new-form'd ſoul enſhrin'd!
So ſhall a ſequent race from Rochford riſe,
The world's fair pride—Deſcendants of the ſkies.

TO THE EXCELLENT

MIRANDA,

CONSORT OF AARON HILL, ESQ.

ON READING HER POEMS.

EACH ſoft'ning charm of Clio's ſmiling ſong,
Montague's ſoul, which ſhines divinely ſtrong,
Theſe blend, with graceful eaſe, to form thy rhime,
Tender, yet chaſte; ſweet-ſounding, yet ſublime;
Wiſdom and wit have made thy works their care,
Each paſſion glows, refin'd by precept, there:
To fair Miranda's form each grace is kind;
The Muſes and the Virtues tune thy mind.

VERSES

TO A

YOUNG LADY.

POLLY, from me, tho' now a love-ſick youth,
Nay, tho' a poet, hear the voice of truth!
Polly, you're not a beauty, yet you're pretty;
So grave, yet gay; ſo ſilly, yet ſo witty;
A heart of ſoftneſs, yet a tongue of ſatire;
You've cruelty, yet, e'en with that, good-nature:
Now you are free, and now reſerv'd awhile;
Now a forc'd frown betrays a willing ſmile.
Reproach'd for abſence, yet your ſight deny'd;
My tongue you ſilence, yet my ſilence chide.
How would you praiſe me, ſhou'd your ſex defame!
Yet, ſhou'd they praiſe, grow jealous, and exclaim.
If I deſpair, with ſome kind look you bleſs;
But if I hope, at once all hope ſuppreſs.
You ſcorn; yet ſhou'd my paſſion change or fail.
Too late you'd whimper out a ſofter tale.
You love; yet from your lover's wiſh retire;
Doubt, yet diſcern; deny, and yet deſire.
Such, Polly, are your ſex—part truth, part fiction,
Some thought, much whim, and all a contradiction.

THE

THE GENTLEMAN.

ADDRESSED TO

JOHN JOLIFFE, ESQ.

A DECENT mien, an elegance of dreſs,
Words, which, at eaſe, each winning grace expreſs;
A life, where love, by wiſdom poliſh'd, ſhines,
Where wiſdom's ſelf again, by love, refines;
Where we to chance for friendſhip never truſt,
Nor ever dread from ſudden whim diſguſt;
The ſocial manners and the heart humane;
A nature ever great and never vain;
A wit, that no licentious pertneſs knows;
The ſenſe, that unaſſuming candour ſhows:
Reaſon, by narrow principles uncheck'd,
Slave to no party, bigot to no ſect;
Knowledge of various life, of learning too;
Thence taſte; thence truth, which will from taſte enſue:
Unwilling cenſure, tho' a judgment clear;
A ſmile indulgent, and that ſmile ſincere;
An humble, tho' an elevated mind;
A pride, its pleaſure but to ſerve mankind:
If theſe eſteem and admiration raiſe;
Give true delight, and gain unflatt'ring praiſe,
In one wiſh'd view, th' accompliſh'd man we ſee;
Theſe graces all are thine, and thou art he.

CHARAC-

CHARACTER

OF THE

REV. JAMES FOSTER.

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FROM Codex hear, ye eccleſiaſtic men,
This paſt'ral charge to W-bſ-r, St-bb-ng, V—n;
Attend ye emblems of your P——'s mind!
Mark Faith, mark Hope, mark Charity, defin'd;
On terms, whence no ideas ye can draw,
Pin well your faith, and then pronounce it law;
Firſt wealth, a croſier next, your hope enflame;
And next church-power—a pow'r o'er conſcience, claim;
In modes of worſhip right of choice deny;
Say, to convert, all means are fair—add, why?
'Tis charitable—let your power decree,
That Perſecution then is Charity;
Call reaſon error; forms, not things, diſplay,
Let moral doctrine to abſtruſe give way;
Sink demonſtration; myſt'ry preach alone;
Be thus Religion's friend, and thus your own.
But Foſter well this honeſt truth extends—
Where Myſtery begins, Religion ends.

In

In him, great modern miracle! we ſee
A prieſt, from av'rice and ambition free;
One, whom no perſecuting ſpirit fires;
Whoſe heart and tongue benevolence inſpires:
Learn'd, not aſſuming; eloquent, yet plain;
Meek, tho' not tim'rous; conſcious, tho' not vain;
Without craft, rev'rend; holy, without cant;
Zealous for truth, without enthuſiaſt rant.
His faith, where no credulity is ſeen,
'Twixt infidel and bigot, marks the mean;
His hope, no mitre militant on earth,
'Tis that bright crown which heav'n reſerves for worth,
A prieſt, in charity with all mankind,
His love to virtue, not to ſect confin'd:
Truth his delight; from him it flames abroad,
From him, who fears no being, but his God:
In him from chriſtian, moral light can ſhine;
Not mad with myſt'ry, but a ſound divine;
He wins the wiſe and good, with reaſon's lore;
Then ſtrikes their paſſions with pathetic pow'r;
Where vice erects her head, rebukes the page;
Mix'd with rebuke, perſuaſive charms engage;
Charms, which the unthinking muſt to thought excite;
Lo! vice leſs vicious, virtue more upright:
Him copy, Codex, that the good and wiſe,
Who ſo abhor thy heart, and head deſpiſe,
May ſee thee now, tho' late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what elſe is damn'd to fame.

But

But ſhould ſome churchman, apeing wit ſevere,
The poet's ſure turn'd Baptiſt—ſay, and ſneer;
Shame on that narrow mind ſo often known,
Which in one mode of faith owns worth alone.
Sneer on, rail, wrangle! nought this truth repels—
Virtue is virtue, whereſoe'er ſhe dwells;
And ſure, where learning gives her light to ſhine,
Hers is all praiſe—if hers, 'tis, Foſter, thine.
Thee boaſt diſſenters; we with pride may own
Our Tillotſon; and Rome her Fenelon *.

* In this character of the Rev. James Foſter, truth guided the pen of the muſe. Mr. Pope paid a tribute to the modeſt worth of this excellent man: little did he imagine his Rev. Annotator would endeavour to convert his praiſe into abuſe. The character and writings of Foſter will be admired and read, when the works of the bitter Controverſialiſt are forgotten.

E,

THE

THE

POET'S DEPENDANCE

ON A

STATESMAN.

SOME ſeem to hint, and others proof will bring,
That, from neglect, my num'rous hardſhips ſpring.
Seek the great man! they cry—'tis then decreed,
In him if I court fortune, I ſucceed.
What friends to ſecond? who for me ſhould ſue,
Have int'reſts, partial to themſelves, in view.
They own my matchleſs fate compaſſion draws;
They all wiſh well, lament, but drop my cauſe.
There are who aſk no penſion, want no place,
No title wiſh, and would accept no grace.
Can I entreat, they ſhould for me obtain
The leaſt, who greateſt for themſelves diſdain?
A ſtateſman, knowing this, unkind, will cry,
Thoſe love him: let thoſe ſerve him!—why ſhou'd I?
Say, ſhall I turn where lucre points my views;
At firſt deſert my friends, at length abuſe?
But, on leſs terms, in promiſe he complies:
Years bury years, and hopes on hopes ariſe;
I truſt, am truſted on my fairy gain;
And woes on woes attend, an endleſs train.

Be

Be poſts diſpos'd at will!—I have, for theſe,
No gold to plead, no impudence to teaſe.
All ſecret ſervice from my ſoul I hate;
All dark intrigues of pleaſure, or of ſtate;
I have no pow'r, election-votes to gain;
No will to hackney out polemic ſtrain;
To ſhape, as time ſhall ſerve, my verſe, or proſe,
To flatter thence, nor ſlur a courtier's foes;
Nor him to daub with praiſe, if I prevail;
Nor ſhock'd by him, with libels to aſſail.
Where theſe are not, what claim to me belongs?
Tho' mine the muſe and virtue, birth and wrongs.

Where lives the ſtateſman, ſo in honour clear,
To give where he has nought to hope, nor fear?
No!—there to ſeek, is but to find freſh pain:
The promiſe broke, renew'd, and broke again;
To be, as humour deigns, receiv'd, refus'd;
By turns affronted, and by turns amus'd;
To loſe that time, which worthier thoughts require;
To loſe the health, which ſhou'd thoſe thoughts inſpire;
To ſtarve on hope; or, like camelions, fare
On miniſterial faith, which means but air.

But ſtill, undrooping, I the crew diſdain,
Who, or by jobs, or libels, wealth obtain.
Ne'er let me be, thro' thoſe, from want exempt;
In one man's favour, in the world's contempt;
Worſe in my own!—thro' thoſe, to poſts who riſe,
Themſelves, in ſecret, muſt themſelves deſpiſe;

Vile,

Vile, and more vile, till they, at length, diſclaim
Not ſenſe alone of glory, but of ſhame.
What tho' I hourly ſee the ſervile herd,
For meanneſs honour'd, and for guilt prefer'd;
See ſelfiſh paſſion, public virtue ſeem;
And public virtue an enthuſiaſt dream;
See favour'd falſhood, innocence belied,
Meekneſs depreſs'd, and pow'r-elated pride;
A ſcene will ſhew, all-righteous viſion haſte!
The meek exalted, and the proud debas'd!—
Oh, to be there!—to tread that friendly ſhore,
Where falſhood, pride, and ſtateſmen are no more!
But ere indulg'd—ere fate my breath ſhall claim,
A poet ſtill is anxious after fame.
What future fame would my ambition crave?
This were my wiſh, cou'd ought my mem'ry ſave,
Say, when in death my ſorrows lie repos'd,
That my paſt life, no venal view diſclos'd;
Say, I well knew, while in a ſtate obſcure,
Without the being baſe, the being poor;
Say I had parts, too mod'rate to tranſcend;
Yet ſenſe to mean, and virtue not t' offend;
My heart ſupplying what my head denied,
Say that, by Pope, eſteem'd I liv'd and died;
Whoſe writings the beſt rules to write could give;
Whoſe life the nobler ſcience how to live.

AN

AN EPISTLE TO DAMON AND DELIA.

HEAR, Damon, Delia hear, in candid lays,
Truth without anger, without flatt'ry, praiſe!
A bookiſh mind, with pedantry unfraught,
Oft a ſedate yet never gloomy thought:
Prompt to rejoice when others pleaſure know,
And prompt to feel the pang for others woe;
To ſoften faults, to which a foe is prone,
And, in a friend's perfection, praiſe your own:
A will ſincere, unknown to ſelfiſh views;
A heart of love, of gallantry a muſe;
A delicate, yet not a jealous mind;
A paſſion ever fond, yet never blind,
Glowing, with am'rous, yet with guiltleſs fires,
In ever-eager, never groſs deſires;
A modeſt honour, ſacred to contain
From tattling vanity, when ſmiles you gain;
Conſtant moſt pleas'd when beauty moſt you pleaſe:
Damon! your picture's ſhown in tints like theſe.
Say, Delia, muſt I chide you or commend?
Say, muſt I be your flatt'rer or your friend?

To

To praiſe no graces in a rival fair,
Nor your own foibles in a ſiſter ſpare;
Each lover's billet, bant'ring to reveal,
And never known one ſecret to conceal;
Young, fickle, fair, a levity inborn,
To treat all ſighing ſlaves with flippant ſcorn;
An eye, expreſſive of a wand'ring mind;
Nor this to read, nor that to think inclin'd;
Or, when a book or thought from whim retards,
Intent on ſongs or novels, dreſs or cards;
Choice to ſelect the party of delight,
To kill time, thought, and fame in frolic flight;
To flutter here, to flurry there on wing;
To talk, to teaſe, to ſimper, or to ſing;
To prude it, to coquet it—him to truſt,
Whoſe vain, looſe life, ſhou'd caution or diſguſt;
Him to diſlike, whoſe modeſt worth ſhou'd pleaſe.—
Say, is your picture ſhown in tints like theſe?
Yours—you deny it—Hear the point then tried,
Let judgment, truth, the muſe, and love decide.
What yours!—Nay, faireſt trifler, frown not ſo:
Is it? the muſe with doubt—Love anſwers NO:
You ſmile—Is't not? Again the queſtion try!—
Yes, judgment thinks, and truth will YES, reply.

TO

MISS M . . . H . . . ,

SENT WITH

MR. POPE'S WORKS.

SEE female vice and female folly here,
Rallied with wit polite, or laſh ſevere:
Let Pope preſent ſuch objects to our view;
Such are, my fair, the full reverſe of you.
Rapt when, to Loddon's ſtream * from Windſor's ſhades,
He ſings the modeſt charms of ſylvan maids;
Dear Burford's hills in mem'ry's eye appear,
And Luddal's ſpring † ſtill murmurs in my ear:
But when you ceaſe to bleſs my longing eyes,
Dumb is the ſpring, the joyleſs proſpect dies:
Come then, my charmer, come! here tranſport reigns!
New health, new youth inſpirits all my veins..
Each hour let intercourſe of hearts employ,
Thou life of lovelineſs! thou ſoul of joy!
Love wakes the birds—Oh, hear each melting lay!
Love warms the world—come, charmer, come away!
But hark!—immortal Pope reſumes the lyre!
Diviner airs, diviner flights, inſpire:
Hark where an angel's language tunes the line!
See where the thoughts and looks of angels ſhine!
Here he pour'd all the muſic of your tongue,
And all your looks and thoughts, unconſcious ſung.

* Alluding to the beautiful Epiſode of Loddona in Windſor Foreſt. † A ſpring near Burford.

ON THE

RECOVERY OF A LADY OF QUALITY FROM THE SMALL-POX.

LONG a lov'd fair had bleſs'd her conſort's ſight,
With am'rous pride, and undiſturb'd delight;
Till Death grown envious, with repugnant aim,
Frown'd at their joys, and urg'd a tyrant's claim.
He ſummons each diſeaſe!—the noxious crew,
Writhing, in dire diſtortions, ſtrike his view;
From various plagues, which various natures know,
Forth ruſhes beauty's fear'd, and fervent foe.
Fierce to the fair, the miſſile miſchief flies,
The ſanguine ſtreams in raging ferments riſe!
It drives, ignipotent, thro' ev'ry vein,
Hangs on the heart, and burns around the brain!
Now a chill damp the charmer's luſtre dims!
Sad o'er her eyes the livid languor ſwims!
Her eyes, that with a glance could joy inſpire,
Like ſetting ſtars, ſcarce ſhoot a glimm'ring fire.
Here ſtands her conſort, ſore, with anguiſh preſt,
Grief in his eye, and terror in his breaſt.
The Paphian graces, ſmit with anxious care,
In ſilent ſorrow weep the waining fair.

Eight ſuns, ſucceſſive, roll their fire away,
And eight ſlow nights ſee their deep ſhades decay.
While theſe revolve, tho' mute each muſe appears,
Each ſpeaking eye drops eloquence in tears.
On the ninth noon, great Phœbus, liſt'ning, bends!
On the ninth noon, each voice in pray'r aſcends!—
Great God of light, of ſong, and phyſic's art,
Reſtore the languid fair, new ſoul impart!
Her beauty, wit, and virtue, claim thy care,
And thy own bounty's almoſt rival'd there.
Each paus'd. The God aſſents. Would Death advance?
Phœbus, unſeen, arreſts the threat'ning lance!
Down from his orb a vivid influ'nce ſtreams,
And quick'ning earth imbibes ſalubrious beams;
Each balmy plant, encreaſe of virtue knows,
And art, inſpir'd, with all her patron glows.
The charmer's opening eye, kind hope, reveals,
Kind hope, her conſort's breaſt enliv'ning feels,
Each grace revives, each muſe reſumes the lyre,
Each beauty brightens with re-lumin'd fire.
As Health's auſpicious pow'rs, gay life diſplay,
Death, ſullen at the ſight, ſtalks ſlow away.

THE

THE FRIEND.

AN EPISTLE TO AARON HILL, ESQ.

O MY lov'd Hill, O thou by heav'n deſign'd
To charm, to mend, and to adorn mankind!
To thee my hopes, fears, joys, and ſorrows tend,
Thou brother, father, nearer yet!—thou friend!
If worldly friendſhips of cement, divide,
As intereſts vary, or as whims preſide;
If leagues of lux'ry borrow friendſhip's light,
Or leagues ſubverſive of all ſocial right:
O ſay, my Hill, in what propitious ſphere,
Gain we the friend, pure, knowing, and ſincere?
'Tis where the worthy and the wiſe retire;
There wealth may learn its uſe, may love inſpire;
There may young worth the nobleſt end obtain,
In want may friends, in friends may knowledge gain;
In knowledge bliſs; for wiſdom virtue finds,
And brightens mortal to immortal minds.
Kind then, my wrongs, if love, like yours, ſucceed!
For you, like virtue, are a friend indeed.

Oft when you ſaw my youth wild error know,
Reproof, ſoft-hinted, taught the bluſh to glow.
Young and unform'd, you firſt my genius rais'd,
Juſt ſmil'd when faulty, and when mod'rate prais'd.
Me ſhun'd, me ruin'd, ſuch a mother's rage!
You ſung, till pity wept o'er ev'ry page.
You call'd my lays and wrongs to early fame;
Yet, yet, th' obdurate mother felt no ſhame.
Pierc'd as I was! your counſel ſoften'd care,
To eaſe turn'd anguiſh, and to hope deſpair.
The man who never wound afflictive feels,
He never felt the balmy worth that heals.
Welcome the wound, when bleſt with ſuch relief!
For deep is felt the friend, when felt in grief.

From you ſhall never, but with life, remove
Aſpiring genius, condeſcending love.
When ſome, with cold, ſuperior looks, redreſs,
Relief ſeems inſult, and confirms diſtreſs:
You, when you view the man with wrongs beſieg'd,
While warm you act th' obliger, ſeem th' oblig'd.

All-winning mild to each of lowly ſtate;
To equals free, unſervile to the great;
Greatneſs you honour, when by worth acquir'd;
Worth is by worth in ev'ry rank admir'd.
Greatneſs you ſcorn, when titles inſult ſpeak;
Proud to vain pride, to honour'd meekneſs meek.
That worthleſs bliſs, which others court, you fly;
That worthy woe, they ſhun, attracts your eye.

But

But ſhall the muſe reſound alone your praiſe?
No—let the public friend exalt her lays!
O trace that friend with me!—he's yours!—he's mine!—
The world's!—beneficent behold him ſhine!
Is wealth his ſphere? If riches, like a tide,
From either India pour their golden pride;
Rich in good works, him other wants employ;
He gives the widow's heart to ſing for joy.
To orphans, priſoners, ſhall his bounty flow;
The weeping family of want and woe.
Is knowledge his? Benevolently great,
In leiſure active, and in care ſedate;
What aid, his little wealth, perchance, denies,
In each hard inſtance, his advice ſupplies.
With modeſt truth he ſets the wand'ring right,
And gives religion pure, primeval light;
In love diffuſive, as in light refin'd,
The lib'ral emblem of his Maker's mind.
Is pow'r his orb? He then, like pow'r divine,
On all, tho' with a varied ray, will ſhine.
Ere pow'r was his, the man, he once careſs'd,
Meets the ſame faithful ſmile, and mutual breaſt:
But aſks his friend ſome dignity of ſtate;
His friend, unequal to th' incumbent weight?
Aſks it a ſtranger, one whom parts inſpire
With all a people's welfare would require?

His choice admits no pauſe; his gift will prove.
All private, well abſorb'd in public love.
He ſhields his country, when for aid ſhe calls;
Or ſhou'd ſhe fall, with her he greatly falls:
But, as proud Rome, with guilty conqueſt crown'd,
Spread ſlav'ry, death, and deſolation round,
Shou'd e'er his country, for dominion's prize,
Againſt the ſons of men a faction riſe,
Glory, in hers, is in his eye diſgrace;
The friend of truth, the friend of human race.
Thus to no one, no ſect, no clime confin'd,
His boundleſs love embraces all mankind;
And all their virtues in his life are known;
And all their joys and ſorrows are his own.
Theſe are the lights, where ſtands that friend confeſt;
This, this the ſpirit, which informs thy breaſt.
Thro' fortune's cloud thy genuine worth can ſhine;
What wouldſt thou not, were wealth and greatneſs thine?

AN

EPISTLE

TO

MR. JOHN DYER,

AUTHOR OF GRONGAR-HILL,

IN ANSWER TO HIS FROM THE COUNTRY.

NOW various birds in melting concert ſing,
And hail the beauty of the opening ſpring;
Now to thy dreams the nightingale complains,
Till the lark wakes thee with her cheerful ſtrains;
Wakes, in thy verſe and friendſhip ever kind,
Melodious comfort to my jarring mind.
Oh, could my ſoul thro' depths of knowledge ſee,
Cou'd I read nature and mankind like thee,
I ſhould o'ercome, or bear the rocks of fate,
And draw e'en envy to the humbleſt ſtate.
Thou canſt raiſe honour from each ill event,
From ſhocks gain vigour, and from want content.
Think not light poetry my life's chief care!
The muſe's manſion is, at beſt, but air;
But, if more ſolid works my meaning forms,
Th' unfiniſh'd ſtructures fall by fortune's ſtorms.
Oft have I ſaid we falſly thoſe accuſe,
Whoſe godlike ſouls life's middle ſtate refuſe.
Self-love,

Self-love, I cry'd, there ſeeks ignoble reſt;
Care ſleeps not calm, when millions wake unbleſt;
Mean let me ſhrink, or ſpread ſweet ſhade o'er all,
Low as the ſhrub, or as the cedar tall!—
'Twas vain! 'twas wild!—I ſought the middle ſtate,
And found the good, and found the truly great.
Tho' verſe can never give my ſoul her aim;
Tho' action only claims ſubſtantial fame;
Tho' fate denies what my proud wants require,
Yet grant me, heav'n, by knowledge to aſpire:
Thus to enquiry let me prompt the mind;
Thus clear dimm'd truth, and bid her bleſs mankind;
From the pierc'd orphan thus draw ſhafts of grief,
Arm want with patience, and teach wealth relief!
To ſerve lov'd liberty inſpire my breath!
Or, if my life be uſeleſs, grant me death;
For he, who uſeleſs is in life ſurvey'd,
Burthens that world, his duty bids him aid.
Say, what have honours to allure the mind,
Which he gains moſt, who leaſt has ſerv'd mankind?
Titles, when worn by fools I dare deſpiſe;
Yet they claim homage, when they crown the wiſe.
When high diſtinction marks deſerving heirs,
Deſert ſtill dignifies the mark it wears.
But, who to birth alone wou'd honours owe?
Honours, if true, from ſeeds of merit grow.
Thoſe trees, with ſweeteſt charms, invite our eyes,
Which, from our own engraftment, fruitful riſe.

Still

Still we love beſt what we with labour gain,
As the child's dearer for the mother's pain.
The Great I wou'd nor envy nor deride;
Nor ſtoop to ſwell a vain Superior's pride;
Nor view an Equal's hope with jealous eyes;
Nor cruſh the wretch beneath, who wailing lies.
My ſympathizing breaſt his grief can feel,
And my eye weep the wound I cannot heal.
Ne'er among friendſhips let me ſow debate,
Nor by another's fall advance my ſtate;
Nor miſuſe wit againſt an abſent friend:
Let me the virtues of a foe defend!
In wealth and want true minds preſerve their weight;
Meek, tho' exalted; tho' diſgrac'd elate;
Gen'rous and grateful, wrong'd or help'd, they live;
Grateful to ſerve, and gen'rous to forgive.
This may they learn, who cloſe thy life attend;
Which, dear in mem'ry, ſtill inſtructs thy friend.
Tho' cruel diſtance bars my groſſer eye,
My ſoul, clear-ſighted, draws thy virtue nigh;
Thro' her deep woe that quick'ning comfort gleams,
And lights up Fortitude with Friendſhip's beams.

THE

VERSES.

OCCASIONED BY THE

VICE-PRINCIPAL

OF

ST. MARY-HALL, OXFORD,

BEING PRESENTED BY

THE HON. MRS. KNIGHT,

TO THE LIVING OF GOSFIELD IN ESSEX.

WHILE by mean arts, and meaner patrons riſe
Prieſts, whom the learned and the good deſpiſe;
This ſees fair Knight, in whoſe tranſcendant mind,
Are wiſdom, purity, and truth enſhrin'd.
A modeſt merit now ſhe plans to lift,
Thy living, Goſfield, falls her inſtant gift.
Let me (ſhe ſaid) reward alone the wiſe,
And make the church-revenue virtue's prize.
She ſought the man of honeſt, candid breaſt,
In faith, in works of goodneſs, full expreſt;
Tho' young, yet tut'ring academic youth
To ſcience moral, and religious truth.
She ſought where the diſintereſted friend,
The ſcholar, ſage, and free companion blend;
The pleaſing poet, and the deep divine,
She ſought, ſhe found, and, Hart! the prize was thine.

FULVIA.

FULVIA.

A POEM.

LET Fulvia's wiſdom be a ſlave to will,
Her darling paſſions, ſcandal and quadrille;
On friends and foes her tongue a ſatire known,
Her deeds a ſatire on herſelf alone.
On her poor kindred deigns ſhe word or look?
'Tis cold reſpect, or 'tis unjuſt rebuke;
Worſe when good-natur'd than when moſt ſevere;
The jeſt impure then pains the modeſt ear.
How juſt the ſceptic? the divine how odd?
What turns of wit play ſmartly on her God?
The fates, my neareſt kindred, foes decree:
Fulvia, when piqu'd at them, ſtrait pities me.
She, like benevolence, a ſmile beſtows,
Favours to me indulge her ſpleen to thoſe.
The banquet ſerv'd, with peereſſes I ſit:
She tells my ſtory, and repeats my wit.
With mouth diſtorted, thro' a ſounding noſe
It comes, now homelineſs more homely grows.
With ſee-ſaw ſounds and nonſenſe not my own,
She ſcrews her features, and ſhe cracks her tone.
How fine your Baſtard? why ſo ſoft a ſtrain?
What ſuch a mother? Satirize again!
Oft I object—but fix'd is Fulvia's will—
Ah! tho' unkind, ſhe is my mother ſtill!

The

The verſe now flows, the manuſcript ſhe claims.
'Tis fam'd—The fame each curious fair enflames:
The wild-fire runs; from copy, copy grows:
The Brets, alarm'd, a ſep'rate peace propoſe.
'Tis ratified—How alter'd Fulvia's look?
My wit's degraded, and my cauſe forſook.
Thus ſhe: What's poetry, but to amuſe?
Might I adviſe—there are more ſolid views.
With a cool air ſhe adds: This tale is old:
Were it my caſe, it ſhould no more be told.
Complaints—had I been worthy to adviſe—
You know—But when are wits, like women, wiſe?
True, it may take, but think whate'er you liſt,
All love the ſatire, none the ſatiriſt.

I ſtart, I ſtare, ſtand fix'd, then pauſe awhile;
Then heſitate, then ponder well, then ſmile.
Madam—a penſion loſt—and where's amends?
Sir (ſhe replies) indeed you'll loſe your friends.
Why did I ſtart? 'twas but a change of wind—
Or the ſame thing—the lady chang'd her mind.
I bow, depart, deſpiſe, diſcern her all:
Nanny reviſits, and diſgrac'd I fall.

Let Fulvia's friendſhip whirl with ev'ry whim!
A reed, a weather-cock, a ſhade, a dream:
No more the friendſhip ſhall be now diſplay'd
By weather-cock, or reed, or dream, or ſhade;
To Nanny fix'd unvarying ſhall it tend,
For ſouls, ſo form'd alike, were form'd to blend.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH

ON A

YOUNG LADY.

CLOS'D are thoſe eyes, that beam'd ſeraphic fire;
Cold is that breaſt, which gave the world deſire;
Mute is the voice where winning ſoftneſs warm'd,
Where muſic melted, and where wiſdom charm'd,
And lively wit, which decently confin'd,
No prude e'er thought impure, no friend unkind.
Cou'd modeſt knowledge, fair untrifling youth,
Perſuaſive reaſon, and endearing truth,
Cou'd honour, ſhewn in friendſhips moſt refin'd,
And ſenſe, that ſhields th' attempted virtuous mind,
The ſocial temper never known to ſtrife,
The height'ning graces that embelliſh life;
Cou'd theſe have e'er the darts of death defied,
Never, ah! never had Melinda died;
Nor can ſhe die—e'en now ſurvives her name,
Immortaliz'd by friendſhip, love, and fame.

THE

GENIUS OF LIBERTY.

A POEM.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEPARTURE OF

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1734.

MILD roſe the morn; the face of nature bright
Wore one extenſive ſmile of calm and light;
Wide, o'er the land, did hov'ring ſilence reign,
Wide o'er the blue diffuſion of the main;
When lo! before me, on the ſouthern ſhore,
Stood forth the pow'r, whom Albion's ſons adore;
Bleſt Liberty! whoſe charge is Albion's iſle;
Whom Reaſon gives to bloom, and Truth to ſmile;
Gives Peace to gladden, ſhelt'ring Law to ſpread,
Learning to lift aloft her laurel'd head,
Rich Induſtry to view, with pleaſing eyes,
Her fleets, her cities, and her harveſts riſe.
In curious emblems, ev'ry art, expreſt,
Glow'd from the loom, and brighten'd on his veſt.
Science in various lights attention won,
Wav'd on his robe, and glitter'd in the ſun.

My

My words, he cry'd, my words obſervance claim:
Reſound, ye Muſes, and receive 'em, Fame!
Here was my ſtation, when, o'er ocean wide,
The great, third William ſtretch'd his naval pride:
I, with my ſacred influence ſwell'd his ſoul;
Th' enſlav'd to free, th' enſlaver to controul.
In vain did waves diſperſe, and winds detain:
He came, he ſav'd; in his was ſeen my reign.
How juſt, how great, the plan his ſoul deſign'd,
To humble tyrants, and ſecure mankind!
Next Marlb'ro' in his ſteps ſucceſsful trod:
This godlike plann'd; that, finiſh'd like a god!
And while Oppreſſion fled to realms unknown,
Europe was free, and Britain glorious ſhone.
Where Naſſau's race extenſive growth diſplay'd,
There Freedom ever found a ſhelt'ring ſhade.
Still heav'n is kind!—See, from the princely root,
Millions to bleſs, the branch auſpicious ſhoot!
He lives, he flouriſhes, his honours ſpread:
Fair virtues blooming on his youthful head;
Nurſe him, ye heav'nly dews, ye ſunny rays,
Into firm health, fair fame, and length of days!
He paus'd, and caſting o'er the deep his eye,
Where the laſt billow ſwells into the ſky,
Where, in gay viſion, round th' horizon's line,
The moving clouds with various beauty ſhine;
As dropping from their boſom, ting'd with gold,
Shoots forth a ſail, amuſive to behold!

Lo! while its light the glowing wave returns,
Broad like a ſun the bark approaching burns.
Near, and more near, great Naſſau ſoon he ſpy'd,
And beauteous Anna, Britain's eldeſt pride!
Thus ſpoke the Genius, as advanc'd the ſail—
Hail, blooming hero! high-born princeſs, hail!
Thy charms thy mother's love of truth diſplay,
Her light of virtue, and her beauty's ray;
Her dignity; which, copying the divine,
Soften'd, thro' condeſcenſion, learns to ſhine.
Greatneſs of thought, with prudence for its guide;
Knowledge, from nature and from art ſupply'd;
To nobleſt objects pointed various ways;
Pointed by judgment's clear, unerring rays.
What manly virtues in her mind excel!
Yet on her heart what tender paſſions dwell!
For ah! what pangs did late her peace deſtroy,
To part with thee, ſo wont to give her joy!
How heav'd her breaſt! how ſadden'd was her mien!
All in the mother then was loſt the queen.
The ſwelling tear then dimm'd her parting view,
The ſtruggling ſigh ſtopp'd ſhort her laſt adieu:
E'en now thy fancied perils fill her mind;
The ſecret rock, rough wave, and riſing wind;
The ſhoal, ſo treach'rous, near the tempting land;
Th' ingulfing whirlpool, and the ſwallowing ſand;
Theſe fancied perils all, by day, by night,
In thoughts alarm her, and in dreams affright!

For

For thee her heart unceaſing love declares,
In doubts, in hopes, in wiſhes, and in pray'rs!
Her pray'rs are heard!—For me, 'tis thine to brave
The ſand, the ſhoal, rock, whirlpool, wind, and wave:
Kind Safety waits, to waft thee gently o'er,
And Joy, to greet thee on the Belgic ſhore.

May future times, when their fond praiſe would tell
How moſt their fav'rite characters excel;
How bleſt! how great!—then may their ſongs declare,
So great! ſo bleſt!—ſuch Anne and Naſſau were.

E GRÆCO RUF.

QUI TE VIDET BEATUS EST,
BEATIOR QUI TE AUDIET,
QUI BASIAT SEMIDEUS EST,
QUI TE POTITUR EST DEUS.

BUCHANAN.

THE FOREGOING LINES PARAPHRASED.

I.

HAPPY the man, who in thy ſparkling eyes,
His am'rous wiſhes ſees, reflecting, play;
Sees little laughing Cupids, glancing, riſe,
And, in ſoft-ſwimming languor, die away.

II.

Still happier he! to whom thy meanings roll
In ſounds, which love, harmonious love, inſpire;
On his charm'd ear ſits, rapt, his liſt'ning ſoul,
'Till admiration form intenſe deſire.

III.

Half-deity is he who warm may preſs
Thy lip, ſoft-ſwelling to the kindling kiſs;
And may that lip aſſentive warmth expreſs,
'Till love draw willing love to ardent bliſs!

IV.

Circling thy waiſt, and circled in thy arms,
Who, melting on thy mutual-melting breaſt,
Entranc'd enjoys love's whole luxurious charms,
Is all a God!—is of all heav'n poſſeſt.

THE

THE EMPLOYMENT OF BEAUTY.

A POEM.

ADDRESSED

TO MRS. BRIDGET JONES,

A YOUNG

WIDOW LADY OF LLANELLY, CARMARTHENSHIRE.

ONCE Beauty, wiſhing fond deſire to move,
Contriv'd to catch the heart of wand'ring Love.
Come pureſt atoms! Beauty aid implores;
For new ſoft texture leave etherial ſtores.
They come, they crowd, they ſhining hues unfold,
Be theirs a form which Beauty's ſelf ſhall mould!
To mould my charmer's form ſhe all apply'd—
Whence Cambria boaſts the birth of Nature's pride.
She calls the Graces—Such is Beauty's ſtate,
Prompt, at her call, th' obedient Graces wait.
Firſt your fair feet they ſhape, and ſhape to pleaſe;
Each ſtands deſign'd for dignity and eaſe.
Firm, on theſe curious pedeſtals, depend
Two poliſh'd pillars; which, as fair, aſcend;

From well-wrought knees, more fair, more large they
rise;
Seen by the muse, tho' hid from mortal eyes.
More polish'd yet, your fabric each sustains;
That purest temple where perfection reigns.
A small, sweet circle forms your faultless waist,
By Beauty shap'd, to be by Love embrac'd.
Beyond that less'ning waist two orbs devise,
What swelling charms, in fair proportion, rise!
Fresh-peeping there, two blushing buds are found,
Each like a rose, which lilies white surround.
There feeling sense, let pitying sighs inspire,
Till panting pity swells to warm desire:
Desire, tho' warm, is chaste; each warmest kiss,
All rapture chaste, when Hymen bids the bliss.
Rounding and soft, two taper arms descend;
Two snow-white hands, in taper fingers, end.
Lo! cunning Beauty, on each palm, designs
Love's fortune and your own, in mystic lines;
And lovely whiteness, either arm contains,
Diversified with azure-wand'ring veins;
The wand'ring veins conceal a gen'rous flood,
The purple treasure of celestial blood.
Rounding and white your neck, as curious, rears
O'er all a face, where Beauty's self appears.
Her soft attendants smooth the spotless skin,
And, smoothly-oval, turn the shapely chin;

The

The ſhapely chin, to Beauty's riſing face,
Shall, doubling gently, give a double grace,
And ſoon ſweet-opening, roſy lips diſcloſe
The well-rang'd teeth, in lily-whitening rows;
Here life is breath'd, and florid life aſſumes
A breath, whoſe fragrance vies with vernal blooms;
And two fair cheeks give modeſty to raiſe
A beauteous bluſh at praiſe, tho' juſt the praiſe.
And nature now, from each kind ray, ſupplies
Soft, clement ſmiles, and love-inſpiring eyes;
New Graces, to thoſe eyes, mild ſhades allow;
Fringe their fair lids, and pencil either brow.
While ſenſe of viſion lights up orbs ſo rare,
May none, but pleaſing objects, viſit there!
Two little porches, (which, one ſenſe empow'rs,
To draw rich ſcent from aromatic flow'rs)
In ſtructure neat, and deck'd with poliſh'd grace,
Shall equal firſt, then heighten beauty's face.
To ſmelling ſenſe, Oh, may the flow'ry year,
Its firſt, laſt, choiceſt incenſe offer here.
Tranſparent next, two curious creſcents bound
The two-fold entrance of inſpiring ſound,
And, granting a new power of ſenſe to hear,
New finer organs form each curious ear;
Form to imbibe what moſt the ſoul can move,
Muſic and Reaſon, Poeſy and Love.
Next, on an open front, is pleaſing wrought
A penſive ſweetneſs, born of patient thought;

Above your lucid ſhoulders locks diſplay'd,
Prone to deſcend, ſhall ſoften light with ſhade.
All, with a nameleſs air and mien unite,
And, as you move, each movement is delight.
Tun'd is your melting tongue, and equal mind,
At once by knowledge heighten'd and refin'd.

The Virtues next to Beauty's nod incline;
For, where they lend not light, ſhe cannot ſhine;
Let theſe, the temp'rate ſenſe of taſte reveal,
And give, while nature ſpreads the ſimple meal,
The palate pure, to reliſh health deſign'd,
From luxury as taintleſs as your mind.
The Virtues, Chaſtity and Truth impart,
And mould to ſweet benevolence your heart.

Thus Beauty finiſh'd—Thus ſhe gains the ſway,
And Love ſtill follows where ſhe leads the way.
From ev'ry gift of heav'n, to charm is thine;
To love, to praiſe, and to adore, be mine.

VERSES

VERSES

SENT TO

MRS. BRIDGET JONES,

WITH

THE WANDERER, A POEM:

ALLUDING TO AN EPISODE,

WHERE A YOUNG MAN TURNS HERMIT FOR THE LOSS OF HIS WIFE OLYMPIA.

WHEN with delight fond Love on Beauty dwelt,
While this the youth, and that the fair expreſt,
Faint was his joy compar'd to what I felt,
When in my angel Biddy's preſence bleſt.

Tell her, my muſe, in ſoft, ſad, ſighing breath,
If ſhe his piercing grief can pitying ſee,
Worſe than to him was his Olympia's death,
From her each moment's abſence is to me.

ON

FALSE HISTORIANS.

A SATIRE.

SURE of all plagues with which dull profe is curſt,
Scandals, from falſe hiſtorians, ſpot the worſt.
In queſt of theſe the muſe ſhall firſt advance,
Bold, to explore the regions of romance;
Romance, call'd Hiſt'ry—Lo! at once ſhe ſkims
The viſionary world of monkiſh whims;
Where fallacy, in legends, wildly ſhines,
And vengeance glares from violated ſhrines;
Where ſaints perform all tricks, and ſtartle thought
With many a miracle that ne'er was wrought;
Saints that ne'er liv'd, or ſuch as juſtice paints,
Jugglers on ſuperſtition palm'd for ſaints.
Here, canoniz'd, let creed-mongers be ſhown,
Red-letter'd ſaints, and red aſſaſſins known;
While thoſe they martyr'd, ſuch as angels roſe!
All black enroll'd among religion's foes,
Snatch'd by ſulphureous clouds, a LYE proclaims
Number'd with fiends, and plung'd in endleſs flames.

Hiſt'ry, from air or deep draws many a ſpright,
Such as, from nurſe or prieſt, might boys affright;

Or ſuch as but o'er fev'riſh ſlumbers fly,
And fix in melancholy frenzy's eye.
Now meteors make enthuſiaſt-wonder ſtare,
And image wild portentous wars in air!
Seers fall intranc'd! ſome wizard's lawleſs ſkill
Now whirls, now fetters nature's works at will!
Thus Hiſt'ry, by machine, mock-epic ſeems,
Not from poetic, but from monkiſh dreams.
The dev'l, who prieſt and ſorc'rer muſt obey,
The ſorc'rer us'd to raiſe, the parſon lay.
When Eachard wav'd his pen, the hiſt'ry ſhows,
The parſon conjur'd, and the fiend uproſe.
A camp at diſtance, and the ſcene a wood,
Here enter'd Noll, and there old Satan ſtood:
No tail his rump, his foot no hoof reveal'd;
Like a wiſe cuckold, with his horns conceal'd:
Not a gay ſerpent glitt'ring to the eye;
But more than ſerpent, or than harlot ſly:
For, lawyer-like, a fiend no wit can 'ſcape,
The demon ſtands confeſt in proper ſhape!
Now ſpreads his parchment, now is ſign'd the ſcroll;
Thus Noll gains empire, and the dev'l has Noll.
Wond'rous hiſtorian! thus account for evil,
And thus for its ſucceſs—'tis all the devil.
Tho' ne'er that dev'l we ſaw, yet one we ſee,
One of an author ſure, and—thou art he.
But duſky phantoms, muſe, no more purſue!
Now clearer objects open—yet untrue.

Awful

Awful the genuine hiſtorian's name!
Falſe ones—with what materials build they fame;
Fabricks of fame, by dirty means made good,
As neſts of martins are compil'd of mud.
Peace be with Curl—with him I wave all ſtrife,
Who pens each felon's, and each actor's life;
Biography that cooks the devil's martyrs,
And lards with luſcious rapes the cheats of Chartres.
Materials, which belief in gazettes claim,
Looſe-ſtrung, run gingling into hiſt'ry's name.
Thick as Egyptian clouds of raining flies;
As thick as worms where man corrupting lies;
As peſts obſcene that haunt the ruin'd pile;
As monſters flound'ring in the muddy Nile;
Minutes, Memoirs, Views and Reviews appear,
Where ſlander darkens each recorded year.
In a paſt reign is feign'd ſome am'rous league;
Some ring or letter now reveals th' intrigue:
Queens, with their minions, work unſeemly things,
And boys grow dukes, when catamites to kings.
Does a prince die? What poiſons they ſurmiſe!
No royal mortal ſure by nature dies.
Is a prince born? What birth more baſe believ'd?
Or, what's more ſtrange, his mother ne'er conceiv'd!
Thus ſlander popular, o'er truth prevails,
And eaſy minds imbibe romantic tales.
Thus, 'ſtead of hiſtory, ſuch authors raiſe
Mere crude wild novels of bad hints for plays.

Some

Some uſurp names—an Engliſh garreteer,
From Minutes forg'd, is Monſieur Menager*.
Some, while on good or ill ſucceſs they ſtare,
Give conduct a complexion dark or fair:
Others, as little to enquiry prone,
Account for actions, tho' their ſpring's unknown.
One ſtateſman vices has, and virtues too;
Hence will conteſted character enſue.
View but the black, he's fiend; the bright but ſcan,
He's angel: view him all—he's ſtill a man.
But ſuch hiſtorians all accuſe, acquit;
No virtue theſe, and thoſe no vice admit;
For either in a friend no fault will know,
And neither own a virtue in a foe.
Where hear-ſay knowledge fits on public names,
And bold conjecture or extols or blames,
Spring party-libels; from whoſe aſhes dead,
A monſter, miſnam'd Hiſt'ry, lifts its head.
Contending factions croud to hear its roar!
But when once heard, it dies to noiſe no more.
From theſe no anſwer, no applauſe from thoſe,
O'er half they ſimper, and o'er half they doze.

* The Minutes of Mons. Menager; a book calculated to vilify the adminiſtration in the four laſt years of queen Anne's reign. The truth is, that this libel was not written by Monſ. Menager, neither was any ſuch book ever printed in the French tongue, from which it is impudently ſaid in the title-page to be tranſlated.

So

So when in ſenate, with egregious pate,
Perks up Sir ..... in ſome deep debate;
He hems, looks wiſe, tunes thin his lab'ring throat,
To prove black white, poſtpone or palm the vote:
In fly contempt, ſome, Hear him! Hear him! cry;
Some yawn, ſome ſneer; none ſecond, none reply,
But dare ſuch miſcreants now ruſh abroad,
By blanket, cane, pump, pillory, unaw'd?
Dare they imp falſhood thus, and plume her wings,
From preſent characters, and recent things?
Yes: what untruths! or truths in what diſguiſe!
What Boyers and what Oldmixons ariſe!
What facts from all but them and ſlander ſcreen'd?
Here meets a council, no where elſe conven'd;
There, from originals, come, thick as ſpawn,
Letters ne'er wrote, memorials never drawn;
To ſecret conf'rence never held they yoke,
Treaties ne'er plann'd, and ſpeeches never ſpoke.
From, Oldmixon, thy brow, too well we know,
Like ſin from Satan's, far and wide they go.
In vain may St. John ſafe in conſcience ſit;
In vain with truth confute, contemn with wit:
Confute, contemn, amid ſelected friends;
There ſinks the juſtice, there the ſatire ends.
Here, tho' a cent'ry ſcarce ſuch leaves unclose,
From mould and duſt the ſlander ſacred grows.
Now none reply where all deſpiſe the page;
But will dumb ſcorn deceive no future age?

Then,

Then, ſhould dull periods cloud not ſeeming fact,
Will no fine pen th' unanſwer'd lie extract?
Well-ſet in plan, and poliſh'd into ſtile,
Fair and more fair may finiſh'd fraud beguile;
By ev'ry language ſnatch'd, by time receiv'd,
In ev'ry clime, by ev'ry age believ'd:
How vain to virtue truſt the great their name,
When ſuch their lot for infamy or fame?

A CHA-

A

CHARACTER.

FAIR Truth, in courts where Juſtice ſhould preſide,
Alike the Judge and Advocate would guide;
And theſe would vie each dubious point to clear,
To ſtop the widow's and the orphan's tear;
Were all, like York, of delicate addreſs,
Strength to diſcern, and ſweetneſs to expreſs,
Learn'd, juſt, polite, born ev'ry heart to gain,
Like Cummins mild; like * Forteſcue humane,
All-eloquent of truth, divinely known,
So deep, ſo clear, all Science is his own.

Of heart impure, and impotent of head,
In hiſt'ry, rhet'ric, ethics, law unread;
How far unlike ſuch worthies, once a drudge,
From ſtound'ring in low caſes, roſe a Judge.
Form'd to make pleaders laugh, his nonſenſe thunders,
And, on low juries, breathes contagious blunders.
His brothers bluſh, becauſe no bluſh he knows,
Nor e'er † 'one uncorrupted finger ſhows.'
See, drunk with pow'r, the circuit-lord expreſt!
Full, in his eye, his betters ſtand confeſt;
Whoſe wealth, birth, virtue, from a tongue ſo looſe,
'Scape not provincial, vile buffoon abuſe.

* The honourable William Forteſcue, Eſq; one of the juſtices of his Majeſty's Court of Common Pleas.

† When Page one uncorrupted finger ſhows.

D. of WHARTON.

Still to what circuit is aſſign'd his name,
There, ſwift before him, flies the warner—Fame.
Conteſt ſtops ſhort, Conſent yields ev'ry cauſe
To coſt; Delay, endures 'em, and withdraws.
But how 'ſcape pris'ners? To their trial chain'd,
All, all ſhall ſtand condemn'd, who ſtand arraign'd.
Dire guilt, which elſe would deteſtation cauſe,
Prejudg'd with inſult, wond'rous pity draws.
But 'ſcapes e'en Innocence his harſh harangue?
Alas!—e'en Innocence itſelf muſt hang;
Muſt hang to pleaſe him, when of ſpleen poſſeſt;
Muſt hang to bring forth an abortive jeſt.
Why liv'd he not ere Star-chambers had fail'd,
When fine, tax, cenſure, all but law prevail'd;
Or law, ſubſervient to ſome murd'rous will,
Became a precedent to murder ſtill?
Yet e'en when patriots did for traitors bleed,
Was e'er the jobb to ſuch a ſlave decreed,
Whoſe ſavage mind wants ſophiſt-art to draw,
O'er murder'd virtue, ſpecious veils of law?
Why, Student, when the bench your youth admits;
Where, tho' the worſt, with the beſt rank'd he ſits;
Where ſound opinions you attentive write,
As once a Raymond, now a Lee to cite.
Why pauſe you ſcornful when he dins the court?
Note well his cruel quirks and well report.
Let his own words againſt himſelf point clear
Satire more ſharp than verſe when moſt ſevere.

EPITAPH

ON MRS. JONES,

GRANDMOTHER

TO MRS. BRIDGET JONES,

OF LLANELLY IN CARMARTHENSHIRE.

IN her, whoſe relicks mark this ſacred earth,
Shone all domeſtic and all ſocial worth:
Firſt, heav'n her hope with early offſpring crown'd;
And thence a ſecond race roſe num'rous round.
Heav'n to induſtrious virtue bleſſing lent,
And all was competence, and all content.
Tho' frugal care, in Wiſdom's eye admir'd,
Knew to preſerve what induſtry acquir'd;
Yet, at her board, with decent plenty bleſt,
The journeying ſtranger ſat a welcome gueſt.
Preſt on all ſides, did trading neighbours fear
Ruin, which hung o'er exigence ſevere?
Farewel the friend, who ſpar'd th' aſſiſtant loan—
A neighbour's woe or welfare was her own.
Did piteous lazars oft attend her door?
She gave—farewel, the parent of the poor.
Youth, age, and want, once cheer'd, now ſighing ſwell,
Bleſs her lov'd name, and weep a laſt farewel.

VALEN-

VALENTINE'S DAY.

A POEM.

ADDRESSED

TO A YOUNG WIDOW LADY.

ADIEU, ye rocks that witneſs'd once my flame,
Return'd my ſighs, and echo'd Chloe's name!
Cambria, farewel!—my Chloe's charms no more
Invite my ſteps along Llanelly's ſhore;
There no wild dens conceal voracious foes,
The beach no fierce, amphibious monſter knows;
No crocodile there fleſh'd with prey appears,
And o'er that bleeding prey weeps cruel tears;
No falſe hyæna, feigning human grief,
There murders him, whoſe goodneſs means relief:
Yet tides, conſpiring with unfaithful ground,
Tho' diſtant ſeen, with treach'rous arms ſurround.
There quickſands, thick as beauty's ſnares, annoy,
Look fair to tempt, and whom they tempt, deſtroy.
I watch'd the ſeas, I pac'd the ſands with care,
Eſcap'd, but wildly ruſh'd on beauty's ſnare.
Ah!—better far, than by that ſnare o'erpower'd,
Had ſands engulf'd me, or had ſeas devour'd.
Far from that ſhore, where ſyren-beauty dwells,
And wraps ſweet ruin in reſiſtleſs ſpells;

From Cambrian plains; which Chloe's luſtre boaſt,
Me native England yields a ſafer coaſt.
Chloe, farewel!—Now ſeas, with boiſt'rous pride,
Divide us, and will ever far divide:
Yet while each plant, which vernal youth reſumes,
Feels the green blood aſcend in future blooms;
While little feather'd ſongſters of the air
In woodlands tuneful woo and fondly pair,
The muſe exults, to beauty tunes the lyre,
And willing Loves, the ſwelling notes inſpire.
Sure on this day, when hope attains ſucceſs,
Bright Venus firſt did young Adonis bleſs,
Her charms not brighter, Chloe, ſure, than thine;
Tho' fluſh'd his youth, not more his warmth than mine,
Sequeſter'd far within a myrtle grove,
Whoſe blooming boſom courts retiring love;
Where a clear ſun, the blue ſerene diſplays,
And ſheds, thro' vernal air, attemper'd rays;
Where flow'rs their aromatic incenſe bring,
And fragrant flouriſh in eternal ſpring;
There mate to mate each dove reſponſive coos,
While this aſſents, as that enamour'd woos.
There rills amuſive, ſend from rocks around,
A ſolitary, pleaſing, murm'ring ſound;
Then form a limpid lake. The lake ſerene
Reflects the wonders of the bliſsful ſcene.
To love the birds attune their chirping throats,
And on each breeze immortal muſic floats.

There,

There, ſeated on a riſing turf is ſeen,
Graceful, in looſe array, the Cyprian queen;
All freſh and fair, all mild, as Ocean gave
The goddeſs, riſing from the azure wave;
Diſhevel'd locks diſtil celeſtial dews,
And all her limbs, divine perfumes diffuſe.
Her voice ſo charms, the plumy, warb'ling throngs,
In liſt'ning wonder loſt, ſuſpend their ſongs.
It ſounds—'Why loiters my Adonis?'—cry,'
'Why loiters my Adonis?—rocks reply.
'Oh, come away!'—they thrice, repeating, ſay;
And Echo thrice repeats,—'Oh, come away!'—
Kind zephyrs waft 'em to her lover's ears;
Who, inſtant at th' inchanting call, appears.
Her placid eye, where ſparkling joy refines,
Benignant, with alluring luſtre ſhines.
His locks, which in looſe ringlets, charm the view,
Float careleſs, lucid from their amber hue.
A myrtle wreath, her roſy fingers frame,
Which, from her hand, his poliſh'd temples claim;
His temples fair, a ſtreaking beauty ſtains,
As ſmooth white marble ſhines with azure veins.
He kneel'd. Her ſnowy hand, he trembling ſeiz'd,
Juſt lifted to his lip, and gently ſqueez'd;
The meaning ſqueeze return'd, love caught its lore
And enter'd, at his palm, thro' ev'ry pore.
Then ſwell'd her downy breaſts, till then enclos'd,
Faſt-heaving, half-conceal'd and half-expos'd:

Soft ſhe reclines. He, as they fall and riſe,
Hangs, hov'ring o'er 'em, with enamour'd eyes,
And, warm'd, grows wanton—as he thus admir'd,
He pry'd, he touch'd, and with the touch, was fir'd.
Half-angry, yet half-pleas'd, her frown beguiles
The boy to fear; but, at his fear, ſhe ſmiles.
The youth leſs tim'rous, and the fair leſs coy,
Supinely am'rous they reclining toy.
More am'rous ſtill his ſanguine meanings ſtole
In wiſtful glances, to her ſoft'ning ſoul:
In her fair eye her ſoft'ning ſoul he reads;
To freedom, freedom, boon, to boon, ſucceeds.
With conſcious bluſh, th' impaſſion'd charmer burns;
And, bluſh for bluſh, th' impaſſion'd youth returns.
They look, they languiſh, ſigh with pleaſing pain,
And wiſh and gaze, and gaze and wiſh again.
'Twixt her white, parting boſom ſteals the boy,
And more than hope preludes tumultuous joy;
Thro' ev'ry vein the vig'rous tranſport ran,
Strung ev'ry nerve, and brac'd the boy to man.
Struggling, yet yielding, half o'erpower'd, ſhe pants,
Seems to deny, and yet, denying, grants.
Quick, like the tendrils of a curling vine,
Fond limbs with limbs, in am'rous folds, entwine.
Lips preſs on lips, careſſing, and careſt,
Now eye darts flame to eye, and breaſt to breaſt.
All ſhe reſigns, as dear deſires incite,
And rapt, he reach'd the brink of full delight.

Her

Her waiſt compreſs'd in his exulting arms,
He ſtorms, explores, and rifles all her charms;
Claſps in extatic bliſs th' expiring fair,
And, thrilling, melting, neſtling, riots there.
How long the rapture laſts, how ſoon it fleets,
How oft it pauſes, and how oft repeats;
What joys they both receive and both beſtow,
Virgins may gueſs, but wives experienc'd know:
From joys, like theſe, (Ah, why deny'd to me?)
Sprung a freſh, blooming boy, my fair, from thee.
May he, a new Adonis, lift his creſt,
In all the florid grace of youth confeſt!
Firſt let him learn to liſp your lover's name,
And, when he reads, here annual read my flame.
When beauty firſt ſhall wake his genial fire,
And the firſt tingling ſenſe excite deſire;
When the dear object, of his peace poſſeſt,
Gains and ſtill gains on his unguarded breaſt:
Then may he ſay, as he this verſe reviews,
So my bright mother charm'd the poet's muſe.
His heart thus flutter'd oft 'twixt doubt and fear,
Lighten'd with hope, and ſadden'd with deſpair.
Say, on ſome rival did ſhe ſmile too kind?
Ah, read—what jealouſy diſtracts his mind!
Smil'd ſhe on him? He imag'd rays divine,
And gaz'd and gladden'd with a love like mine.
How dwelt her praiſe upon his raptur'd tongue!
Ah!—when ſhe frown'd, what plaintive notes he ſung!

And could ſhe frown on him—Ah, wherefore, tell!
On him, whoſe only crime was loving well?
Thus may thy ſon, his pangs with mine compare;
Then wiſh his mother had been kind as fair.
For him may Love the myrtle wreath entwine;
Tho' the ſad willow ſuits a woe like mine!
Ne'er may the filial hope, like me, complain!
Ah! never ſigh and bleed, like me, in vain!
When death affords that peace which love denies,
Ah, no!—far other ſcenes my fate ſupplies;
When earth to earth my lifeleſs corſe is laid,
And o'er it hangs the yew or cypreſs ſhade:
When pale I flit along the dreary coaſt,
An hapleſs lover's pining plaintive ghoſt;
Here annual on this dear returning day,
While feather'd choirs renew the melting lay;
May you, my fair, when you theſe ſtrains ſhall ſee,
Juſt ſpare one ſigh, one tear to love and me,
Me, who, in abſence or in death, adore
Thoſe heavenly charms I muſt behold no more.

TO

JOHN POWELL, ESQ.

BARRISTER AT LAW.

IN me, long abſent, long with anguiſh fraught,
In me, tho' ſilence long has deaden'd thought,
Yet mem'ry lives, and calls the muſe's aid,
To ſnatch our friendſhip from oblivion's ſhade.
As ſoon the ſun ſhall ceaſe the world to warm,
As ſoon Llanelly's * fair that world to charm,
As grateful ſenſe of goodneſs, true like thine,
Shall e'er deſert a breaſt ſo warm as mine.
When imag'd Cambria ſtrikes my mem'ry's eye,
(Cambria, my darling ſcene!) I, ſighing, cry
Where is my Powell? dear aſſociate!—where?
To him I would unboſom ev'ry care;
To him, who early felt, from beauty, pain;
Gall'd in a plighted, faithleſs virgin's chain.
At length, from her ungen'rous fetters freed,
Again he loves! he woos! his hopes ſucceed!
But the gay bridegroom, ſtill by fortune croſt,
Is, inſtant, in the weeping wid'wer loſt.
Her, his ſole joy! her from his boſom torn,
What feeling heart, but learns, like his, to mourn?

* Mrs. Bridget Jones. See vol. II. p. 197, 201.

Can

Can nature then, ſuch ſudden ſhocks ſuſtain?
Nature thus ſtruck, all reaſon pleads in vain!
Tho' late, from reaſon yet he draws relief,
Dwells on her mem'ry; but diſpels his grief.
Love, wealth and fame (tyrannic paſſions all!)
No more enflame him, and no more enthral.
He ſeeks no more, in Rufus' hall, renown;
Nor envies Pelf the jargon of the gown;
But pleas'd with competence, on rural plains,
His wiſdom courts that eaſe his worth obtains.
Would private jars, which ſudden riſe, encreaſe?
His candour ſmiles all diſcord into peace.
To party ſtorms is public weal reſign'd?
Each ſteady, patriot-virtue ſteers his mind.
Calm, on the beach, while madd'ning billows rave,
He gains philoſophy from ev'ry wave;
Science, from ev'ry object round, he draws;
From various nature and from nature's laws.
He lives o'er ev'ry paſt hiſtoric age;
He calls forth ethics from the fabled page.
Him evangelic truth, to thought excites;
And him, by turns, each claſſic muſe delights.
With wit well-natur'd; wit, that would diſdain
A pleaſure riſing from another's pain;
Social to all, and moſt of bliſs poſſeſt,
When moſt he renders all, around him, bleſt:
To unread ſquires, illiterally gay;
Among the learn'd, as learned full as they;

With

With the polite, all, all-accompliſh'd eaſe,
By nature form'd, without deceit, to pleaſe.
Thus ſhines thy youth; and thus, my friend, elate
In bliſs as well as worth, is truly great.
Me ſtill ſhould ruthleſs fate, unjuſt, expoſe
Beneath thoſe clouds, that rain unnumber'd woes;
Me, to ſome nobler ſphere, ſhould fortune raiſe,
To wealth conſpicuous, and to laurel'd praiſe:
Unalter'd yet be love and friendſhip mine;
I ſtill am Chloe's, and I ſtill am thine.

THE

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM

ON HER

MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY, 1731-2.

No. I.

TWICE twenty tedious moons have roll'd away,
Since hope, kind flatt'rer! tun'd my penſive lay,
Whiſp'ring, that You, who rais'd me from deſpair,
Meant, by Your ſmiles, to make life worth my care;
With pitying hand an orphan's tears to ſkreen,
And o'er the motherleſs extend the queen.
'Twill be—the prophet guides the poet's ſtrain!
Grief never touch'd a heart like Your's in vain:
Heav'n gave You pow'r, becauſe You love to bleſs,
And pity, when You feel it, is redreſs.

Two fathers join'd to rob my claim of one!
My mother too thought fit to have no ſon!
The Senate next, whoſe aid the helpleſs own,
Forgot my infant wrongs, and mine alone!
Yet parents pityleſs, nor peers unkind,
Nor titles loſt, nor woes myſterious join'd,
Strip me of hope—by heav'n thus lowly laid,
To find a Pharaoh's daughter in the ſhade.

You

You cannot hear unmov'd, when wrongs implore,
Your heart is woman, tho' Your mind be more;
Kind, like the pow'r who gave You to our pray'rs,
You would not lengthen life to ſharpen cares;
They, who a barren leave to live beſtow,
Snatch but from death to ſacrifice to woe.
Hated by her from whom my life I drew,
Whence ſhould I hope, if not from heav'n and You?
Nor dare I groan beneath affliction's rod,
My queen my mother, and my father—God.
The pitying muſes ſaw me wit purſue;
A Baſtard-ſon, alas! on that ſide too,
Did not Your eyes exalt the poet's fire,
And what the muſe denies, the Queen inſpire,
While riſing thus Your heav'nly ſoul to view,
I learn, how angels think, by copying You.
Great Princeſs! 'tis decreed—once ev'ry year
I march uncall'd your Laureat Volunteer;
Thus ſhall your poet his low genius raiſe,
And charm the world with truths too vaſt for praiſe.
Nor need I dwell on glories all your own,
Since ſurer means to tempt your ſmiles are known;
Your poet ſhall allot your Lord his part,
And paint him in his nobleſt throne—your heart.
Is there a greatneſs that adorns Him beſt,
A riſing wiſh, that ripens in his breaſt?
Has He foremeant ſome diſtant age to bleſs,
Diſarm oppreſſion, or expel diſtreſs?

Plans

Plans he ſome ſcheme to reconcile mankind,
People the ſeas, and buſy ev'ry wind?
Would He by pity the deceiv'd reclaim,
And ſmile contending factions into ſhame?
Would his example lend his laws a weight,
And breathe his own ſoft morals o'er a ſtate?
The muſe ſhall find it all, ſhall make it ſeen,
And teach the world his praiſe, to charm his Queen.
Such be the annual truths my verſe imparts,
Nor frown, fair fav'rite of a people's hearts!
Happy if plac'd, perchance, beneath your eye,
My muſe, unpenſion'd, might her pinions try;
Fearleſs to fail, whilſt you indulge her flame,
And bid me proudly boaſt Your Laureat's name;
Benobled thus by wreaths my Queen beſtows,
I loſe all memory of wrongs and woes.

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM

ON HER MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY, 1732-3.

No. II.

"GREAT Princeſs, 'tis decreed! once ev'ry year,
"I march uncall'd, your Laureat-Volunteer."
So ſung the muſe; nor ſung the muſe in vain:
My Queen accepts, the year renews the ſtrain.
Ere firſt your influence ſhone with heav'nly aid,
Each thought was terror; for each view was ſhade.
Fortune to life each flow'ry path deny'd;
No ſcience learn'd to bloom, no lay to glide.
Inſtead of hallow'd hill, or vocal vale,
Or ſtream, ſweet-echoing to the tuneful tale;
Damp dens confin'd, or barren deſarts ſpread,
Which ſpectres haunted, and the muſes fled;
Ruins in penſive emblem ſeem'd to riſe,
And all was dark, or wild, to Fancy's eyes.
But hark! a gladd'ning voice all nature chears!
Diſperſe, ye glooms! a day of joy appears?
Hail, happy day!—'Twas on thy glorious morn,
The firſt, the faireſt of her ſex was born!

How

How ſwift the change? Cold, wint'ry ſorrows fly;
Where-e'er ſhe looks, delight ſurrounds the eye!
Mild ſhines the ſun, the woodlands warble round,
The vales ſweet echo, ſweet the rocks reſound!
In cordial air ſoft fragrance floats along;
Each ſcene is verdure, and each voice is ſong!
Shoot from yon orb divine, ye quick'ning rays!
Boundleſs, like her benevolence, ye blaze!
Soft emblems of her bounty, fall ye ſhowers!
And ſweet aſcend, and fair unfold ye flowers!
Ye roſes, lilies, you we earlieſt claim,
In whiteneſs, and in fragrance, match her fame!
'Tis yours to fade, to fame like hers is due
Undying ſweets, and bloom for ever new.
Ye bloſſoms, that one varied landſcape riſe,
And ſend your ſcentful tribute to the ſkies;
Diffuſive like yon Royal Branches ſmile,
Grace the young year, and glad the grateful iſle!
Attend, ye muſes! mark the feather'd quires!
Thoſe the ſpring wakes, as you the Queen inſpires.
O, let her praiſe for ever ſwell your ſong!
Sweet let your ſacred ſtreams the notes prolong,
Clear, and more clear, thro' all my lays refine;
And there let heav'n and her reflected ſhine!
As when chill blights from vernal ſuns retire,
Chearful the vegetative world aſpire,
Put forth unfolding blooms, and waving try
Th' enlivening influence of a milder ſky;

So gives her birth, (like yon approaching ſpring,)
The land to flouriſh, and the muſe to ſing.
'Twas thus, Zenobia, on Palmyra's throne,
In learning, beauty, and in virtue ſhone;
Beneath her roſe, Longinus, in thy name,
The poet's, critick's, and the patriot's fame!
Is there (ſo high be you, great Princeſs, prais'd!)
A woe unpitied, or a worth unrais'd?
Art learns to ſoar by your ſweet influence taught;
In life well cheriſh'd; nor in death forgot:
In death, as life, the learn'd your goodneſs tell!
Witneſs the ſacred buſts of Richmond's cell!
Sages, who in unfading light will ſhine;
Who graſp'd at ſcience, like your own, divine!
The muſe, who hails with ſong this glorious morn,
Now looks thro' days, thro' months, thro' years unborn;
All white they riſe, and in their courſe expreſt
A king by kings rever'd, by ſubjects bleſt!
A queen, where-e'er true greatneſs ſpreads in fame;
Where learning tow'rs beyond her ſex's aim;
Where pure religion no extream can touch,
Of faith too little, nor of zeal too much;
Where theſe behold, as on this bleſs'd of morns,
What love protects 'em, and what worth adorns;
Where-e'er diffuſive goodneſs ſmiles, a Queen
Still prais'd with rapture, as with wonder ſeen!
See nations round, of ev'ry wiſh poſſeſt!
Life in each eye, and joy in ev'ry breaſt!

Shall I, on what I lightly touch, explain?
Shall I (vain thought!) attempt the finiſh'd ſtrain?
No!—let the poet ſtop unequal lays,
And to the juſt hiſtorian yield your praiſe.

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM

ON HER MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY, 1734-5.

No. IV.

IN youth no parent nurs'd my infant ſongs,
'Twas mine to be inſpir'd alone by wrongs;
Wrongs, that with life their fierce attack began,
Drank infant tears, and ſtill purſue the man.
Life ſcarce is life—Dejection all is mine;
The power, that loves in lonely ſhades to pine;
Of faded cheek, of unelated views;
Whoſe weaken'd eyes the rays of hope refuſe.
'Tis mine the mean, inhuman pride to find;
Who ſhuns th' oppreſs'd, to fortune only kind;
Whoſe pity's inſult, and whoſe cold reſpect
Is keen as ſcorn, ungen'rous as neglect.
Void of benevolent, obliging grace,
Ev'n dubious friendſhip half averts his face.
Thus ſunk in ſickneſs, thus with woes oppreſt,
How ſhall the fire awake within my breaſt?
How ſhall the muſe her flagging pinions raiſe?
How tune her voice to Carolina's praiſe?

From jarring thought no tuneful raptures flow;
Theſe with fair days, and gentle ſeaſons glow:
Such give alone ſweet Philomel to ſing,
And Philomel's the poet of the ſpring.
But ſoft, my ſoul! ſee yon celeſtial light!
Before whoſe lambent luſtre breaks the night.
It glads me like the morning clad in dews,
And beams reviving from the vernal muſe:
Inſpiring joyous peace, 'tis ſhe! 'tis ſhe!
A ſtranger long to miſery and me.
Her verdant mantle gracefully declines,
And, flow'r-embroider'd, as it varies, ſhines.
To form her garland, Zephir, from his wing,
Throws the firſt flow'rs and foliage of the ſpring.
Her looks how lovely! health and joy have lent
Bloom to her cheek, and to her brow content.
Behold, ſweet-beaming, her etherial eyes!
Soft as the Pleiads o'er the dewy ſkies.
She blunts the point of care, alleviates woes,
And pours the balm of comfort and repoſe;
Bids the heart yield to Virtue's ſilent call,
And ſhews Ambition's ſons mere children all;
Who hunt for toys which pleaſe with tinſel ſhine;
For which they ſquabble, and for which they pine.
Oh! hear her voice, more mellow than the gale,
That breath'd thro' ſhepherd's pipe, enchants the vale!
Hark! ſhe invites from city ſmoke and noiſe,
Vapours impure, and from impurer joys;

From

From various evils, that, with rage combin'd,
Untune the body, and pollute the mind:
From crowds, to whom no ſocial faith belongs,
Who tread one circle of deceit and wrongs;
With whom politeneſs is but civil guile,
And laws oppreſs, exerted by the vile.
To this oppos'd, the muſe preſents the ſcene;
Where ſylvan pleaſures ever ſmile ſerene;
Pleaſures that emulate the bleſt above,
Health, innocence, and peace, the muſe, and love;
Pleaſures that raviſh, while alternate wrought
By friendly converſe, and abſtracted thought.
Theſe ſooth my throbbing breaſt. No loſs I mourn;
Tho' both from riches and from grandeur torn.
Weep I a cruel mother? No—I've ſeen,
From heav'n, a pitying, a maternal queen.
One gave me life; but would no comfort grant;
She more than life reſum'd by giving want.
Would ſhe the being which ſhe gave deſtroy?
My queen gives life, and bids me hope for joy.
Honour and wealth I chearfully reſign;
If competence, if learned eaſe be mine!
If I by mental, heartfelt joys be fir'd,
And in the vale, by all the muſe inſpir'd!
Here ceaſe my plaint—See yon enliv'ning ſcenes!
Child of the ſpring! Behold the beſt of Queens!
Softneſs and beauty roſe this heav'nly morn,
Dawn'd Wiſdom, and Benevolence was born.

Joy, o'er a people, in her influence roſe ;
Like that which ſpring o'er rural nature throws.
War to the peaceful pipe reſigns his roar,
And breaks his billows on ſome diſtant ſhore.
Domeſtic diſcord ſinks beneath her ſmile,
And arts, and trade, and plenty glad the iſle.
Lo ! Induſtry ſurveys, with feaſted eyes,
His due reward, a plenteous harveſt riſe !
Nor (taught by Commerce) joys in that alone ;
But ſees the harveſt of a world his own.
Hence thy juſt praiſe, thou mild, majeſtic Thames !
Rich river ! richer than Pactolus' ſtreams !
Than thoſe renown'd of yore, by poets roll'd
O'er intermingled pearls, and ſands of gold.
How glorious thou, when from old Ocean's urn,
Loaded with India's wealth thy waves return !
Alive thy banks ! along each bordering line,
High culture blooms, inviting villa's ſhine ;
And while around ten thouſand beauties glow,
Theſe ſtill o'er thoſe redoubling luſtre throw.
" Come then, (ſo whiſper'd the indulgent Muſe)
" Come then, in Richmond groves thy ſorrows loſe !
" Come then, and hymn this day ! The pleaſing ſcene
" Shews, in each view, the genius of thy Queen.
" Hear Nature whiſpering in the breeze her ſong !
" Hear her ſweet-warbling thro' the feather'd throng !
" Come ! with the warbling world thy notes unite,
" And with the vegetative ſmile delight !

" Sure

" Sure ſuch a ſcene and ſong will ſoon reſtore
" Loſt quiet, and give bliſs unknown before;
" Receive it grateful, and adore, when given,
" The goodneſs of thy parent, Queen, and heaven!
" With me each private virtue lifts the voice;
" While public ſpirit bids a land rejoice:
" O'er all thy Queen's benevolence deſcends,
" And wide o'er all her vital light extends.
" As winter ſoftens into ſpring, to You
" Blooms Fortune's ſeaſon, thro' her ſmile, anew.
" Still, for paſt bounty, let new lays impart
" The ſweet effuſions of a grateful heart!
" Caſt thro' the teleſcope of hope your eye!
" There goodneſs infinite, ſupreme, deſcry!
" From him that ray of virtue ſtream'd on earth,
" Which kindled Caroline's bright ſoul to birth.
" Behold! he ſpreads one univerſal ſpring!
" Mortals, transform'd to angels, then ſhall ſing;
" Oppreſſion then ſhall fly with want and ſhame,
" And bleſſing and exiſtence be the ſame!"

THE

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM

ON HER

MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY, 1735-6.

No. V.

LO! the mild ſun ſalutes the opening ſpring,
And gladd'ning nature calls the muſe to ſing;
Gay chirp the birds, the bloomy ſweets exhale,
And health, and ſong, and fragrance fill the gale.
Yet, mildeſt ſuns, to me are pain ſevere,
And muſic's ſelf is diſcord to my ear!
I, jocund ſpring, unſympathizing, ſee,
And health, that comes to all, comes not to me.
Dear health once fled, what ſpirits can I find?
What ſolace meet, when fled my peace of mind?
From abſent books, what ſtudious hint deviſe?
From abſent friends, what aid to thought can riſe?
A genius whiſper'd in my ear—Go ſeek
Some man of ſtate!—The muſe your wrongs may ſpeak.
But will ſuch liſten to the plaintive ſtrain?
The happy ſeldom heed th' unhappy's pain.
To wealth, to honours, wherefore was I born?
Why left to poverty, repulſe, and ſcorn?

Why

Why was I form'd of elegant deſires?
Thought, which beyond a vulgar flight aſpires!
Why, by the proud, and wicked, cruſh'd to earth?
Better the day of death, than day of birth!
Thus I exclaim'd: a little cherub ſmil'd:
Hope, I am call'd (ſaid he), a heav'n-born child!
Wrongs ſure you have; complain you juſtly may:
But let wild ſorrow whirl not thought away!
No—truſt to honour! that you ne'er will ſtain
From peerage-blood, which fires your filial vein.
Truſt more to Providence! from me ne'er ſwerve!
Once to diſtruſt, is never to deſerve.
Did not this day a Caroline diſcloſe?
I promis'd at her birth, and bleſſing roſe!
(Bleſſing, o'er all the letter'd world to ſhine,
In knowledge clear, beneficence divine!)
'Tis hers, as mine, to chaſe away deſpair;
Woe undeſerv'd, is her peculiar care.
Her bright benevolence ſends me to grief:
On want ſheds bounty, and on wrong relief.
Then calm-ey'd Patience, born of angel-kind,
Open'd a dawn of comfort on my mind.
With her came Fortitude of godlike air!
Theſe arm to conquer ills; at leaſt to bear:
Arm'd thus, my Queen, while wayward fates ordain,
My life to lengthen, but to lengthen pain;
Your bard, his ſorrows with a ſmile endures;
Since to be wretched, is, to be made Yours,

THE

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A N O D E

ON HER MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY, 1736-7.

No. VI.

YE Spirits bright, that ether rove,
That breathe the vernal ſoul of love;
Bid health deſcend in balmy dews,
And life in ev'ry gale diffuſe;
That give the flow'rs to ſhine, the birds to ſing;
Oh, glad this natal day, the prime of ſpring!

The virgin ſnow-drop firſt appears;
Her golden head the crocus rears.
The flow'ry tribe, profuſe and gay,
Spread to the ſoft, inviting ray.
So arts ſhall bloom by Carolina's ſmile,
So ſhall her fame waft fragrance o'er the iſle.

The warblers various, ſweet and clear,
From bloomy ſprays ſalute the year.
O muſe, awake! deſcend and ſing!
Hail the fair rival of the ſpring!
To woodland honours woodland hymns belong;
To Her, the pride of arts! the muſe's ſong.

Kind,

Kind, as of late her clement ſway,
The ſeaſon ſheds a tepid ray.
The ſtorms of Boreas rave no more;
The ſtorms of faction ceaſe to roar.
At vernal ſuns as wint'ry tempeſts ceaſe,
She, lovely pow'r! ſmiles faction into peace.

THE

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

For the 1ſt of MARCH, 1737-8.

A POEM

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HER LATE

MAJESTY.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO HIS

MAJESTY.

No. VII.

OFT has the muſe, on this diſtinguiſh'd day,
Tun'd to glad harmony the vernal lay;
But, O, lamented change! the lay muſt flow
From grateful rapture now to grateful woe.
She to this day who joyous luſtre gave,
Deſcends for ever to the ſilent grave.
She, born at once to charm us and to mend,
Of human race the pattern and the friend.
To be or fondly or ſeverely kind,
To check the raſh or prompt the better mind,
Parents ſhall learn from Her, and thus ſhall draw
From filial love alone a filial awe.
Who ſeek in av'rice wiſdom's art to ſave;
Who often ſquander, yet who never gave;

From

From her theſe knew the righteous mean to find,
And the mild virtue ſtole on half mankind.
The laviſh now caught frugal wiſdom's lore;
Yet ſtill, the more they ſav'd, beſtow'd the more.
Now miſers learn'd at others woes to melt,
And ſaw and wonder'd at the change they felt.
The gen'rous, when on Her they turn'd their view,
The gen'rous e'en themſelves, more gen'rous grew,
Learn'd the ſhun'd haunts of ſhame-fac'd want to trace;
To goodneſs, delicacy, adding grace.
The conſcious cheek no riſing bluſh confeſs'd,
Nor dwelt one thought to pain the modeſt breaſt;
Kind and more kind did thus her bounty ſhow'r,
And knew no limit but a bounded pow'r.
This truth the widow's ſighs, alas! proclaim;
For this the orphan's tears embalm her fame.
The wiſe beheld her learning's ſummit gain,
Yet never giddy grow, nor ever vain:
But on one ſcience point a ſteadfaſt eye,
That ſcience—how to live and how to die.

Say, Memory, while to thy grateful ſight
Ariſe her virtues in unfading light,
What joys were ours, what ſorrows now remain:
Ah! how ſublime the bliſs! how deep the pain!

And, thou, bright Princeſs, ſeated now on high,
Next one, the faireſt daughter of the ſky,
Whoſe warm-felt love is to all beings known,
Thy ſiſter Charity! next her thy throne;

See at thy tomb the virtues weeping lie!
There in dumb ſorrow ſeem the arts to die.
So were the ſun o'er other orbs to blaze,
And from our world like thee, withdraw his rays,
No more to viſit where he warm'd before,
All life muſt ceaſe, and nature be no more.
Yet ſhall the muſe a heav'nly height eſſay
Beyond the weakneſs mix'd with mortal clay;
Beyond the loſs, which, tho' ſhe bleeds to ſee,
Tho' ne'er to be redeem'd, the loſs of thee!
Beyond e'en this, ſhe hails with joyous lay,
Thy better birth, thy firſt true natal day;
A day, that ſees thee born, beyond the tomb,
To endleſs health, to youth's eternal bloom;
Born to the mighty dead, the ſouls ſublime
Of ev'ry-famous age, and ev'ry clime;
To goodneſs fix'd by truth's unvarying laws,
To bliſs that knows no period, knows no pauſe—
Save when thine eye, from yonder pure ſerene,
Sheds a ſoft ray on this our gloomy ſcene.

With me now liberty and learning mourn,
From all relief, like thy lov'd conſort, torn;
For where can prince or people hope relief,
When each contend to be ſupreme in grief?
So vy'd thy virtues, that could point the way,
So well to govern; yet ſo well obey.

Deign one look more! ah! ſee thy conſort dear
Wiſhing all hearts, except his own, to cheer.

Lo!

Lo! ſtill he bids thy wonted bounty flow
To weeping families of worth and woe.
He ſtops all tears, however faſt they riſe,
Save thoſe, that ſtill muſt fall from grateful eyes,
And, ſpite of griefs that ſo uſurp his mind,
Still watches o'er the welfare of mankind.

Father of thoſe, whoſe rights thy care defends,
Still moſt their own, when moſt their ſovereign's friends;
Then chiefly brave, from bondage chiefly free,
When moſt they truſt, when moſt they copy thee;
Ah! let the loweſt of thy ſubjects pay
His honeſt heart-felt tributary lay;
In anguiſh happy, if permitted here,
One ſigh to vent, to drop one virtuous tear;
Happier, if pardon'd, ſhould he wildly moan,
And with a monarch's ſorrow mix his own.

LONDON AND BRISTOL

DELINEATED.*

TWO ſea-port cities mark Britannia's fame,
And theſe from commerce different honours claim.
What different honours ſhall the muſes pay,
While one inſpires and one untunes the lay?
Now ſilver Iſis bright'ning flows along,
Echoing from Oxford ſhore each claſſic ſong,
Then weds with Thame; and theſe, O London, ſee
Swelling with naval pride, the pride of thee!
Wide, deep, unſullied Thames, meand'ring glides,
And bears thy wealth on mild majeſtic tides.
Thy ſhips, with gilded palaces that vie,
In glitt'ring pomp, ſtrike wond'ring China's eye;
And thence returning bear, in ſplendid ſtate,
To Britain's merchants, India's eaſtern freight.
India, her treaſures from her weſtern ſhores,
Due at thy feet, a willing tribute pours;
Thy warring navies diſtant nations awe,
And bid the world obey thy righteous law.

* The author preferred this title to that of LONDON AND BRISTOL COMPARED; which when he began the piece, he intended to prefix to it.

Thus

Thus ſhine thy manly ſons of lib'ral mind;
Thy change deep-buſied, yet as courts refin'd;
Councils, like ſenates, that enforce debate
With fluent eloquence and reaſon's weight.
Whoſe patriot virtue, lawleſs pow'r controls;
Their Britiſh, emulating Roman ſouls.
Of theſe the worthieſt ſtill ſelected ſtand,
Still lead the ſenate, and ſtill ſave the land:
Social, not ſelfiſh, here, O Learning, trace
Thy friends, the lovers of all human race!
In a dark bottom ſunk, O Briſtol, now,
With native malice, lift thy low'ring brow!
Then as ſome hell-born ſprite, in mortal guiſe,
Borrows the ſhape of goodneſs and belies,
All fair, all ſmug, to yond proud hall invite,
To feaſt all ſtrangers, ape an air polite!
Crom Cambria drain'd, or England's weſtern coaſt,
Not elegant, yet coſtly banquets boaſt!
Revere, or ſeem the ſtranger to revere;
Praiſe, fawn, profeſs, be all things but ſincere;
Inſidious now, our boſom-ſecrets ſteal,
And theſe with ſly, ſarcaſtic ſneer reveal.
Preſent we meet thy ſneaking treach'rous ſmiles;
The harmleſs abſent ſtill thy ſneer reviles;
Such as in thee all parts ſuperior find,
The ſneer that marks the fool and knave combin'd;
When melting pity would afford relief,
The ruthleſs ſneer that inſult adds to grief.

What friendſhip canſt thou boaſt, what honours claim?
To thee each ſtranger owes an injur'd name.
What ſmiles thy ſons muſt in their foes excite?
Thy ſons, to whom all diſcord is delight:
From whom eternal mutual railing flows;
Who in each others crimes, their own expoſe:
Thy ſons, tho' crafty, deaf to wiſdom's call;
Deſpiſing all men, and deſpis'd by all.
Sons, while thy cliffs a ditch-like river laves,
Rude as thy rocks, and muddy as thy waves,
Of thoughts as narrow as of words immenſe,
As full of turbulence as void of ſenſe:
Thee, thee, what ſenatorial ſouls adorn?
Thy natives ſure would prove a ſenate's ſcorn.
Do ſtrangers deign to ſerve thee; what their praiſe?
Their gen'rous ſervices thy murmurs raiſe.
What fiend malign, that o'er thy air preſides,
Around from breaſt to breaſt inherent glides,
And, as he glides, there ſcatters, in a trice,
The lurking ſeeds of ev'ry rank device?
Let foreign youths to thy indentures run!
Each, each will prove, in thy adopted ſon,
Proud, pert and dull—tho' brilliant once from ſchools,
Will ſcorn all learning's, as all virtue's rules;
And, tho', by nature friendly, honeſt, brave,
Turn a fly, ſelfiſh, ſimp'ring, ſharping knave.
Boaſt petty-courts, where 'ſtead of fluent eaſe,
Of cited precedents and learned pleas;

'Stead

'Stead of ſage counſel in the dubious cauſe,
Attornies chatt'ring wild, burleſque the laws—
(So ſhameleſs quacks, who doctors rights invade,
Of jargon and of poiſon form a trade.
So canting coblers, while from tubs they teach,
Buffoon the Goſpel they pretend to preach.)
Boaſt petty courts, whence rules new rigour draw,
Unknown to Nature's and to Statute-law;
Quirks that explain all ſaving rights away,
To give th' attorney and the catchpoll prey.
Is there where law too rig'rous may deſcend,
Or charity her kindly hand extend?
Thy courts, that ſhut when pity wou'd redreſs;
Spontaneous open to inflict diſtreſs.
Try miſdemeanours!—all thy wiles employ,
Not to chaſtiſe the offender, but deſtroy;
Bid the large lawleſs fine his fate foretel;
Bid it beyond his crime and fortune ſwell;
Cut off from ſervice due to kindred blood,
To private welfare and to public good,
Pitied by all, but thee, he ſentenc'd lies;
Impriſon'd languiſhes, impriſon'd dies.

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Boaſt ſwarming veſſels, whoſe plebeian ſtate
Owes not to merchants but mechanics freight.
Boaſt nought but pedlar-fleets—in war's alarms,
Unknown to glory, as unknown to arms.
Boaſt thy baſe * Tolſey, and thy turn-ſpit dogs,
Thy † Halliers' horſes, and thy human hogs;
Upſtarts and muſhrooms, proud, relentleſs hearts;
Thou blank of ſciences! thou dearth of arts!
Such foes as learning once was doom'd to ſee;
Huns, Goths, and Vandals, were but types of thee.

Proceed, great Briſtol, in all-righteous ways,
And let one Juſtice heighten yet thy praiſe;
Still ſpare the catamite and ſwinge the whore,
And be, whate'er Gomorrha was before.

* A place where the merchants uſed to meet to tranſact their affairs before the Exchange was erected. See Gentleman's Magazine. Vol. XIII. p. 496.

† Halliers are the perſons who drive or own the ſledges, which are here uſed inſtead of carts.

AN

AN

AUTHOR

TO BE LET.

BEING

A PROPOSAL,

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO THE CONSIDERATION OF

THE KNIGHTS, ESQUIRES, GENTLEMEN,

AND OTHER WONDERFUL AND WEIGHTY

MEMBERS OF THE SOLID AND ANCIENT

SOCIETY OF THE BATHOS.

BY THEIR ASSOCIATE AND WELL-WISHER,

ISCARIOT HACKNEY.

. . . . . Evil, be thou my good. SATAN.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

EARL OF MIDDLESEX.

MY LORD,

THAT elegant taſte in poetry, which is hereditary to your Lordſhip, together with that particular regard with which you honour the author to whom theſe papers relate, make me imagine this collection may not be unpleaſing to you. And I may preſume to ſay, the pieces themſelves are not unworthy your Lordſhip's patronage, my own part in it excepted. I ſpeak only of THE AUTHOR TO BE LET, having no title to any other, not even the ſmall ones out of the Journals. May I be permitted to declare (to the end I may ſeem not quite ſo unworthy of your Lordſhip's favour, as ſome writers of my age and circumſtances) that I never was concern'd in any

Journals. I ever thought the exorbitant liberty, which moſt of thoſe papers take with their ſuperiors, unjuſtifiable in any rank of men; but deteſtable in ſuch, who do it merely for hire, and without even the bad excuſe of paſſion and reſentment. On the contrary, being once inclined, upon ſome advantageous propoſals, to enter into a paper of another kind, I immediately deſiſted, on finding admitted into it (though as the publiſher told me, purely by an accident) two or three lines reflecting on a great miniſter. Were my life ever ſo unhappy, it ſhall not be ſtain'd with a conduct, which my birth at leaſt (though neither my education nor good fortune) ſhould ſet me above; much leſs with any ingratitude to that noble perſon, to whoſe interceſſion (next to his Majeſty's goodneſs) I owe, in a great meaſure, that life itſelf.

——Nec ſi miſerum fortuna ſinonem
Finxit, vanum etiam mendacemque improba finget.

I believe

I believe your Lordſhip will pardon this digreſſion, or any other which keeps me from the ſtile you ſo much hate—of Dedication.

I will not pretend to diſplay thoſe riſing virtues in your Lordſhip, which the next age will certainly know without my help, but rather relate (what elſe it will as certainly be ignorant of) the hiſtory of theſe papers, and the occaſion which produced the War of the Dunces, (for ſo it has been commonly call'd) which begun in the Year 1727, and ended in 1730.

When Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope thought it proper, for reaſons ſpecified in the preface to their miſcellanies, to publiſh ſome little pieces of theirs as had caſually got abroad, there was added to them the Treatiſe of the Bathos, or the Art of Sinking in Poetry. It happened, that in one chapter of this piece, the ſeveral ſpecies of bad poets were ranged in claſſes, to which were prefixed almoſt all the letters of the alphabet

bet (the greateſt part of them at random); but ſuch was the number of poets eminent in that art, that ſome one or other took every letter to himſelf: All fell into ſo violent a fury, that for half a year or more, the common news-papers (in moſt of which they had ſome property, as being hired writers) were filled with the moſt abuſive falſhoods and ſcurrillities they could poſſibly deviſe. A liberty no way to be wondered at in thoſe people, and in thoſe papers, that, for many years during the uncontroled licence of the preſs, had aſperſed almoſt all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own perſons and names being utterly ſecret and obſcure.

This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now ſome opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light theſe common enemies of mankind; ſince to invalidate this univerſal ſlander, it ſufficed to ſhew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without

out hopes, that, by manifesting the dullness of those who had only malice to recommend them, either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to The Dunciad, and he thought it an happiness, that by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names, as was necessary to this design.

On the 12th of March, 1729, at St. James's, that poem was presented to the King and Queen, (who had before been pleased to read it) by the right honourable Sir Robert Walpole: And some days after, the whole impression was taken and dispersed by several noblemen and persons of the first distinction.

It is certainly a true observation, that no people are so impatient of censure as those who are the greatest slanderers; which was won-

wonderfully exemplified on this occaſion. On the day the book was firſt vended, a crowd of authors beſieged the ſhop; entreaties, advices, threats of law and battery, nay cries of treaſon were all employed, to hinder the coming out of The Dunciad: On the other ſide, the bookſellers and hawkers made as great efforts to procure it: What could a few poor authors do againſt ſo great a majority as the public? there was no ſtopping a torrent with a finger, ſo out it came.

Many ludicrous circumſtances attended it: The Dunces (for by this name they were called) held weekly clubs to conſult of hoſtilities againſt the author; one wrote a letter to a great miniſter, aſſuring him Mr. Pope was the greateſt enemy the government had; and another bought his image in clay, to execute him in effigy; with which ſad ſort of ſatisfactions the gentlemen were a little comforted.

Some

Some falſe editions of the book having an owl in their frontiſpiece, the true one, to diſtinguiſh it, fixed in its ſtead an aſs laden with authors. Then another ſurreptitious one being printed with the ſame aſs, the new edition in octavo returned for diſtinction to the owl again. Hence aroſe a great conteſt of bookſellers againſt bookſellers, and advertiſements againſt advertiſements; ſome recommending the edition of the owl, and others the edition of the aſs; by which names they came to be diſtinguiſhed, to the great honour alſo of the gentlemen of The Dunciad.

Your Lordſhip will not think theſe particulars altogether unentertaining; nor are they impertinent, ſince they clear ſome paſſages in the following collection. The whole cannot but be of ſome uſe, to ſhew the different ſpirit with which good and bad authors have ever acted, as well as written; and to evince a truth, a greater than which was never advanced, that—

Each bad author is as bad a friend.

How-

However, the imperfection of this collection cannot but be owned, as long as it wants that poem with which you, my Lord, have honoured the author of The Dunciad; but which I durſt not preſume to add in your abſence. As it is, may it pleaſe your Lordſhip to accept of it, as a diſtant teſtimony, with what reſpect and zeal I am,

MY LORD,

Your moſt obedient

And devoted ſervant,

RICHARD SAVAGE.

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

THE following piece was accidentally dropped near the Mews-gate. I picked it up in my way from Charing-croſs to Hedge-lane. It was in a leathern caſe, which had once been red, but was grown black with greaſe, and tied round with a ſcrap of dirty tape. When I opened the parcel, I found by an ingenious epigram, that this tape had formerly belonged to Mrs. Haywood, (the divine Eliza!) but whether it had bound her hair, or was part of her apron-ſtring, I ſhould have been at a loſs to learn, had not the relict been ſanctified by Mr. Moore's muſe. He tritely compared it to Cytherea's girdle, and ſent it as a valuable pledge of friendſhip to our author. In this packet were ſeveral letters directed to Mr. Iſcariot Hackney, dated from the Ship-tavern, Charing-croſs, and ſigned J. m. s M... Sm. th, L. Theobald, L. Welſted, Edmund Curl, John Dennis, Thomas Cooke, and Bezaleel Morris. Thoſe of the earlieſt import, that J. m. s M... Sm. th, Eſq; was unanimouſly choſen ſpeaker of this ſociety. I met with many more informations of this nature;

but what pleaſed me moſt, was the performance of our author. I was curious to find out ſo excellent a writer, and have entered into a treaty with him for future memoirs, which I have engaged to give the public.

It is with much glee that I have marked the herd bellowing againſt The Dunciad for indelicacies. Not to mention with what an ill grace this criticiſm comes from that quarter, I fancy it may eaſily be proved, that the groſſeſt of thoſe images are moſt ſuitable to the ſubject; a ſubject compoſed, for the moſt part, of authors, whoſe writings are the refuſe of wit, and who in life are as the very excrement of nature; yet even here, Mr. Pope ſhews himſelf a maſter. It is true, that he has uſed dung; but he diſpoſes that dung in ſuch a manner, that it becomes rich manure, from which he raiſes a variety of fine flowers. He deals in rags; but deals with them like an artiſt, who commits them to a paper-mill, and brings them out uſeful ſheets. The chymiſt extracts a fine cordial from the moſt nauſeous of all dung, and Mr. Pope has drawn a ſweet poetical ſpirit from the moſt offenſive and unpoetical objects of the creation—unpoetical, though eternal writers of poetry.

I have

I have alſo laughed at the clamour of the gentlemen of the Bathos againſt The Dunciad, for inſulting them on their poverty. I own that a man's poverty, when it proceeds not from any folly, but is owing (as it often happens) to his virtue, ſets him in an amiable light. He becomes the object of compaſſion; and, if he bears his misfortunes like a man, inſtead of falling into contempt, raiſes our admiration. But when his wants are of his own ſeeking, and prove the motive of every ill action (for the poverty of bad authors has always a bad heart for its companion), is it not a vice, and properly the ſubject of ſatire?

Moſt of theſe perſons are of a very low parentage, and without any pretence of merit are aſpiring to the rank of gentlemen. Thus they become ill œconomiſts; poverty is the conſequence of ill œconomy, and dirty tricks the conſequence of their poverty. Though they are ſad writers, they might have been good mechanics; and therefore by endeavouring to ſhine in ſpheres to which they are unequal, are guilty of depriving the public of many that might have been its uſeful members.

Methinks when the world is ſo ungrateful as not to read their writings, they might vouchſafe to follow the example of the great Sir Walter Raleigh (though an author undoubtedly inferior to them), who, when he heard the Firſt Part of his hiſtory ſucceeded not, had ſpirit enough to commit the ſecond to the flames. But the gentlemen of the Bathos are apt, like bad horſes, to run faſter immediately after ſtumbling. Should the author of the Dunciad declare, that the great Mr. Dennis (the ſon of a ſadler) had better have been a common pariſh-crier, than a poet or critic! Have not forty years, and upwards, witneſſed the truth of this? Is it not evident, that his poverty reſults from a miſapplication of his talents?

Had it not been an honeſter and more decent livelihood for Mr. Norton (Daniel de Foe's ſon of love, by a lady who vended oyſters) to have dealt in a fiſh-market, than to be dealing out the dialects of Billingſgate and detraction in the Flying Poſt?

Should not Dick Morley rather have been blacking ſhoes at the corners of ſtreets, (to which it is well known his induſtrious, and more prudent younger brother ſubmitted), than blackening reputations

reputations in The Hiſtory of Mother Wiſebourn, and Weekly Journals? The blackening of the bruſh from the Japan-pot is ſo uſeful and ornamental, that it is frequently called Honour; but the daſh of Dick's pen, ſo often dipped in an ink-ſtandiſh, is dirty and detrimental, conſequently diſhonour; ſo that Dick and his brother illuſtrate St. Paul's ſaying, 'Some are made to 'honour, and ſome to diſhonour.'

Had it not been more laudable in Mr. Roome, the ſon of an undertaker, to have borne a link, and a mourning-ſtaff, in the long proceſſion of a funeral, than to have been frequently lamenting the burials of his miſerable, ſhort-lived libels? Had it not been more decent in him to have ſung pſalms, according to education, in an Anabaptiſt Meeting, than to have been altering The Jovial Crew, or Merry Beggars, into a wicked imitation of The Beggar's Opera?

Mr. Thomas Cooke, the tranſlator of Heſiod, is the ſon of a Muggletonian-teacher, who kept a little obſcure alehouſe at Braintree in Eſſex. Though this author has no more genius for poetry than a ſnail, nay, leſs than Mr. Ambroſe Phillips, or Mr. Welſted; and though he would, conſequently, have wanted ſpirit enough for his

father's tapſter, yet his enemies confeſs him not without merit. To do the man juſtice, he might have made a tolerable figure as a taylor. It were too preſumptuous to affirm he could have been a maſter in any profeſſion; but, dull as I allow him, he would not have been deſpicable for a third, or fourth-hand journeyman. Then had his wants been avoided; for he would, at leaſt, have learned 'To cut his coat according to 'his cloth.'

Why would not Mr. Theobald continue an attorney? Is not word-catching more ſerviceable in ſplitting a cauſe, than in explaining a fine poet?

When Mrs. Haywood ceaſed to be a ſtrolling actreſs, why might not the lady (though once a theatrical queen) have ſubſiſted by turning waſher-woman? Has not the fall of greatneſs been a frequent diſtreſs in all ages? She might have caught a beautiful bubble as it aroſe from the ſuds of her tub, blown it in air, ſeen it glitter, and then break! Even in this low condition, ſhe had played with a bubble, and what more is the vanity of human greatneſs? She might have alſo conſidered the ſullied linen growing white in her pretty red hands, as an emblem

of

of her ſoul, were it well ſcoured by repentance for the ſins of her youth: but ſhe rather chooſes ſtarving by writing novels of intrigue, to teach young heireſſes the art of running away with fortune-hunters, and ſcandalizing perſons of the higheſt worth and diſtinction.

When this lady, or theſe gentlemen, are aſked, Why they abuſe ſuch and ſuch perſons; their anſwer is, they are obliged to write for want of money, and to abuſe for want of other ſubjects. Is want of money an excuſe for picking a pocket? or what is worſe, taking away a man's good name? Is the poverty of Moore's genius an excuſe for filching Pope's lines? And appears not the theft in his comedy as plain, as if a cinder-wench ſhould ſteal a gold watch, and afterwards wear it? If this play was brought forth, becauſe his circumſtances were reduced, was he to retrieve them by committing poetical felonies, and afterwards being the firſt to cry out Thief? Deſerves he not a whipping for ſuch petty-larceny? By a whipping, be it known, I only mean the poetical, wholeſome laſh of ſatire. A Daniſh colonel has lately condeſcended to be a common centinel, and were Jemmy's heart as firm as his countenance, had it not been more

graceful in him to have carried a grenadier's cap, a buff-coat, and a brown muſquet? He is a proper figure, and of an exact ſize for his Pruſſian majeſty's ſervice. Then had his comedy been frittered into Oxford jeſts; each of his acquaintance had claimed their own, and he eſcaped the hiſſes and horſe-laughs of the town, for ſpoiling and miſapplying them in a damned play.

Methinks Laurus had better been an univerſity vintner, than a divine, or poet. Would not bad wine have been eaſier put off than bad poetry? Had not a bunch of grapes flouriſhed more naturally on his brow, than a ſprig of bays? Had he not with more propriety been ſeen ſitting aſtride a butt, with a bottle in one hand, and a bumper in the other, roaring out a merry catch, than mounting, after the firſt ſtave, to thump a pulpit-cuſhion, and pauſe at every half-ſentence with a hiccup?

If poverty in theſe lights is judged not a ſubject for ridicule, I refer the reader to Iſcariot Hackney, and after his acquaintance with that ſpark, I will only addreſs myſelf in theſe few words to the allies of Charing-croſs. Say, gentlemen, has the Dunciad laſhed your poverty? A much ſeverer ſatire on it you may find in your own lives.

AN

AN

AUTHOR TO BE LET.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM glad to find you meddle with the dirty work of your brother journaliſts. To be inoffenſive is a puritannical ſpirit, and will never ſucceed in a free-thinking age. What is gold itſelf (ſays the philoſopher) but dirt? It is dug out of dirty mines; and, as a proof it retains its nature, we come at it eaſieſt through dirty means. Be aſſured, a ſcavenger of wit is a more gainful occupation, than that of a delicate, moral writer.

By this I mean to let you ſee my ability, and to proffer my ſervice. You muſt know, when my mother was pregnant of me, ſhe once dreamed ſhe was delivered of a monſter. It was obſerved alſo, at the time of my birth, that a weaſel was heard to ſhriek; and a bat (though at noon-day) flew into the room, and ſettled upon the midwife's wriſt, juſt as ſhe received me. While in the cradle I was very froward. Early at ſchool I diſcovered a promiſing genius for miſchief. I carried tales from one boy to another to ſet them a fighting, and afterwards to the maſter, to

have them whipped. I had always cunning enough, when I committed a fault to lay the blame upon another, and laugh'd to ſee him ſuffer for it: A ſure prognoſtick of my future judgment in politicks! I was fond of tearing away the legs and wings of flies, of picking out the eyes of ſome little bird, or laming ſome favourite lap-dog, merely by way of amuſement. This was only a ſign, that one time or other I ſhould have ill-nature enough for a great Wit. Now I underſtand, to be a great Wit, is to take a pleaſure in giving every body pain, and to ſhew no mercy to a reputation, which is dearer to ſome fools than perhaps a limb or an eye. I was alſo given to pilfer whatever lay in my way: a proof only that I wou'd never ſcruple being a plagiary, ſhou'd I turn author. I was expert at almoſt every thing, except learning my book; but neither encouragement nor correction could bring me to any ſenſe of duty. I was always very ſullen after being corrected; and if my maſter forgave, and admoniſhed me in a friendly manner, I all the while ridiculed the old Put (as I then called him) by making mouths or horns over his ſhoulder. This ſhewed I had always wit enough to laugh at the common notion of gratitude. I hooted at any unfortunate ill-dreſs'd perſon in the ſtreet, if he looked like a gentleman, and never failed to mock the infirmities of old age. When at a ſermon, I was very full of play myſelf, and fond of interrupting the devotion

votion of others; ſo that (I thank my ſtars!) in my youth I had a faſhionable contempt for religion. I came young into the world with little education, leſs money, and no viſible way of living: However, I qualified myſelf (though of mean birth) for a gentleman of wit and humour about town. I have naturally a ſourneſs of temper, a droll ſolemnity of countenance, and a dry manner of joking upon ſuch accidents, as fools who value themſelves upon humanity, would be apt to compaſſionate. I have alſo a propenſity to ſneer upon all mankind, and particularly upon thoſe who fancy they can oblige me. Theſe elegant qualities recommended me early to the friendſhip of Dick Morley, author of Mother Wiſeborn. We met frequently at a little ſnug gaming-houſe, never yet diſcovered by informing conſtables. A ſimilitude of circumſtances, and ſympathy of ſouls, endeared us to each other; and to him I owe the improvements of my afore-mentioned faculties. Theſe he cultivated, and many others implanted in me of the like nature.

We commenced authors together. At my firſt ſetting out I was hired by a reverend prebend to libel Dean Swift for infidelity. Soon after I was employed by Curl to write a merry tale, the wit of which was it obſcenity. This we agreed to palm upon the world for a poſthumous piece of Mr. Prior. However, a certain lady, celebrated for certain liberties, had

had a curiosity to see the real author. Curl, on my promise that if I had a present, he should go snacks, sent me to her. I was admitted while her ladyship was shifting; and on my admittance, Mrs. Abigail was ordered to withdraw. What passed between us, a point of gallantry obliges me to conceal; but after some extraordinary civilities, I was dismissed with a purse of guineas, and a command to write a sequel to my tale. Upon this I turned out smart in dress, bit Curl of his share, and run out most of my money in printing my works at my own cost. But some years after (just at the time of his starving poor Pattison) the varlet was revenged. He arrested me for several months board, brought me back to my garret, and made me drudge on in my old dirty work. 'Twas in his service that I wrote Obscenity and Profaneness, under the names of Pope and Swift. Sometimes I was Mr. Joseph Gay, and at others Theory Burnet, or Addison. I abridged histories and travels, translated from the French what they never wrote, and was expert at finding out new titles for old books. When a notorious thief was hanged, I was the Plutarch to preserve his memory; and when a great man died, mine were his Remains, and mine the account of his last will and testament. Had Mr. Oldmixon and Mr. Curl agreed, my assistance had probably been invited into Father Bohour's Logic, and the Critical History of England.

But

But before all this happened, a young nobleman gratified me for letting ſome verſes of mine be handed about at court in manuſcript under his name. This was the firſt time that I ever heard my writings generally commended. But, alas! how ſhort-lived the applauſe! They unfortunately ſtole into print, loſt their reputation at once, and I am now aſhamed to write any more as a perſon of quality. I am a great joker, and deal in clinches, puns, quibbles, gibes, conundrums, and carry-which-its. Many a good time have I laſhed the whole body of clergy, and cracked many a ſmart joke upon the Trinity. One of my books had the honour of being preſented for a libel by the grand-jury, and another was made a burnt-offering by the hands of the common hangman. If an author writes a piece that has ſucceſs in his own character, I abuſe him; but if in a fictitious one, I endeavour to perſonate him, and write a ſecond part to his work. I am very deeply read in all pieces of ſcandal, obſcenity, and profaneneſs, particularly in the writings of Mrs. Haywood, Henley, Welſted, Morley, Foxton, Cooke, De Foe, Norton, Woolſton, Dennis, Ned Ward, Concanen, Journaliſt Pitt, and the author of the Rival Modes. From theſe I propoſe to compile a very grand work, which ſhall not be inferior to Utopia Carimania, Gulliverania, Art of Flogging, Daily Journal, Epigrams on the Dunciad, or Oratory Tranſactions;

and, as this is deſigned for the uſe of young templers, it is hoped they will promote my ſubſcription. Since private vices have been proved to be public benefits, I would venture to call it An uſeful Body of Immorality, and print it in a broad, pompous folio; but ſuch a one as may very well be bound up with Dean Smedley's intended Body of Divinity.

By the help of indexes, and technical dictionaries, I work on every branch of learning. I pore often over the volumes of State Tracts, whence I collect paragraphs, which I mix with remarks of my own, and range under ſeveral heads. Thoſe againſt a diſcarded miniſter I ſend to the London Journal, or Concanen's Daily, or Weekly Papers. * Concanen is a precious fellow! I once loved him for his ingratitude to Dean Swift: I now adore him for his dull humour, and malevolent blundering Billingſgate againſt my Lord Bolingbroke. Other paragraphs more virulent againſt a prime miniſter (for I naturally hate my ſuperiors) are for my very good friend the Craftſman. How long have I called up the ſhades of Sejanus, Buckingham, and Wolſey, to compare them to one who mortifies me by laughing at the compariſon? How long ſhall I ſtill preſs on one, whom I continually call ſtate-plunderer, and wicked miniſter?

* In thy felonious heart, tho' malice lies,
It does but touch thy Iriſh pen, and dies.

DRYDEN.

Perhaps

Perhaps till the world will maliciouſly liken me to a tailor's gooſe,* which is at once hot and heavy. Rather than ſtand out of the play, I have penned panegyricks in Miſt or Fog on Rich's pantomimes, and Theobald's Shakeſpeare reſtored. I am always liſted by Mr. Lun the Harlequin, to hiſs the firſt night at any of the Drury-lane performances. Sometimes I draw up challenges for the champions of Mr. Figg's amphitheatre, and ſometimes for the diſputants of Mr. Henley's oratory.

I have an excellent knack at birth-day odes, elogies, acroſticks, anagrams, epithalamiums, prologues, recommendatory poems, rhimes for almanack-makers, and witty diſtichs for the ſigns of country-inns and ale-houſes: when with an audible voice I ſpout forth my own verſes, marvellous is their effect! The very bell-man has been touched with envy—an author, who, like Mr. Ralph,† has diſtinguiſhed himſelf by night; the ſhrillneſs of my clamorous dunning landlady has been charmed into a ſtill attention! Nay, the very bailiff, in act to ruſh upon me, has ſtopped ſhort to liſten, and for a minute ſuſpended the rapacious palm that was to fall upon my ſhoulders!

I have well peruſed the writings of Luke Milbourn, Shadwell, Settle, Blackmore, and many others of our

* A compariſon of Dr. South's.

† Author of a poem called Night.

ſtamp,

ſtamp, notable for ſalt wit upon Dryden. From theſe I have extracted curious hints to aſſiſt Welſted in his new ſatire againſt Pope, which was once (he told me) to have been chriſtened Labeo. 'Tis yet an embrio, and there are divers opinions about the birth of it. Some expect it will ſpring from his wiſe noddle, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, and work wonders. Others, that it will reſemble Milton's figure of Sin coming from the brain of the father of lies. Then, ſay they, it will damn its parent's reputation. But moſt are of opinion, that my brother has no reputation to loſe, and therefore the brat will be ſtillborn. 'Tis poſſible alſo he may miſcarry of his ſecond epiſtle to Mr. Pope, though James Moore Smythe, Eſquire, is to officiate man-midwife.

When a man of quality is diſtinguiſhed for a wit, or an encourager of it, I endeavour to ſtrike him for a dedication; but I have generally been ſo unhappy as to diſguſt my patrons, by praiſing them in the wrong place. For want of being acquainted with polite life, I have unwittingly complimented a perſon for an illuſtrious birth, who really owed his riſe entirely to his merit. Thus have I cauſed his enemies to ſneer, and, perhaps, to libel him for my ſquab compliment! when, had I left him to his choice, he had rather choſe my ſatire than my panegyrick.

I am as famous as one of the ſuitors in Homer's Odyſſey, for dead-born jeſts. Many a ſonnet of mine, and

and ſeveral Bouts Rimez that were filled up by me, has Moore read, with his uſual modeſty at White's and the drawing-room, for his own; but as they were mere ſlips of my pen, and could be of no advantage to my reputation (low as it ſtands) I am contented to humour his vanity, and forbear to claim them. I aſſiſted in a pretty play of words on the letter P. and the advertiſement of the Lady's writing-deſk. Soon after I chopped ſides, and wrote the Hiſtory of the Norfolk Dumpling, the Verſes on the Norfolk Lanthern, Robin's reign, Robin's Game, the Fall of Mortimer, and many other popular libels on perſons who leaſt deſerved them; but the reaſon of that was, becauſe they were of the miniſtry.

Now is the ſeſſion of parliament, and the poetical quarrels muſt give way to the political. Conſequently the affairs of ſtate (as Abel in the play of the Committee obſerves) 'will lie heavy upon my neck and 'ſhoulders.' It is a cuſtom among great generals to ſend ſpies into an enemy's camp, and among politicains, to employ 'em in foreign courts. I have therefore (as I am determined to oppoſe the miniſtry) ſettled a ſecret correſpondence with ſeveral gentlemen of the party-coloured cloth; men of dignity! ſuch as have no leſs an honour than that of holding a place in the preſence of ſome certain knights of the blue ribbon. My bribe is a pot of ale, and my intelligence the ſcraps of converſation that fall at the table

table of great miniſters. By theſe I am enabled to diſcuſs the matters in debate at the houſe of commons, and the congreſs of Soiſſons, to ſtate the debts of the nation, to arraign the conduct of thoſe at the helm, and to hold the balance of Europe, with as much eaſe as a monkey does a cheſnut, in my own paw.

The time has been when, after an evening's hard booſing, my brother bards (who have been what we call ſeedy, or crop-ſick) have bilked the public houſe, and barbarouſly left me in pawn for the reckoning. On this emergency I have writen an account of a ſharp and bloody fight, a viſion in the air, or a wonderful prophecy, to be hawked about the ſtreets: And (would you believe it?) even theſe productions of mine have paſſed for deſigned wit, and I have ſilently ſneered to find the merit of them claimed and boaſted of by Jemmy Moore.

I have ſometimes taken it in my head, that I might make a fortune by writing for the ſtage. As a proof that I have an excellent taſte, I always deſpiſed the tragedies of Shakeſpeare, Otway, Young and Thomſon, and preferred with admiration a certain perſon's operas at the Hay-market. I wonder that the ſucceſs of the latter ſhould be applied to Mr. Handel's muſic, or the performances of Seneſino, Fauſtina, and Cuzzoni: The town in this have been ſhamefully blind to the merit of that gentleman. He has followed

lowed the ancients ſo cloſely in the propriety of his conduct, the unity of his characters, the natural variety of paſſions, the ſtrength of ſentiment, and the elegance of diction, that I here invite him to join with me in an Engliſh tragedy on an opera plan.

If the gentleman thinks this too arduous an undertaking, let us venture at a lower caſt! without any recourſe to wit, humour, natural dialogue, ſongs aptly introduced, or any other of thoſe trifles with which the Beggar's Opera abounds, we have one ſure comfort; that is, we cannot fall ſhort of many late performances of that kind, nor be excelled by Roome and his led captain Concanen. Roome cannot excel me, unleſs he excels himſelf.

I have tried all means (but that fools call honeſt ones) for a livelihood. If offered my ſervice for a ſecret ſpy to the ſtate; but had not credit enough even for that. When it was indeed very low with me, I printed propoſals for a ſubſcription to my works, received money, and gave receipts, without any intention of delivering the book. Though I have been notoriouſly profane, and was never at an univerſity, I once aimed to be admitted into orders; but being obliged to abſcond lately from the pariſh-officers, on account of a baſtard child, and falling beſides into an unlucky ſalivation, my character was ſo ſcandalous, that I could not prevail even on the loweſt of the Fleet-priſon parſons to ſign my teſtimonials.

My laſt attempt was to have been a travelling tutor to ſome young gentleman. If I am deficient in claſſick learning, I could yet have inſtructed him in the laws of his own country; for tho' I never ſtudied Coke upon Littelton, yet I have converſed with bailiffs and petty-fogging attornies; nay, I have conned over the abridgments of Giles Jacob; I could alſo have read him lectures of politicks from eſſays of my own in Weekly Journals. What though I wanted knowledge to make diſſertations upon the languages, manners, hiſtories, ſtatues, coins, paintings, architecture, or any other curioſities, ancient or modern, of foreign climes; what though I could not have traced out any one country in a map; could I not have pillaged voyage-writers, and have taken the reports of inn-keepers or poſtilions, to have told where there were good wine, good beds, buxom girls, and tall ſteeples? Few foreign tutors underſtand the dead languages; but if they play at cards, dance, talk of things they never ſaw, or, having ſeen, could not underſtand; if they put on the ſwaggering air of half-pay captains, and ſwear French military oaths with a bon grace, will they not paſs for men of wit, experience and knowledge? I ſhould have made a very faſhionable tutor; I would have ſpirited up my pupil to run away with a nun; and, if he aimed at ſmaller game, not ſcrupled being pimp. I have ſtudied phyſick under the Anodyne Necklace doctor, and would

would have prepared and exported a whole cargo of anti-venereal pills for his ſafety. No one, I am perſuaded, will blame me, if I took this opportunity of feathering my own neſt. I ſhould, perhaps, have made him pay ten per cent. for his own money when I diſburſed it, and a guinea on many occaſions for his honour; twenty ſhillings of which I might have put into my own pocket. Who knows, but I might have married ſome rich widow, by ſecuring my pupil for one of her daughters? I would have contrived he ſhould have ſtolen the young lady, to avoid paying her fortune. If this ſcheme failed, I had another, for which I am afraid I might have been a little cenſured! it was only to have ſet him at a gaming table (when abroad) for about a thouſand pounds, and afterwards gone ſnacks with the ſharpers. But on ſecond thoughts, where had been the hurt? When returned, and at age, I could eaſily have made him amends, by negotiating a mortgage, or the ſale of a reverſion for him with honeſt Ch. rt. r. s.

Thus, though I had but a hundred a year, and for no more than two or three years ſervice, I could retire to Swiſſerland, or Wales, with about fifteen hundred pounds in my pocket, and an annuity of fifty pounds per annum for life. In ſuch a retirement I ſhould have ſet down to writing an Account of my Travels. When thoſe were finiſhed, by care-

fully extracting from Gazettes, I ſhould have been able to have left my executors the memoirs of my own times; then would I have indulged my ſpleen againſt the preſent miniſters, for neglecting to gratify my merit. It is dangerous to anger a poet or hiſtorian.

I obſerved, at the head of this letter, that I have a drollery in my countenance: egad! it is as peculiar a one as Roome's. We are ſo like, that before he ſcribbled himſelf into preferment, we have actually been miſtaken for each other. Our looks are ſo happy, as to have paſſed off many a ſaying in converſation for wit and humour, that, when publiſhed, has been thought flat: nay, the ſame thing has been ſaid of me, as was uttered by a certain wit (one very different from our rank) on him, viz. That 'the r. g. . . 's misfortune is, he cannot print his face to his joke.'

While I am thus delineating my features, permit me to own, that I wiſh my portrait might ſhine in a mezzotinto through the glaſs-windows of picture-ſhops in Fleet-ſtreet and St. Paul's Church-yard; then ſhould I be gazed on with admiration by mercers 'prentices! But I will, at leaſt, indulge my vanity in appearing on a large ſheet of paper, in a wooden cut, which ingenious ſchool-boys may delight to colour with yellow and red ochre. What a glaring figure ſhall I then make in the long piazza of

of Covent Garden! I ſhall be ſurrounded by venerable old ballads; and ſeveral of my family-pieces, ſuch as the Sinner's coat of arms, and the dreadful ſketches of death, judgment, and damnation! Thence ſhall I be tranſlated to the naked walls of country ale-houſes, coblers-ſtalls, and neceſſary-houſes!—And thou, O R . . M., thou who art my other ſelf! be this my glory! however different our fortunes, however unlike the incidents of our lives; yet whenſoever the countenance of Iſcariot Hackney is ſeen, thy own dear phiz will be called to remembrance.

In ſhort, I am a perfect town author: I hate all mankind, yet am occaſionally a mighty patriot. I am very poor, and owe my poverty to my merit; that is, to my writings; I am as proud as I am poor; yet, what is ſeemingly a contradiction, never ſtick at a mean action, when the welfare of the republic of letters, or, in other words, my own intereſt is concerned. My pen, like the ſword of a Swiſs, or the pleading of a lawyer, is generally employed for pay. There is one piece of advice, gentlemen, which I would propoſe to you: if any papers of a dead wit ſhould fall into the hands of a member of your ſociety, let him be ſure to print them, though never ſo derogatory to the perſon's reputation, to get himſelf money, and if, among whole heaps of indigeſted papers, he finds a few

with large corrections and additions by another eminent hand (which he well knows), let him be sure to suppress that circumstance in his publication.

But to return to myself—My pamphlets sell many more impressions than those of celebrated writers; the secret of this is, I learned from Curl to clap a new title-page to the sale of every half hundred; so that when my bookseller has sold two hundred and fifty copies, my book generally enters into the sixth edition. It is reckoned a villainous action to write a libel, but more so to father one on a person who neither wrote it, nor approves it; now, I own I never scruple to do both. When a man of figure, (perhaps an ornament of his country) hath been cruelly aspersed in his life-time, I love to revive the aspersion at his death: it is mirth to me to grieve a whole family, by insulting his memory before his body is cold in the grave. In this I imitate the authority of 'Sarah the Quaker in the Shades, to 'Lothario lately deceased.' Though I am so ready to libel others, I am downright frightened if I but hear of a satire where my name is likely to be inserted. When a person does me a favour, I either suspect he has some design on me, or think it less than my due, and that he is obliged to me, because an author, for accepting it. I am very testy, if I am not allowed dictator of my company; nor had I ever a friend, whom I did not, in his absence, sacrifice

to my jeſt. I contemn the few who admire me, am angry with the multitude who deſpiſe me, and mortally hate all who have any ways obliged me. I aſſure you, I am very famous for ſeveral Treatiſes in defence of Ingratitude: I never fail to illuſtrate them with the examples of Marcus Brutus among the ancients, and very eminent ſtateſmen among the moderns. My private reſentment, like that of other great men, is always a public juſtice.

Now, gentlemen, if you like me for a correſpondent, my price is the price of a Journaliſt, a crown; and, in the ſtyle of a love-bargain, half-wet, half-dry. You may find me in a morning at my lucubrations, over a quartern-pot in a Geneva-ſhop in Clare-Market; a houſe where I propoſe many learned interviews with Orator Henley, who has removed his ſtage to that place. I generally dine with a brother bard, at one of the little cook's-ſhops near St. Martin's-Church, and probably ſpend the evening with him at a night-cellar in the Strand, where I ſhall be ready to enter into a treaty with you.

Yours,

ISCARIOT HACKNEY.

From my chamber,
Hockley-in-the-Hole.

CON-

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